

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## GOLD OF PLEASURE.

### I.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF SAILS.

"WELL, Martha, I must go! My yacht is waiting." The large, trim pleasure-sloop—Raima Garnett's yacht *Halusis*—could be seen tacking restively to and fro not far from Lizard Rock, where the two young women were; and at the light-house landing a pair of stalwart young sailors awaited their pretty mistress's orders to lower the small boat.

This was the first time that Miss Garnett, a rich heiress, and hardly less rich in personal beauty, had met Martha Dane, the light-keeper's daughter. Although Miss Garnett's country-house stood near New London, only a few miles away by water, she had never been upon the island until to-day, when, having sailed out in this direction, she disembarked, and surprised the keeper's family by her sudden advent, her graciousness, her striking and half-Italian face. Yet she was going away again, already.

"It seems very soon," said Martha, simply. "We would like to have you stay."

Raima laughed, in a dainty, rippling scale, yet with an undertone of amused pride. "I thought it was against the rules for any one except shipwrecked people to be sheltered here! But we shall see each other again," she ended, lightly; as if the lonely little island were in society and could exchange visits with the mainland at will. "Really, Martha, you must come over and see me, one of these days. Don't you miss something, in your life here? I should think you'd find it very hard never to be able to talk with other people,—people outside."

It was Martha's turn to be amused; but she did not think it necessary to assume a disdainful manner. With a quiet, wondering glance she answered, "Why, but I *do* talk with them, all the time!"

"How?" asked Raima.

"By their sails. Now do you see?" As Raima still gave no sign of comprehending, she added, "Don't you know there's a language of sails?"

Raima, with the magnificent air habitual to her, shook her head, and gazed inquiry. The language of the fan was known to her, also that of flowers; both of these dialects she had mastered; but she had never heard anything about the language of sails. "How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, it's this way," Martha explained. "So many boats and ships pass by here; and they can't hoist or lower a sail without telling me something. By the set of their sails, and by the wind, I can tell what they're trying to do, and almost what they're thinking. I can almost guess where they're going, even if it's away off to some other part of the world."

"Oh, is that all?" said Raima.

"All! It's a great deal," returned Martha. "If you should learn how to read—I mean, read the sails—you'd find it enough to fill up the time and keep you busy thinking for a year. Then, besides, they have other things to say. They're dark or bright, and they come into such different positions while I watch them, that they seem to be making signs; and I have to find out their meaning. Oh, they tell me stories and poems, sometimes,—wonderful things!"

She had been speaking eagerly, but now stopped short, with a blush.

Raima became interested. The notion that ships while engaged in ordinary traffic could also circulate poetry to this extent impressed her. "Still," she demurred, "I should think that sort of language was rather one-sided. The sails may speak to you, but how can you answer them?"

Martha Dane laughed merrily. "That's the nice thing about it," she said. "They have to tell me everything, whether they want to or not; but I needn't answer unless I choose; and if I do speak, they'll never know what I mean."

Martha was twenty, and Raima was only twenty-two; yet Raima replied with an experienced air, "Ah, my child, you live on an island, and yet you're thoroughly a woman. For a woman can always understand, though she herself is not always understood. You say the ships don't know what you mean. Well, then, they're the same to you as men."

"Oh, no, not a bit," protested Martha, with innocence. "The ships never trouble me."

"But the men do?" asked Raima, archly.

"I've only known two or three," said Martha, letting her eyes droop,—“my father and Hervey North. But I've been told that most men do make trouble."

There was a touch of cynicism, a sort of weariness, in Raima's answer: "I forgot. Of course, living here, it's impossible you should know about that from your own experience. Well, yes, my dear, sometimes men *are* annoying." She meditated a moment. Then, recovering her vivacity, she said, quickly, "I'm so glad to have seen you at last. How many years have gone by, while I was waiting to come out to Lizard



Rock! And now that our acquaintance has begun, don't you think we ought to meet again?"

Martha's reply surprised the heiress. "No," she said, decidedly, but without a trace of envy or hostile feeling. "You're very rich, Miss Garnett; and I'm poor. You live on the mainland, where there's so much to interest you; but, you see, *my* place is here. So, how can we meet? Why should we?"

"Perhaps there's no reason why we should, after all," said Raima, darkening with a shade of vexation. Yet she could not help admiring the light-keeper's daughter for her simple, astonishing candor. And although she said, loftily, "It shall be as you please," she added, in a sweeter tone, "When I leave your Rock—and I'm going at once—be sure to keep an eye on the sails of my yacht. I shall try to make them say to you, 'Good-by, and God bless you.'"

"Thank you!" cried Martha, cordially. "That's lovely of you. Whatever the sails may say, I shall know, now, that you have those kind words in your heart."

Raima motioned to the two sailors with her parasol, and they lowered the boat.

So these young women parted, in a frankly independent, friendly mood. A strange meeting and parting; since, although their homes were within sight of each other across the open stretch of Long Island Sound, they were destined not to meet face to face again for months to come. How much more strange it would have seemed to them had they foreseen that—unlike as their positions were—the future would make them silent rivals for that happiness of love which has power to make life beautiful from day to day, and gives it a charm not measured by time!

Raima was rowed out to her yacht, at a safe distance from the Rock. The *Halusis* then promptly laid her course for New London harbor, with a southeast breeze blowing on her quarter, over the long, low, olive-colored hills of Fisher's Island, and, filling away, bore slightly towards North Hummock, in order to make a long leg for her tack to the distant Thames River mouth.

Martha Dane carefully watched the effect of the sails. She was a trifle superstitious on this point. The *Halusis* sparkled merrily along, cutting the water swiftly. But to Martha, from her point of view, the sails were in shadow. A few rifts of golden sunlight gleamed here and there on the deck. All the rest, however, was dark.

Unconsciously, then, the girl clasped her hands.

"Yes," murmured she, "Miss Garnett goes towards the mainland with a bright glow on the other side of her sails; but she leaves darkness behind her, for me!" Then Raima's words came back to her: *Good-by, and God bless you.* Yet Martha reflected, "All the same,—though I'm sure she meant it,—her sails don't say so."

Martha stood there gazing after the yacht, while it moved softly through the distance like a half-forgotten vision, until you might well have thought that the girl was as motionless, as fixed in that spot, as the tall shaft of masonry that rose high into the air behind her and made a striking background for her lilac-clad figure.

## II.

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE SEA.

ON Lizard Rock the light-house is posted like a sentinel, within eye-shot of seven other guardian towers or light-ships scattered along the Connecticut coast or among the neighboring islands.

At night it exchanges with these fellow-watchers a silent "All's well" in syllables of flame; but by day it makes no sign. Tall, white, firm, it rises from the rough mass of isolated earth which gives it a foothold, like a creature that is dumb as well as blind; yet it never forsakes its duty. One would not think of its having life, were it not for the spark and glow that awake on the peak of the tall shaft at the precise moment when sunset fades and the air is shadowed with twilight.

Then there is a transformation. The dusk deepens; and the imprisoned fire breaks out. The light-house seems to be suddenly filled with a quick intelligence.

A large, clear orb of incandescent gold begins to revolve in the lantern, shooting out a quick yet steady beam over the weltering waves, first on one side, then on another, with vigilant search, as if scanning the horizon for those who may be needing help. It peers through the night softly, intensely, and meets you with a gaze like that of a loving eye.

Suddenly it vanishes.

No token of its protective presence remains. But in a few seconds the splendor comes round again; and now its rays dart forth on either hand against the black sky like wings outstretched and tremulously glowing. They bring to us the thought of a power greater than man's, hovering there revealed in a moment of peril.

So all night the watch is kept, with alternations of dazzling fire and deep darkness. Day returns, and the light-house sleeps. But the sea,—day or night, the sea never sleeps.

These two are pitted against each other,—the sea that menaces, and the light-house that never yields. Frightful are the onslaughts of the ocean, when the winter surges dash against the rock and try to scale the tower in foaming assault. But the lofty column resists them all. It holds on high, unmoved, that frail iron gallery at the top, and that circular enclosure of glass, from which the stormy sea-spray and the melting snow drip like a sweat of agony.

Even in summer the fierce waves tug at the ledge as if bent on destroying it, or bursting asunder the strips of sea-weed that strain and cling to the rock like tortured cords. But the white light-house remains calm and steadfast, looking down unshaken upon the warfare of the waves; while the restless water below seems to be forever heaving and swelling with an uneasy conscience and wicked thoughts.

What if the brave girl who lived there in the light-house dwelling were calm and constant and serene as the tower itself, yet filled with an impassioned fire corresponding to the flame that throbs and glows in the tower-top, night after night and year by year?

Captain Twysden Dane was the light-keeper. On his retirement from the merchant marine he secured this position; and, as the regu-

lations of the light-house service required only one assistant here, he contrived after a time to get his wife appointed in that capacity,—an arrangement not unprecedented.

This, of course, was years ago. Dane had married late in life; and his only child, Martha, was brought to Lizard Rock at the unsuspecting age of three weeks, when she had been unable to state her own choice as to a place of residence. But here she had stayed ever since, except for a few short absences; and here she had grown up to womanhood. So, at twenty, she had developed into a veritable Flower of the Rock, with a complexion fresh and vivid, a color brilliant as that which one always finds in blossoms growing by the sea-side. Her hair was light brown, her eyes were gray. She was strong and agile, too, and full of grace.

But, as she stood now looking out over the waters, her stillness was emphasized by the activity of the numerous craft, large and little, which were in motion on every side, heading for various points of the compass and taking on a variety of quaint or beautiful appearances. Not far off, a great bark was working slowly out to sea through the troubled waters of the Race. Heavy three-masted coasting-schooners sagged along, laden with coal or lumber, leaning away from the wind. A steam-yacht also shot by, at a disdainfully high speed.

Suddenly a white spot showed itself on the gray-blue liquid expanse between Fisher's Island and Osprey Beach. It was not large; but Martha recognized it instantly as it bore down rapidly towards Lizard Rock.

"It's Hervey North: he's coming!" she exclaimed to herself, aloud; and from the rough edge of the shore where she had been standing she ran shyly into her father's house, as if to hide herself.

Oddly enough, as it might seem, she said nothing to her father or mother about what she had noticed. But, to be sure,—the breeze being brisk,—in less than an hour Hervey reached the Rock.

Twysden Dane heard a loud triple blast, blown from a tin horn such as the masters of sailing-vessels use for warning in times of fog; and by that signal he knew that some one was coming ashore. Emerging from the house, he passed around to the landing-place, a high and massive stone platform where his own boats were slung from davits; and here he at once recognized Hervey, who, leaving his friend Seth Bent in charge of the cat-boat, had already put off from her in his dingey.

"Hullo, Cap!"

"Good boy, Hervey! Glad you come out. What brings you our way?"

"Oh, nothin' much; only acquaintance' sake."

These were their greetings as Hervey came within reach of voice, pulling mightily across the strong tide of shining, lapping water. When Hervey and his boat came under the sheer wall, they were hoisted up to the top, the two men working the tackle together.

A stalwart, breezy young fellow was Hervey North, with fair hair that had about it the usual maritime suggestion of oakum; with joyous blue eyes, a complexion warmed by rich, bright sunburn, and a general

stir and go in him which made you think at once of free salt winds, the burst of sea-spray, the lithe strain of ropes, and the gleam of wind-filled sails. Yet, for all his breeziness and self-confident mien, he became strangely quiet on approaching the house-entrance; and, once in the presence of Martha and Mrs. Dane, he seemed completely subdued.

The talk, however, soon touched upon Raima Garnett. "What! old Garnett's daughter?" Hervey asked, with emphasis, yet in that drawl which comes from using the voice continually amid a blowing of winds.

"Yes, yes," said Twysden; "him that you and Marthy picked up here, long ago. Old Garnett! Ain't it queer?"

"Queer? You don't say! So she come out here, did she?"

"*Came*," suggested Martha, softly.

"Yes, that's it,—*came*," Hervey repeated, promptly, as though anxious to please her. "Well, what was she after?"

"Oh, it's a story to tell. You must get father to explain."

Whereupon Twysden, not perceiving that his daughter appeared embarrassed and troubled by the subject, began his narrative in bluff, comfortable tones:

"See now, Hervey, how strange it is, your coming this same day; for Miss Garnett hadn't been gone much over an hour or two when you come aboard of us here. The reason of the strangeness is, she was here on express purpose to ask about you and Mart."

"About me?" interrupted Hervey, in surprise.

"Why, yes. 'Twas all along of old Garnett, as I tell ye,"—although he had yet told nothing,—"*him that you and Mart picked up when he was lost drowned*." Again Martha looked pained; but Twysden, unobserving, went on with his reminiscence and explanation.

More than a dozen years earlier, Martha, a little girl then, running on the narrow southeast beach with her playmate, Hervey North, who had come from the fishing-village of Noank for a few days' visit, saw a strange object rolling aimlessly among the low, short waves; something that moved like a log, yet looked like a man. Now it would plunge forward, head on, as if determined to make for the sandy shore and find a resting-place there. Then it slid away again, flinging up two rigid arms in listless despair, only to sway sideward on some hidden current and renew at another point its onset shoreward.

"Look, Hervey!" shouted little Martha. "How funny! It's a man. But why does he swim that way?"

Hervey looked, and saw the truth. "He's dead," he cried. "Run, Mart; run to the house!"

And Martha, thrilled with dread, yet still more with that instinct for helping others which moves the young and generous, flew with Hervey over the rough mounds of granite rock and clay, to the granite house across the island.

Help for what? For a lifeless man? Twysden Dane unlashd and lowered a boat, and, rowing out with his assistant,—he had a male assistant, then,—brought the body in. News of the melancholy finding

was sent to the mainland, where it caused much stir. For the drowned man was none other than "Old Garnett," a person of wealth and a certain importance in the neighborhood of New London. Moody and eccentric, he had been fond of sailing about the Sound alone, in a heavy-ballasted small sloop. No sign of the sloop was ever seen again. She had perhaps been capsized by a sudden gust, and dragged to the bottom of the Race by her heavy ballast; but the only evidence of disaster was the floating form of Lawrence Garnett, discovered by the children. His widow, wishing to reward the finders, and learning how young they still were, insisted on depositing for each of them in the savings-bank a snug little sum. In a few years she, too, died, leaving Raima an orphan heiress to lands, moneys, bonds, and ships, under the care of a married aunt.

Hervey and Martha had never been told of the reward; for it was thought best that they should grow up self-reliant. The episode of old Garnett had given Martha a vivid sense of the sea's tragic power. Yet she still loved the sea,—that great element encircling her life with mysterious force,—and often said to her mother, "There's nothing for me in that water now, except rocks and fish and shells and weeds. But, one of these days, the sea will bring me jewels and treasures and gold and happiness."

Patty Dane had been wont to sigh pensively at her little daughter's bright anticipations. But now they at least had begun to come true; for the errand which had brought Raima to the Rock was that of announcing that the reward-money, which had slumbered so long in the New London Savings-Bank, had gathered interest—as other sleeping bodies gather dreams—until the total sum had grown to be considerable.

"Yes, sir," said Twysden Dane, impressively. "Five hundred dollars apiece; that's what it figures up. Why, Lord o' life, Hervey, that gives each of you almost the value of my whole year's pay!"

"Five hundred!" echoed Hervey, his eyes glistening with a new, strange light,—a hard light, resembling the lustre of metal. "Can we get it right off?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Cert," the old light-keeper assured him. "It only waits for your say-so."

Martha nerved herself. "But why should you be so glad, Hervey?" she asked, giving way to the troubled thought she had been concealing. "I don't like it. This money doesn't seem to be ours. We haven't done anything to earn it."

Hervey was no longer bashful or constrained. The sudden sense of having at command so round a sum unloosed his tongue and gave it freedom, as liquor might. "Earn it!" he cried. "How do we earn all the rest that comes to us without our asking? I guess we don't earn sunlight, do we?—or the rain that farmer folks want. There's lots of things that come right along, without our help and without our work. Sometimes it's sunshine, sometimes snow and hail. Other times, it's a good breeze. You can whistle for the wind all you choose, but it don't blow till it gets good and ready. I'd as soon think of turning my nose against a fair wind, as of turning my back on cash

that somebody don't want and is just aching to hand over to me. Why, Mart,"—here he unconsciously returned to the old nickname which he had used in boyhood,—“you might as well complain because a girl is born to be a beauty, or a man to be strong or handy. They don't *earn* it, do they?”

Twysden Dane laughed heartily, yet with peculiar gentleness, and slapped his blue-uniformed knee. “Say, Hervy,” he exclaimed, “that reminds me! What d'you suppose Raima said?—Miss Garnett, you know. When she told us why she wanted to see Marthy, and gave us the news, she said, says she, ‘I thought I was certain to find Hervey North here, too!’”

“And here he is,” Mrs. Dane mildly put in, “sure enough.”

“Better late than never,” Twysden continued, still laughing softly.

Martha blushed. Hervey, because he was so sunburned, could not blush; but he modestly looked aside. Then, all in a moment, the two young people, finding it inconvenient to gaze at other objects, abruptly looked at each other. Their eyes met; and it occurred to them both that this was much pleasanter than contemplating the walls or the floor. An ardent glance was exchanged between them.

Hervey rose quickly from his chair. “I must be going,” he said. “Seth is waiting for me, in my boat. If we don't start home now, the wind is liable to fail us.”

The farewells were brief to the women; but Twysden accompanied Hervey out upon the great stone terrace of the landing. There the two men talked lingeringly for a few moments, in short direct phrases, with much earnestness and with perfect accord; although a listener not knowing them might have thought they had said nothing important.

When at last Hervey took his place at the tiller of the cat-boat, and spurred her on her way homeward, Martha and Mrs. Dane appeared at one of the lower open windows and threw him a “good-by” with their hands. A little later, Martha waved a handkerchief; and the young sailor blithely replied by flourishing his soft felt hat for a moment. Then his eyes were fixed firmly on the boat, the sail, the sea, the sky. He had no further glance for the girl. But she for her part continued to gaze after him, a long while.

And so, this day, the sea had brought to Martha Dane a sight of that fair young woman, Raima, the messenger and representative of the great world. It had brought her the possession of gold; not much of it, one may say truly; yet this was what she had wished; and, now that it had come, she did not care for it. The sea had brought ambition, and perhaps avarice, too, in the person of Hervey North. Had it also given her a true lover? This was a question hard to answer,—harder still for the girl to ask.

Two other items in her prediction were yet unfulfilled. One was, “jewels and treasures.” But she knew, now, that she needed no jewels; she could be content without them. The thing remaining was, happiness. Would the sea give her that?



## III.

## THE WIND'S THREE VOICES.

THE rocky islet of her home had for Martha Dane an endless fascination; that spell with which great solitudes respond to great souls. And yet the little spot was hardly more than a sizable stepping-stone amid the waters,—called Lizard Rock because of the low flat-topped head where the light-house and the keeper's dwelling stood, with a humped ridge attached, that ended in a long reef like a curling jointed tail. All around it the tides of the Race ran, at five or six miles an hour, in bewildering currents. "You can't swim a great deal in the Race," Seth Bent (who was Hervey's chum) used to say. "The eddies will mix you all up; and if you once get into them you're apt to drop to the bottom like lead."

In short, it was a place of peril both for those who approached it and those who lived upon it. But Martha loved it, notwithstanding. Beyond the long slant of the hilly Connecticut coast lay the great area of the United States. To the south, beyond Big Gull and Little Gull, beyond Plum Island and running far out from Gardiner's Bay and Gardiner's Island, the solemn promontory of Montauk reached out a giant arm between this little perch and the broad Atlantic and distant Europe. Yet Martha never longed to escape these bounds. She was content to watch the bright procession of summer; to welcome the return of autumn, though there was not a single tree on Lizard Rock to give its golden tribute to that season; and in winter, sheltered from howling storms and flying snow, she could be happy in the companionship of her father and mother, her two cats,—Griff and Grisel,—and her boxes of blooming plants, with two or three hundred books to fill the intervals of time. And what a delicious place the windowless watch-room under the tower lantern was, to read in! When she took refuge there, closely shut in, the most furious of tempests sounded to her only like a distant, subdued murmur.

A few wild flowers there were on the island. But Martha cherished even the dry, bloomless lichens and mosses of the rocks. "Poor things!" she would exclaim, passing her hands over their dry, fuzzy surface. "Do you think I despise you because you're not handsome? No, indeed! You do the best you can. You are faithful; and that's enough."

Then she would spring blithely to her feet, and laugh out in that glad strong tone that chimed in so well with the liberal sea-air. The spot she loved best, though, was a little hidden dell among the rocks, where soft grass grew and she was able to raise a few flowers. This came to be known as "Martha's Garden." And yet in her peaceful life there was one element of unrest,—the sound of the wild winds. In childhood she said to her mother, "Mamma, the wind has got three voices. Whose are they?"

"God's," said her mother.

"Oh, no; I don't mean that," Martha replied. "They sound like yours and papa's and mine. And they change, too; and there's crying in them. They make me feel so sad!"



This fancy never forsook her. It seemed to her that the wind's three voices had power over her life, and that one of them was her own.

Twysden Dane's favorite time for uttering practical wisdom and discussing family affairs was in the morning, when he was dressing; because his anxiety concerning the welfare of the light was then for a while suspended. His face was red and rough; but he shaved it always with as much care and regularity as if it were a part of the lantern which must be kept polished and in good trim, for the benefit of all seafaring mankind. When his razor, held in a big, plump hand, with broad, flat finger-nails, was drawn crisply over the surface of his cheeks, you might have supposed, from the sound it made, that he was scraping the scales off a fish.

One morning, some three weeks after Hervey's call, Twysden, standing before his little shaving-glass, paused as usual, waved his razor so that it flashed back a ray of sunlight from the window, and began to speak.

"This is the day for tender to come," he announced to his wife; "and Hervey North's a-comin' on her. He wants to see our Marthy."

Having thus conveyed what was on his mind, Captain Twysden set the blade slanting to the cuticle of his face again and plied it vigorously, in a way which suggested that the scales of the fish he seemed perpetually to be scraping were uncommonly hard to remove.

"Tender," as Dane's wife knew, was the light-house steamer Cactus, which touched at the Rock, bringing supplies of food, water, oil, or wicks at stated intervals, and also a lieutenant of the Light-House Board, whose duty it was to see how everything was going on at that station.

Mrs. Dane took up a hair-pin, and fastened at the back of her head the succinct, nautical coil in which she was accustomed to wind her hair. Then she asked, "What does he want to see Martha for?"

"Belay there, Patty!" responded Captain Twysden, holding his razor out at arm's length, in expostulation. "You know why, as well as I do. Hain't they been playmates ever since they was tall enough to squint over a gun'le?"

"But Martha," his wife objected, "doesn't squint."

"That ain't a fair answer," Twysden said, aggrieved. "Now, I tell you what, Patty, I'm no hand at makin' concealment. Last time Hervey was here, he says to me—well, you remember, Patty, anyhow. He and me talked, out on the landin'; and he said, next time tender come, he was a-comin' too. There's a little matter that he and Mart are interested in."

Here the captain, laying down the razor, lathered his chin up to the lips, with startling energy, and then added, speaking from one corner of his mouth through the soap-suds, as if he were really too much occupied to talk at all, "He's a-goin' to marry her, if he can." And scrape, scrape went the wiry steel once more.

"One minute, Twysden," Mrs. Dane interposed. "You'll have time enough to shave, afterwards. If Mart agrees to marry Hervey, can he come out and stay with us on the Rock?"

Her husband completed the circuit of his chin with extreme attentiveness, hardly venturing to breathe until that ordeal was over; after which he said, with great bluffness and vigor, as if the thought had that moment occurred to him, "This ain't no place for a young fellow like Hervey to begin on. Look at all the years *I* spent under sail, afore I settled down! He'll have to make his cruises, same as I did; and while he's doin' that, Mart will stay here, of course. What comes afterwards—why, we'll see!"

"Well, it's some comfort, anyway," his wife rejoined, with a sort of distressed patience, "that I don't have to part with her now. Twysden, when I think of losing Martha, it seems like death." Her voice shook; and she turned to gaze out through a window that gave upon the sea-channel with its endless prospect of water and sky. "Maybe it's selfish; but I almost hope I shall die before she's called upon to leave us."

Twysden was touched. A little more, and the brine would have been in his eyes. So he stoutly plunged his face into a bowl of cold water, as his custom was, took the opportunity to rub and fortify his eyes with a rough towel, and then answered, "Don't talk like that, Patty. Ain't no need to think about partin', or dyin'. Who knows? maybe she won't take him, after all."

Thereupon Mrs. Dane rallied to a point of cheerful perversity. "But if she loves him, she *must* take him!" she declared. "Only she ought not to marry him until he's settled in a good berth."

"That's practical," exclaimed Twysden, overjoyed at the chance for agreement; "though it ain't over and above common-sense for a man to have an anchor at home as well as aboard ship. Let a gal say, 'I'm your wife,' and the fellow's heart gets kind o' magnetized so it'll help him steer straight on the home passage."

The morning hour of wisdom was now ended. Twysden and his wife went down to the little dining-room, where Martha was already putting breakfast on the table. So soon as the meal was over, he loaded a pipe with tobacco, and went roaming around the room as if looking for a light,—which, apparently, he could not find. Meanwhile, he hummed the tune of the only song he knew, "The Betsey Dole, of Middletown." Martha left them for a moment, and the bold captain said to his wife, quickly, "*You* tell her that Hervey's comin', won't you?"

Then he lit his pipe, and stepped fearlessly out into the open, conscious of duty well performed, and wailing aloud, to a peculiarly vivacious melody,—

"With masts all gone  
And bulwarks torn,  
The Betsey Dole of Middletown,  
All hands aboard, went sinking down."

Just outside of the main door there was a sheltered corner, formed by a short abutting wing of the house, with a jutting roof to ward off rain or snow and make a protected breathing-place against inclement weather. Here Twysden sat down on a low bench fixed against one

wall, with broad flagstones under-foot. The day was clear and fine. But long experience had taught him that, by taking a certain number of whiffs at his pipe on that bench, and a few more while mounting the stairs of the tower, the tobacco would be half smoked out when he reached the top. He never smoked while cleaning the lamp, the revolving lens, and the great glass plates of the lantern-cage. So, when that work was done, he always had a half pipe-full left, which, being relighted, would last him all the way down the tower-steps and hold out for a few more puffs on the bench again.

By the time he had begun the ascent, this morning, Martha learned from her mother that Hervey was expected.

Her eyes brightened; and the wind, sweeping in through the door, rippled out a sudden music of harp-tones, like a prelude.

"I think," Mrs. Dane went on, watching her daughter keenly, "he means to go a cruise."

"What! Leave us?"

Mrs. Dane nodded gravely.

Then to Martha it seemed that the wind's harp-tones were sinking away to a mournful cadence, through which the ghostly voices echoed. She left the house, with a buoyant step, but her face was pensive.

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#### IV.

##### ON THE TOWER-TOP.

SEEKING the flowery hollow of her garden, she lay down, with arms folded under her head, and remained motionless, concealed, gazing up at the soft blue sky and those loose tangles of drifting white cloud that shifted across it. Now and again the dark shape of a speeding bird would come between her and the sky, and throw a momentary shadow.

Yet there was another shadow upon her, more serious in its effect. "He's coming; he's coming!" she repeated to herself. "And I know he's coming to see me!" That thought swept over her like sunshine. But then, close after it, would come the darkening fear, "He's going away for a cruise. He will leave us."

Old Captain Twysden emerged upon the narrow gallery around the lantern, and began to rub the glass. Martha could see him outlined against the sky, on his dizzy perch; but she was aware that he, at such a height and distance, would not be able to detect her presence in the little sunken garden. Therefore she did not stir until her father disappeared, crawling in through the iron-plated aperture by which he had previously come out. She knew, then, that he had finished his task and was now descending the stairs inside the tower, with his pipe relighted. Rising up and stepping on to a higher ledge, she stood at full height, scanning the open surface of the Sound anxiously. Sure enough, there was the little bulk of the light-house tender, spotted on the water, far off, like the black side of a domino, with a faint stream of coal-smoke issuing from the funnel; and the bow was headed towards Lizard Rock.

A bright smile, shy but joyful, played round Martha's lips and irradiated her face. Living openly as she did on this little island amid the waters, with no obstacle between her and the heavens and nothing to bar her gaze on any side, the mere sight of the coming steamer made her feel that she was already in Hervey's presence. She almost persuaded herself that he was watching her now, as she left the rocky garden, passed westward, and made a bend around the slope, which brought her to the entrance of the tower. All the way, she thought of Hervey. Yet she so timed her steps that she did not reach the tower until her father had left it, had completed his smoke on the bench, and gone in-doors again. Calculating all this nicely, she crossed through the covered iron bridge, entered the tower, and lightly mounted the stairs.

The steamer Cactus came up towards the landing,—a short, fat little craft, carrying on her forward deck two or three big buoys of uncouth form that were painted with orange-red and resembled fabulous pumpkins or giant squashes. A large boat laden with supplies was lowered, and started towards the landing-platform. Martha, peeping from the glass cage seventy feet above, saw that Hervey was in the boat. When the boat went back for a second load, Hervey remained. But another man also remained on the platform, who was entirely unlike the rest. He was a handsome, sturdy man, of moderate height, yet extremely graceful, dressed in a suit of gray that seemed to stamp him at once as a person of society, a civilian, a man of more or less leisure. He stood around, talking with Lieutenant Hapgood, the commander of the light-house tender, and seemed to have nothing else to do. Who could he be?

Inside the house, far below Martha's airy point of view and out of her sight, Hervey North sat talking with Twysden Dane and his wife. "Yes," Hervey said, "I've about made up my mind. Fishing and coasting I've followed, and they don't bring me to anything. Old Coleraine's ship sails in a few days from New York for Calcutta. The pay ain't much; but part of my five hundred dollars gets me a second mate's berth, and that will lead to something better. I've shipped with Coleraine."

"Is it all settled?" asked Mrs. Dane, timidly.

"Yes; all settled," Hervey answered.

But, from the moment when he came in, he had been uneasy; and now, unable any longer to conceal his main object, he asked, "Where's Mart?"

"Haven't seen her for an hour," said Mrs. Dane. "I don't know where she's slipped to."

Hervey's face fell. "Didn't she know the Cactus was coming?"

"Yes, sir!" Twysden affirmed, valiantly. "We told her."

"Maybe she's up at the garden," said Hervey. He had been swinging his soft hat in his hand. He now clapped it on his head and sauntered out, with elaborate carelessness.

When he had searched the "garden" and the whole round of the island, in vain, his disappointment deepened into gloom. But, as he

returned to the house, he glanced up to the iron-railed gallery of the tower and perceived Martha there. He thought she was smiling.

Waving his arm, "Come down!" he shouted; and, fearing that the wind would carry his words away, he made a gesture to help his meaning.

Martha, however, shook her head, and beckoned him to come up to her.

"I'll be hanged!" muttered Hervey, surprised and mortified. "I've come over just to see her; and now she won't meet me. She don't care."

He took a stride towards the house-door, intending to enter and to wait for her there. But the temptation of the iron bridge, opening on his other hand, was too much for him. He changed his mind abruptly, darted through the bridge, and began climbing the spiral stair within the tower.

Many a time he had gone up those winding steps without effort and without care. But now his heart was beating loudly; and the sound of his footsteps rang back from the circular masonry with a hollow clang, as if mimicking the heart-strokes of his excitement. A strange feeling came over him, that he was a prisoner in this gloomy tower. Would he never reach the summit? or, if he did gain it, would he encounter there only the defeat of his fondest desires?

At last, however, as he neared the narrow hatchway opening up into the watch-room, he heard a sweet, girlish laugh, and Martha called down to him, "Is that you, Hervey?"

He was so glad to be near her again, that his anger vanished. He shouted back, "You bet it's Hervey!"

Crouching, he climbed into the watch-room, stood upright there again, and beheld her peering down through an opening that gave access, by a short ladder, to the iron floor of the lantern-cage, above.

"Look here, Mart," he demanded; "what do you mean?"

The girl's eyes danced with merriment. "I only meant, if you want to see me you'd better come where I am."

She withdrew her face from the aperture instantly. But Hervey, as though he were pursuing a vision, rushed up the ladder almost at a single leap. "Oh, Martha," he cried, reproachfully; "didn't you hear me, 'way down there on the rocks, when I called to you?"

"How could I hear you," she asked, demurely, "when the wind was blowing?"

"But you saw I meant you to come down," he persisted.

"Yes. And you saw I meant you to come up."

Hervey began again: "It seems kind o' hard, when I've took——"

"Taken," interposed Martha, smiling.

"Taken the pains to come over to the Rock," he proceeded. "Seems kind o' hard that you should try to hide." Receiving no answer to this, he went on, pathetically: "Suppose I had waited below and gone away without talking to you. You might have been sorry, then."

"Perhaps," Martha confessed. "But you'd have been sorry, too."

"I'll not deny that," Hervey assented. "I'd have been more

sorry than I can tell you." His eyes glowed. "Martha!" he exclaimed, almost beseechingly, "what do you think I came for?"

"Mother thought 'twas to talk plans," she replied, "with father."

"No; not with him," Hervey assured her; "but—with you."

She faltered a little, answering, "With me?"

"Yes, Mart. 'Twas you I wanted to see. I'm going away, soon."

Martha stooped, unfastened the iron plate that gave egress to the iron gallery outside the cage, and slid it open along its groove. Then she stepped out upon the narrow platform. Hervey followed. This was her last retreat. There was no escape for her, now. She stood alone in the free air, with only a slender railing between her and the outlying spaces of empty atmosphere; and a sense of coming victory filled Hervey's veins with triumphant fire.

"Now that I'm out here," said Martha, "I can breathe."

Her tall, elastic figure looked nobler than ever before. Her cheeks reflected (so Hervey thought) the pure color of all the rosy mornings which had dawned upon her since she first came to life; and her gray eyes were as innocent and inspiring as the unclouded heavens.

"Mart—dear Mart!" he pleaded,—and his voice was like a soothing wind-song,—"I've loved you always. Won't you promise to be my wife?"

"But you're going away," she said.

Hervey sprang towards her, and clasped her in his arms. The breeze fluttered round her, blowing her light brown tresses so that they touched his yellow locks. The breeze and Hervey's arm enfolded her. Far below, the sea-waves plashed and murmured drowsily. The sea, the air, everything, seemed in accord.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

She trembled. The joy that sprang up within her heart ran through her like a shudder; yet she could not draw herself away. As though in a dream, she lingered; her hand sank towards his shoulder; and Hervey heard her murmuring, "If only you won't go!"

"But I must. I've shipped for Calcutta. I've given my promise. Why not marry now, Mart,—before I sail?"

"Now?" For a moment she became herself again, and her gray eyes blazed with wonder. "No, Hervey; not now."

"But—when I come back?" The quiver in his voice betrayed his anxiety, his desire and hope.

She moved a step or two away; for the love-chase was not quite ended. Hervey, as he pressed after her, felt his hand touch against the smooth lantern-glass and slip away again, as from something it was hopeless to grasp at.

But suddenly she paused, and there shone from her eyes an exquisite gentleness. "If you've promised," she said, "you must make the cruise. When you come back,—when you've kept *your* promise,—I'll keep mine."

Hervey's voice rang out in ecstasy, "To be my wife?"

She was in his arms again, now; and he held her close, to hear her whispered "Yes."

Whatever else was uttered between them is not for us to hear. But



it was for every one to see, when the lovers came down from the tower, that a strange new light was beaming from their faces,—a light of happiness, more radiant than the noonday glow around them.

Did the visitor perceive it?—the gentleman in gray, whom Lieutenant Hapgood now introduced? "My friend Mr. Swift. He came to see the light-house; but I'm sorry, Miss Martha, he has seen so little of *you*."

Swift gazed upon her a moment, as if spell-bound. Was it the new light in her face, or was it something else, that held him so? In a low, clear voice he said, "I shall hope to come again."

The words were simple; yet how much they might mean!

When the Cactus went steaming away from Lizard Rock, the wind sang round the light-house as of old, and there were still three voices in the song. But, as the voices changed continually, so now they brought new tones; and one of them was the low, clear voice of Swift. And when the light-house lamp was lit, that night, it was watched with eager eyes by two men on the mainland,—Hervey North and Richard Swift.

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## V.

### DEPARTURE.

LEAVING his boat anchored in Shaw's Cove, at New London, Hervey strolled along Bank Street that evening, with his friend Seth Bent. This thoroughfare, nearest to the harbor, was full of moving people; a dingy stretch of pavement, spotted and starred through the darkness with a warm glow of gas from ship-chandleries, markets, grocery-shops, all open and active, yet hardly more prosperous than the score of liquor-saloons, thickly sprinkled at intervals of a few doors apart among the other stores.

Through small, dark lanes leading up from the wharves and the waterside came sailors and fishermen to mingle with the thin but constant stream of passers; among whom were sober townsfolk, factory-girls released from long hours of work; matrons, humbly clad, returning with late purchases to their small abodes; women in more showy dress, who perhaps were not much to be envied; steady or unsteady artisans, machinists, engineers,—idlers and laborers jostling each other;—with a few nimble, neat commercial travellers, whose minds were equally divided between drumming up another customer and the desire to engage in some convivial or less innocent amusement before flitting to another town. Here, as everywhere else, the good and the evil were mixed together without stratification, with no clear dividing lines.

But Hervey's mind was wrapped in a shimmer of delighted memories and anticipations raying out from the fact of his happy engagement to Martha Dane.

Suddenly a group of hilarious young men came towards them, and stopped. "Hullo, Bent!" cried one of these to Seth. "Are you two in for a good time? If you are, you'd better come along with us."

"Where bound?" Seth lazily inquired.



"To the Hen-Coop."

Hervey, with an inward shudder, moved aside. The phrase was known to him as the nickname of a place which it would be better not to visit,—a place where women were to be met whom it would be unwise to meet anywhere.

"So long," said Bent to his eager friend. "We're busy to-night."

The group moved off; yet Hervey's delicious reverie was, for the moment, shattered. He knew something of the ways of men; was by no means ignorant as to the customs of some among his varied acquaintance. But this casual encounter gave him a great shock; and he was seized with strong disgust.

"Why did we come ashore?" he exclaimed to his comrade. "I wish I was out of this!"

They went their way, passing the bright or shaded doors of the drinking-shops, which so many other men passed by but so many men also entered. Never before, perhaps, had Hervey so keenly revolted at the careless, half-unnoticed vice that proverbially hangs like a bedraggled fringe upon all seaport towns, but is by no means peculiar to them. Rounding a corner, he made a détour with his friend, up through the pleasant, stately, serene old city, with its tree-embowered streets, its dignified church buildings and ample gardens. If there was any evil here, at least he did not know of it.

The strong, tall spire of a beautiful old gray church rose up into the night-sky before him, haloed with large, clear stars; and he drew a breath of intense relief. Hervey was not a well-trained church-goer; but the sight of this quiet spire somehow gave him comfort.

"I have news for you, Seth!" he exclaimed, gazing up fervently towards the steeple and the big, white stars.

"What is it, old boy?" asked his partner.

"Ah, I wish I could tell you," Hervey returned, abruptly checking his own enthusiasm. The secret of his engagement, though he knew that Bent must have guessed it, was still too new, too dear and sacred, to be shared with any one. "I'll let you know to-morrow."

A little farther on they separated with a hearty good-night, Seth pressing his hand firmly, as much as to convey, "I understand." Then Hervey, ascending a hill, trudged out for two miles along the Ocean road to an ancient farm-house high above the Sound, where he was to stop with some friends, and—from his window under the gambrel-roof—could peer out at any hour of the long night and behold the fiery orb of Lizard Rock glinting and revolving over the wide-spread waters.

The murk and the mixed throng of the street by the harbor, with all its hints of wrong and sin or mingled good and evil, faded away from his mind again, and he lived once more in the solitary radiance of the faithful light-house.

A few days later he departed from the spacious and hospitable port, the dear old port of New London, with its broad harbor and high-banked hills, its ever-changing phases of mist or sunshine, its enduring beauty and lasting fascination. Only one more visit had he been able to make to Martha, at the Rock. And then, obeying the

true sailorman's desire to be aboard a craft that has ropes and sails, he went to New York on a coastwise schooner.

The schooner had been weather-bound at New London for thirty-six hours. Seth Bent sailed out to the Rock to tell Martha that Hervey would leave on this schooner, and to describe the vessel so that she could recognize it and bid it farewell by sight, at least. There was no telegraph to the Rock; but love and friendship supplied the lack.

Before Hervey went, however, Raima Garnett, in her anxiety to look at the man who in boyhood had helped to recover the body of her drowned father, succeeded in getting trace of him. It was for this purpose that she halted her victoria, one day, in front of the real-estate office of Ralph Dupar. Now, although real estate hasn't much to do with seafaring, except when the mariner is obliged to run against it in perfecting the process of shipwreck, Ralph Dupar was supposed to know about everybody and everything in town, or be able to find out at a moment's notice. Since Raima's arrival at millionairehood, he had done much business for her; and, besides, he was her friend,—a friend, in fact, of nearly all with whom he came in contact; and a pleasant, light-hearted fellow, too.

"Please find, for me, this Hervey North?" commanded Raima, with a rosy-lipped pretence of asking a favor.

"I'll find him—Hervey North, South, East, or West," Ralph answered, gayly. "When it is *you* who ask, I have absolutely no preference as to points of the compass." He ran back to his desk and pencilled a memorandum. "Only let me know when you wish to see him."

"At once," declared Raima, who believed it was her duty to keep this obedient young man well disciplined.

"By Jove, then, I'll have to personate him myself," laughed Ralph. "Don't you think I might take his place?"

"Perhaps. But I'm sure you couldn't keep it."

Ralph affected despondency. "Ah, how slight is your confidence in me!" he sighed; and then, with impulsive pointedness, "If I couldn't keep so humble a place as his, how can you trust me to keep my own?"

What did he mean? Raima smiled; but her cheek showed the tinge of a startled blush. "Business before banter," she said, lightly. "Come; remember that I'm waiting for you to find him."

And so, a wonder of loveliness with her heightened color and her prettily-made gown that seemed to reflect the green of young leaves, she stepped into her victoria again and was whirled away from him like a wind-blown flower.

This is how it came that, when Hervey stood on the old railroad wharf, about to take a boat and go out to the schooner, Raima and Mr. Richard Swift stood there with him. For Jack Dupar had found there was no time to lose, and had sent her word that it was too late to bring Hervey out to see her. Thereupon Raima, who, although a woman of fashion, was of an unconventional mind, exclaimed, "Then I shall go to see *him*!"

This to her matron-aunt, Mrs. Trimble. But to Richard, who with

his mother was a guest at the country-house, she amplified, "Just think how interesting! Here is this young man who was the playmate of Martha Dane,—that girl whom you have been raving about ever since you went to Lizard Rock. He's going for a long voyage, and this is perhaps the only chance to see him. Now, you know I can't let him go without my blessing; for I had set my mind on giving it to him, as well as to pretty Martha. It's like a romance, you see,—the way they have come into my life; and I'm determined to play my part thoroughly. So I *must* go! Dear aunt, do ring the bell and tell Wilkins to put in the horses, while I get ready. And wouldn't you like to go with me, Mr. Swift? You were so interested in Martha, you know," she ended, mischievously.

"You're very generous, Miss Raima," said Richard, stroking his moustache briefly, as if to interpose a slight barrier; "but do I, strictly speaking, belong to the romance?"

Raima was pleased. "Well, no," she agreed; "you don't. But, then, we can smuggle you into it, somehow. We will 'write in a part' for you, as theatre-people say. Only, as there isn't time to write, we shall have to make it up as we go along. That is, if you *are* going along."

"Raima!" remonstrated Mrs. Trimble, alarmed by her niece's high spirits. But the experienced gray face of Mrs. Swift, Richard's mother, dimpled with indulgent approval.

Richard himself was anxious to go. For was it not probable that Martha Dane would be at the wharf, too?

"Reflect," continued Raima, "how seldom it happens to people in our humble and restricted position in life to say good-by to a real, real sailor."

"No, I'll reflect no more!" cried Dick, adopting a dramatic tone, as if carried away by impulse. "I am resolved to go with you."

Mrs. Trimble accompanied them in the carriage. But, as they rolled into town, Raima said, spiritedly, in talking of the young sailor, "The only thing wanting is that this youth should marry Martha. Then, don't you know, the romance would be complete."

Had she unconsciously caught Ralph Dupar's amiable habit of extracting a little fun from every-day events, as a butterfly finds nectar even in the weeds?

But Richard made no reply. Somehow, he did not relish the idea of Martha's marrying Hervey North.

When they reached the wharf, with Ralph Dupar in attendance to introduce them to the outbound sailor, all the lobster men and menhaden-fishers and all the other loiterers in the neighborhood were amazed at seeing this fashionable young lady and her distinguished-looking escort, Swift.

Richard instantly recognized in the yellow-haired young Hervey that sailor-lad of the sunny eye whom he had seen at the island. But the two men exchanged only a few formal and stupid words. Raima was the heroine of the occasion, and Hervey the hero.

She said to him, "Perhaps you have heard of the little provision which has been made for you?"

"Yes," said Hervey, "and I want to thank you heartily, Miss Garnett."

"It isn't I whom you should thank," she answered, "but my mother—there!" Hervey understood, as she looked upward, that Raima meant in heaven. "It was she who arranged it."

With a simple reverence, Hervey took off his tawny slouch hat, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine.

"But a great deal more might be done," Raima went on. "I don't know how it is; but I have so much, and you young people have so little! If I had only known," she said; "why, if I had understood that you were going to sail away, I could have bought a ship and given it to you all for your own!"

Hervey's pulse jumped. The idea of such liberality and such wealth to be conferred upon him!

"Or, better still," continued Raima, "I could have settled you here. It would have been so easy to give you a house and a farm."

The glitter of imaginary gold shone again in Hervey's eyes, as it had once before gleamed there when he first heard of the little legacy. But now the thought of money filled the whole air.

"Thank you! thank you!" he exclaimed, grasping Raima's hand. "I'm going; but I suppose it will all come out right in the end."

"Come out right? It *must*," answered Raima. "When you get back from your voyage, come to me. I shall have a pleasant surprise ready for you and Martha. And do you know, Mr. North, I think you ought to marry Martha Dane?"

For an instant Hervey's blue eyes, dancing with a purer light, were turned away from his fair benefactress. "Marry Martha?" he said, shyly.

"Why, yes. Will you promise to do so? When you come back and marry Martha, you will discover the prize I have in store for you both."

"Promise?" said Hervey. "Why, it's my heart's desire!"

"Very well," answered Raima. "But where *is* Martha? Why isn't she here?" She turned to the others quickly, and repeated her question: "Where is Martha Dane?"

"Exactly what I was wondering," said Swift.

"Why, it's this way——" began Ralph Dupar. But Hervey interrupted him.

"You understand, Miss Garnett," said Hervey, "Martha belongs on Lizard Rock, and naturally she couldn't come to the mainland just to see any of us off."

That settled it. Richard Swift's heart was gnawed by a keen disappointment; but he was compelled to appear amused. "It seems, then, Miss Raima," said he, "that one of the principal actors in your romance has failed to appear. Lucky that I'm on hand to fill out the company! Still, I don't know that I can take her place."

Dupar cast a side-glance at Raima, but said to Swift, "Oh, no; never try to take any one else's place! It's enough if you can hold your own."

At that moment three slouchy figures sidled up towards the end

of the wharf. They were the captain and two sailors of the coastwise schooner.

"Come on, Hervey," said the captain, from under his tilted hat. "All aboard!"

Hervey made a quick farewell to Raima and the rest, put on his hat, and vanished over the end of the wharf into the boat with the schooner-captain.

The sunlight sparkled on the rippling harbor waves, throwing upward innumerable delicate tints of color. The boat was rowed out, the big schooner got under way, and Swift and Raima drove off with Mrs. Trimble through New London to the villa at Goshen Point.

When the schooner headed her course down the Sound, Hervey stood at the stern, waving farewell. A small dark figure on the gallery of the light-house waved a handkerchief in reply. This was their parting. But long after Martha's figure had become invisible, the white shape of the light-house, like a day ghost, held Hervey's eye and seemed to be sending him a mute, sad message of love and warning. Martha, for her part, watched the white sails of the schooner until they melted into the lost distance. Then her eyes filled with tears.

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## VI.

### HOMING PIGEONS.

So Hervey sailed away, and, embarking at New York on the ship with which he had engaged as second mate, sped on through equatorial calms and southern storms, through the shadowed region of tropic rains, across the broad sea into Eastern sunshine, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and came at last to India.

Meanwhile, as Raima drove homeward with her aunt and Richard Swift, she grew enthusiastic about Hervey North. "Such a splendid young fellow!" she exclaimed. "So handsome; so strong and manly. And it's delightful to think that, after all his wanderings, he is to come back and marry Martha Dane."

"How do you know that?" asked Richard, quickly.

"Know it?" Raima flashed back at him, with a pretty movement of her lips. "I only guess, which is the same as saying that I'm sure."

"If I were to talk that way about those young people," Mrs. Trimble said, with a pensively sweet expression, "you would call me a match-maker."

"Oh, aunt!" cried Raima. "But, after all, why shouldn't we make a match for them, when they belong so naturally together?"

Richard spoke with a slight assumption of weariness. "I hope they'll be happy," he said.

Thereupon Raima became irrelevant, suddenly exclaiming, "See what a lovely sunset we're going to have!"

Already a soft crimson began to suffuse the sky; and the rolling hills, the woods, and the dewy hollow into which the carriage now dipped by a steep descent, were bathed in a light as of dissolved roses.

When they reached the villa, Richard went out alone upon the

broad veranda to gaze off at the glowing beam of Lizard Light, which flashed through the air like a spark enkindled from the setting sun. There, however, his mother came to him,—discreet little Mrs. Swift, with her white hair, her look of calm experience, and her conciliatory social smile. She had found that this smile, even when put on for a purpose, usually conquered, and always smoothed her way through life. She was a small woman, and Richard was a big man; yet she expected to rule him by virtue of her smile and the fact that she was his mother.

"What are you musing about, my boy?" she asked him, softly, laying her arm around his neck, then quickly withdrawing it.

"Oh, various things," he said, indifferently; and then, in a tone of affection, "Dear mother, if you knew all that's in my mind, I wonder what you would think."

"What can you mean?" she answered, in a tone of alarm.

Dick rather evaded the question. "Oh, I was just looking at the light-house," he returned.

"And thinking of—Oh, I see!" declared his mother. "You were thinking of that charming girl you saw there. Well, well, Dick, I never knew before that you could become sentimental on such slight grounds."

"Sentimental?" he retorted. "You don't understand." He stretched his arm out, straight and violent, pointing towards the Rock. "When you fix your eyes on that light," he asked, "doesn't it fascinate you?"

"Of course it does."

"And do you know why?"

"Not at all, my son."

"Well, then, that may explain to you why I am held in this way for a while by the sight of Martha Dane——"

"Whom you have seen only once," his mother interrupted.

"Quite true," Dick admitted. "But she is eminently a girl who, having been seen once, should be seen again; just as you turn your eyes back to the star on the light-house, after trying to look away from it."

"Oh, well," Mrs. Swift began, "if you are giving yourself up to mere fancies——"

"Not a bit of it!" Dick remonstrated. "That fire and the humble people who keep it alive are emblems of faith and constancy. Don't you see?"

"Now trust me, Dick," she pleaded. "Whom can you trust, if not your mother? I assure you, frankly, that you had much better devote these fancies of yours to Raima Garnett. She is beautiful, accomplished, lovable, and rich. I fancy she likes you, too. Just think how she has picked us out from all her friends to stay with her in this intimate way. You know we are poor, and have no prospect of fortune. Why not be sensible?"

"Ah, mother," he said, "I've found you out. Now I see why you wanted me to come here for this visit. You would like to have me marry Raima. You think she is——"



"A splendid catch! Magnificent!"

It was Raima's uncle, Vining Trimble, who uttered these words, as he came out from one of the French windows opening on the veranda. Vining Trimble was a tall man, with ruddy cheeks half buried in a curling, thick bronze beard cut close. "Listen to me, Swift! I took seventy-five blue-fish in the Race, this afternoon, and I'll make you a bet, three to one, that you can't do better. But, my dear boy, why aren't you dressed for dinner?"

"Oh, I'll attend to the dressing in a minute," said Dick, gayly. "And to-morrow I'll dress you a lot of fish that will knock you silly. I'll go fishing, and win the bet."

"But to-morrow we're engaged for luncheon with the Cranstons," Trimble objected.

"Never mind. You must count me out on that," Dick replied. "I have a standing engagement with Gaff-Topsail Jack to take me fishing any time I want to go. His boat lies near the Pequot. I shall telephone him at once." And he did so.

Dinner at the Garnett villa that night passed off pleasantly. Vining Trimble bubbled over with humor. Raima was beautiful in a soft pink dress which recalled the color of the lost sunset. But Richard Swift was haunted by the idea that her anxiety to foster a romance between Hervey and Martha might be unconsciously prompted by a desire to lead him into a similar romance of marriage between herself and Swift. Well, if this were the fact, why should he not accept such an opportunity of wealth and ease and happiness?

Nevertheless, he went to bed thinking and dreaming of the lighthouse star; and in the morning he departed early with Gaff-Topsail Jack, to fish in the Race. He contrived matters so that Jack's boat should haul up to Lizard Rock about mid-day. He had learned the signal; he sounded a horn, and landed on the island.

"I've come, Miss Martha, to finish the visit which I began here some time ago. There is so much on the island that interests me——"

"Oh, I'm so glad of that!" said she. "Very few people care about the island."

She showed him all around the house, introduced him to her cats, Griff and Grisel, and her flowering plants on the sunny window-sill.

"Why don't you have a canary, or some other pet bird?" he suggested.

Martha laughed: "Oh, a bird in a cage would be a prisoner; and that would trouble me."

"But it might not trouble the bird," Dick ventured to hint, slyly. "Perhaps he would even be glad to be a prisoner here!"

After that, he made frequent visits. When the steamer Cactus next went out to the Rock officially, he was on board; and he took every opportunity to send books, or bundles of magazines, newspapers, and packages of seeds for flowers. It was Martha chiefly who read the books, but old Twysden was delighted, too. "I feel as if the island had cut loose from her moorings and got adrift in a regular Gulf Stream of print-words," said he. "Why, I haven't heard so much news as we get now, for twenty years." One day, Swift brought



a little Black Forest finch that had cost him seventy-five dollars. It was trained to whistle several songs; the masterpiece among them being "Home, Sweet Home." It would not have been in nature for Martha to be displeased. Yet after she had listened to the songs, and her father and mother had almost wept with grateful satisfaction, she asked Dick, with a certain wistfulness, "Do you know what would give me the most pleasure, now?"

"What?" he inquired, his eyes glowing eagerly.

"It seems unkind to you," she answered; "but what I should really like would be to see the bird set free."

Dick suffered a pang of disappointment. Still he rallied to say, "Well, if you wish it, do so!"

Then the whole party, with a curious agitation, trooped out to Twysden's accustomed bench under the shelter-roof; and there Martha opened the cage-door. The finch, after some slight wonder and demur, shot forth and soared into the air. Dick beheld his seventy-five dollars fluttering there in the sunshine, under the guise of a dainty bunch of feathers with tiny outspread wings that threatened to carry the whole amount off into space. The bird, however, settled down upon a granite boulder not far away, and contemplated its human friends with a bright, astonished eye turned sidewise at them. Then—strange but natural sequel!—it opened its beak and warbled the notes, distinct yet sharp, of "Home, Sweet Home."

Martha's lips parted, her color went and came. Her right hand was lifted in a warning, hushing gesture, while she gazed intently at the bird to see what it would do next. Dick seized her other hand in his own, and whispered, "You see I was right! He wants to stay."

Instinctively she returned the pressure of his grasp. But suddenly the finch rose, and circled several times in the air. "No," said Martha; "he wants to be free!" She had hardly spoken, when the bird came flying towards them, dashed its wings against the cage, and then hovered around almost pleading for imprisonment. They set the cage on the bench, and withdrew a few paces. Then the finch, settling down, finally entered it, and in great glee began to whistle a waltz, which was abruptly ended by the whistler's desire to pick up seed.

"This has given me a great idea!" Dick declared, in triumph. "Do you know, Miss Martha, I'm greatly interested in homing pigeons? Well, I'll get a number of them,—'carrier pigeons,' you know,—and you shall have some here, while I keep others on the mainland. Then we'll exchange them, and can send messages by them, to and fro."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Martha, clapping her hands.

This plan was carried out. And so, by degrees, the lonely light-house was linked to the rest of the world, and to Dick Swift in particular, by the wings of doves. The messages sent by these means were ordinary enough, and in no way resembled love-letters. Yet Martha, even, felt that they brought her into close communication with this handsome, courteous, polished young man from the outer world, who was so vastly superior to any one she had ever seen before. Whenever she saw Gaff-Topsail Jack's boat appear in the Race, she watched it with peculiar interest to see whether it was bringing Dick

Swift into her neighborhood. The Halusis also came out frequently, and Dick was sure to be on deck, where she could discover him.

"Halusis, you know," he had once explained to her, "is a Greek word that means a link or chain." And sometimes it seemed to her that the meaning of the name was this,—that the pleasure-yacht was a link between Dick Swift and herself. But then the terrible idea would occur to her that Halusis, being a chain, might bind Swift to Raima Garnett. Somehow this notion appalled her. And, yet, why should she allow herself to be vexed by it?

"Hervey is mine, and I am Hervey's," she reflected. "And isn't that enough?" She convinced herself that she thought of Swift only as a brilliant man who charmed her, but had no more part in her life than the light-house flame had in his, flashing upon him from the horizon.

But Richard kept on coming to the Rock, and the carrier pigeons kept on flying. Mrs. Swift and Raima, Vining Trimble and his wife, and Ralph Dupar all observed what was proceeding. But it was Hervey's chum, Seth Bent, who, without appearing to take notice, took action. He wrote a long letter to Hervey, addressing it to Calcutta; and, after an endless amount of useless information, he wound up with these few words: "If you want to marry Martha Dane, come home right off." Then, laying down his pen, he muttered, "There! I think that'll make his bones rattle!"

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## VII.

### OBEDIENCE.

RICHARD SWIFT'S inquiries concerning flowers and plants for Martha revived his interest in botany. He utilized it by going on botanical walks and drives with Raima Garnett, who was also interested in flower-life.

In the course of these investigations they came upon a small plant with close yellow blossoms, on the edge of a wheat-field. "I wonder," he said, "what this can be?"

When they brought it back to the villa and analyzed it, they found it was false flax,—otherwise known as Gold of Pleasure.

"What a curious name!" said Raima.

"Yes, very odd," assented Dick; "and yet not so very strange, considering that *you* have known the pleasure of gold."

Raima referred to the manual of botany that she had opened. "It's a mere weed, you see," she said, "flourishing best in a light, sandy soil."

"Shall we keep it?" Dick asked, suavely.

"No. It's hardly worth while." She tossed it languidly towards him, and it fell upon a heap of other discarded specimens.

"But we might retain it, you know," he persisted, "dried—as a memorial."

"A *dried* memorial, Mr. Swift?" Raima laughed, a little harshly. "Heaven forbid! Memories ought to remain unfaded. There! throw the wretched thing away."

She really loved him ; and perhaps Dick was conscious of the fact. But she had once been engaged to marry a man of his acquaintance, and the affair had somehow gone wrong and had been broken off. This put her at a disadvantage. It restrained Dick from making any offer to her if he had wished to do so, and caused her to suffer great mortification if she showed the least liking for him. Raima moved away, seated herself at the grand piano, and struck a few resounding chords. Mr. and Mrs. Trimble, with Mrs. Swift, were playing dummy whist at a table half-way down the golden-tinted drawing-room ; and they all looked furtively towards the young people, as though they suspected that something tragic was going on. But Raima, with a ripple of high, sweet chords from the key-board, sang blithely,—

“ When spring-buds new awaken,  
And the sad heart, forsaken,  
Feels hope return again,  
Then bid farewell to pain,  
Farewell to pain ! ”

The players at the dummy game laid down their cards, and softly clapped their hands. Dick said, simply, “ That was exquisite ! ”

He began fumbling over the sheets of music on the teak-wood rack beside the piano, asking, “ Have you got, here, that little piece of Molloy’s called ‘ The Little Tin Soldier ’ ? ”

“ Yes, indeed,” said Raima. “ I can pick it out for you.”

But Dick himself, finding it in a moment, placed the notes before her ; and she sang to him the pathetic little ballad about that tin soldier who was dropped in the grass and forgotten, but went on hopelessly loving the girl who had overlooked him.

“ There,” asked Raima, with a dash of mischief, when she ended, “ if the other song was exquisite, what do you call this ? ”

“ Charming,” said he, gayly ; “ though I’m awfully sorry for the poor, neglected toy soldier.”

“ Ah, but did it ever occur to you,” his fair maiden hostess inquired, resting one of her shapely hands upon the enamelled and arabesqued wood-work of the piano, above the keys,—“ did it ever occur to you that the little girl herself perhaps suffered great pangs of sorrow when she couldn’t find her missing devotee ? It’s a great pity that, since he felt so much sentiment, he was made of tin, which prevented him from expressing it.”

“ Yes, that’s true,” Dick admitted. “ That puts him in a rather ridiculous light ; doesn’t it ? ”

Raima rose, smiling with a fine dignity, but made no reply. And just then Mrs. Swift declared that she was tired of the dummy game, and asked the two young people to take their places at the table with Mr. and Mrs. Trimble. Dick was assigned to Mrs. Trimble as a partner ; but so loath was he to cause Raima any distress that he persistently failed to return his partner’s lead, and even made a revoke, so that she and Vining might win the rubber.

Who can tell what would have happened if Dick Swift had continued in a course of songs and botanizing expeditions, of drives and

dances, of card-games at which he felt obliged to be beaten? Unless there had been a strong counter-influence to draw him away, he might easily have yielded to the flattering prospect of winning Raima. And why shouldn't he yield? As it was, he asked himself that night, when he went up to his own room to sleep, whether he was not a fool to resist and refuse so happy a fortune and to cling as he did to a sudden infatuation for Martha Dane. But, as he looked out of window, he saw the light of Lizard Rock burning brightly in the Race; and a mysterious loyalty to that flame and to the feeling that he had for Martha took possession of him again, and gave him great joy.

Meanwhile, Vining Trimble and his wife discussed the problem, also. Mrs. Trimble was inclined to condemn Swift for not taking some decisive step. "He has known Raima, now, a long time. He is here in the house. Unless he is blind, can't he see that she cares for him? Why does he go along in this kind of shilly-shally way?" Such was her argument.

But Vining contended that if Swift were not disposed to offer himself to Raima, it would be much better to support and encourage Ralph Dupar as a suitor. "Dupar," he said, "is greatly interested in her; and I know that if he were to marry her he would give me a good position as agent to advise about their investments. But if Swift marries her, there is no longer any place for us. Don't you see?"

"Oh, Vining, Vining!" sighed his wife. "You are always so mercenary!" The words were shrilled through a hair-pin that she held between her lips, and therefore sounded the more terrible. But she saw the force of his remark, all the same.

Two days later Vining Trimble held a private conference with Ralph Dupar, which resulted in Dupar's coming to Dick Swift and offering him a position, with a large salary, as superintendent of a very valuable tin-mine in the Black Hills country, many hundred miles distant in the interior. "You were trained for this sort of thing," he said, "and are exactly suited to it."

But Dick met the proposal flatly with "I won't go!"

"Good gracious!" cried Dupar; "if you weren't born with a gold spoon in your mouth, old fellow, is that any reason why you shouldn't accept the spoon when it's thrust right between your teeth?"

"Perhaps not. But I decline."

"Oh, well," Dupar answered, "the opportunity happened to be offered, through me; but there's no hurry. Think it over, for a while."

Time ran on; and Paul Cranston, chief scion of the fashionable Cranston family, whose villa stood near Raima's, became very ardent in his attentions to her. In her position and with her wealth, it could hardly have been expected that Raima would lack for lovers. And so not only Cranston but Dave Haskell also was soon found to be in the train of her admirers. Haskell was a young and sturdily handsome millionaire, possessed of a racing-stable and other attributes and belongings which might perhaps be expected to recommend him to Miss Garnett.

The devotion of these two brilliants, and the general whirl of

social gayety that circled round the country-house, alarmed Vining Trimble, who had now fixed his hopes on Ralph Dupar's success in suing for Raima's hand. Hence it came about that Vining, at breakfast one morning, jovially suggested a fortnight's cruise on the *Halusis*. The less of the two evils, it seemed to him, would be to get Raima out of the way of Cranston and Haskell and trust to her not accepting Swift.

Accordingly, the cruise was begun. But, before they started, Dick sent a pigeon to Martha, with a scroll beneath its wing, bearing these words: "I am very sorry that this is the last of the birds, and that I must go away on the yacht for a two weeks' trip. But we shall meet as soon as I come back."

Martha saw the *Halusis* run out smartly into the Race, then slant away towards Little Gull and disappear in the direction of Plum Gut, on the way to Gardiner's Bay. Then a terrible sense of desolation settled down upon her, that would not be shaken off. Not for a moment did she swerve from her faith to Hervey. Such an idea never even occurred to her. But something new and attractive had come into her quiet life, and it now suddenly forsook her: so that she was unable to repress a sense of pain at its loss.

The yacht was absent for more than two weeks; and, meanwhile, Seth Bent was not idle. Coming to the island in his boat, he asked Martha to stroll up with him to her little garden-dell; and there he brought their conversation casually to the subject of Swift and his frequent visits. "Of course it's all right, so far as concerns you," he said. "But it ain't right for Mr. Swift, because he's going to marry the Garnett girl—Raima."

"To marry *her*?" Martha gasped. "I—I can't believe it!" Then, recovering herself, she said, grasping his hand, "Thank you, Seth. Thank you for telling me!"

That was all. But she comprehended her situation, as she had not done before; and when Seth headed for New London again, he carried a letter from her to the savings-bank, in which she asked that the amount to her credit be sent to her in the form of a negotiable draft. All the due ceremonies having been complied with and the draft having come to her hand, she sent it to Raima Garnett by post, saying, "I thank you very much, but I cannot keep this money."

When the *Halusis* came back, with Dick not a whit nearer to wooing Raima than before they started, and when the purport of Martha's letter was made known, he began to fear that something had gone wrong. What could it be? If it concerned him in any way, it must be that Martha was jealous of his long absence on the Garnett yacht. If this were true, it would be a good sign. How happy he ought to be! And yet he was not happy in the least, but very anxious; and he decided to go out to the Rock at once, no matter what Raima or his mother or any one else might think.

He went. He listened again to the singing of the finch. "And have you chosen a name for the bird yet?" he asked.

"Yes," Martha said. "As you gave him to me, I call him simply Friend."

"Well, that's a good name so far as it goes." But he felt that the time had come for him to speak, and to place himself on the basis of being something more than a friend.

They had wandered through the iron gallery and mounted the tower. Day was fading; and, as they stood in the lantern together, looking out, the sea, although troubled with a ruffling surge, appeared, from this height, flat and calm. In the west the sky was suffused at the horizon with a lilac dimness that changed into yellow and orange above; and over these hung the paling blue of the higher heavens, while eastward the lilac tones deepened into reddish purple. On the level-looking waves below, Gaff-Topsail Jack's jib-and-mainsail boat darted to and fro like a lively cormorant.

Dick asked her about the return of the money to Raima, "who," he said, "is your friend and wishes you nothing but good. Why should you repulse her?"

Martha would make no explanation. How could she tell him that she would not allow herself to be patronized by the woman he was to marry? It would put her in a false position, and lead to misunderstanding. For, although she found in Swift qualities which opened her eyes to the ignorance and inexperience in which her engagement to Hervey had been made, she would not for a moment allow her loyalty to waver.

Then Dick, in a trembling tone, yet with intense firmness, broached the great topic of his love, and asked her to be his wife.

"Your wife?" cried Martha, in scornful amazement. "How dare you ask that, when you are promised to another woman?"

"Promised? But I'm not!" Dick retorted, in astonishment. "No; no. That isn't true. Who told you?"

"Surely I thought you were engaged to Miss Garnett," answered Martha.

An explanation followed; and Dick besought her to tell him whether her own engagement to Hervey was beyond recall.

"I forgive your asking me that," she said; "because you did not understand. Yes, I gave Hervey my promise almost on this very spot where we are now; and I can never break it. Oh, Mr. Swift, you ought never to see me again. You ought to go. Please go. Yes, go!"

He faltered; he struggled. Whatever she suffered, then, it is likely that he suffered even more. But at last he said, with a look of devout longing, "I shall obey. Yet, some time, may I not see you again,—see and speak with you as a friend?"

With a sweet dignity she answered, "I do not think I shall forget you, Mr. Swift!"

So soon as he reached New London, he went to see Dupar. "I am ready," he informed him, "to take that superintendency of the mine, and will start as soon as you like."

"Good!" cried Ralph. "Shall it be to-morrow?"

"Yes."

And, although there was a certain element of the tragic in his parting with Raima,—losing as he did, at once, the two chances of



wedded happiness that had held themselves out to him,—he laughed it off, saying, "Yes, I'm going for a soldier; a Little Tin Soldier in charge of a big tin-mine."

## VIII.

### SERENDIB.

MORNING dawned suddenly over Ceylon, the Isle of Rubies,—Serendib, as the Arabs called it;—a winter morning, yet bright, soft, ardent as a midsummer noon in the temperate zone. There was a whirr of green parrots and iridescent pigeons in the luminous air above the chalky-stemmed cocoa-trees, the wide-spreading crowns of talipot palms with their huge spikes of blossom, and the tall delicate bamboos. In the jungles there was a squeaking of black monkeys amid the endless twining of tangled lianas and a wildness of gorgeous bloom. Birds sang loudly far and wide. Red-spotted black butterflies flitted mysteriously here and there, in crowds; and other butterflies of brilliant color hovered near orchids so like themselves in tint and form that it would have been hard to say whether the winged creatures grew on stems, or whether the plants themselves had endowed their blossoms with wings and sent them flying through the air.

How different this same morning as it broke upon Lizard Rock, off the shore of chill New England, in a burst of scudding snow!

Like some invisible jailer the cold had shut the light-house family in, barred as behind a lock of steel. In all the months following Hervey's June farewell, Martha had received but one letter from him. It was dated at Calcutta, and announced his safe arrival. "But Cap Coleraine," it went on, "won't promote me as agreed. So I have taken first mate's place on a tramp steamer, the Erlking, bound for England. From there I'll come home,—and rich, too!"

After that, not a word. The winter was dying away in that silence which the dumb ocean knows how to interpose. But where was Hervey?

The morning in Ceylon could have answered this question. For, as it quickened towards nine o'clock, a young woman exquisitely attired in European dress walked slowly up the incline of an undulant hill at the north of Point de Galle; and she was accompanied by a young man with a sunburned face and golden hair.

"So you really think you must go, Hervey?" she inquired, softly.

"Yes, yes," he answered, regretfully. "The first chance that comes, I must sail for the United States, Pietra."

Pietra turned her dark eyes upon him, and the warm color deepened in her cheeks, over which the spicy wind blew a few loose threads of her black hair. "To leave us, now," she murmured; "after all we have tried to do for you? It seems so ungrateful to—papa!"

"Maybe it does, Miss Varney—Pietra! Well, I shall have to try to explain it to your father."

"But why not to *me*?" Pietra asked.

"Oh, that's a different thing!" said Hervey, as they turned a step



aside from the road and passed between the upspringing pillar-roots, which, like dozens of twisted wooden columns encased in bark, supported the canopy of a huge snake-tree.

When Hervey left Calcutta on the *Erlking*, he had a secret understanding with the captain of that marine tramp. The captain wanted to smuggle some precious stones from Ceylon,—rubies and illicit pearls. To mask the operation, it was necessary for him to trust some one; and he chose Hervey as the emissary who was to row ashore and meet a certain Moorman who had the desired gems. Hervey was to pay to the Moorman a considerable sum of money, receive the valuables in exchange, and bring them back to the ship. The place chosen for this secret meeting was on the beach of the west coast, some distance north of Point de Galle; and there the *Erlking* hove to for a while, at a safe distance.

The captain grew anxious, for it was November, with the change of monsoon approaching. The air was oppressively hot and heavy; the sky looked leaden, and seemed to be boiling up into dull, hot, vaporous clouds on the horizon. The vast green forests, varied with scarlet, gold, and bronze from the shoots of young new leaves, cowered under a weight of warm moisture; and the tall cone of Adam's Peak, rising blue and distant in the centre of Ceylon, was the only object that defied the frowning heavens.

At any hour, now, the November monsoon might sweep down upon the land and sea with a tremendous impetus. Yet the greed in the captain's heart persuaded him to take all risks. Hervey put off in a boat, with a belt containing ten thousand rupees in silver and paper strapped round his waist, and plied his oars hard for life and riches, since he was to receive one-fifth of the profits; and, to him, that was a fortune.

But the captain had been too late. When Hervey came within a half-mile of the beach, the wind with a mighty whirl shifted from southwest to northeast and rushed along the coast overwhelmingly. Lightning and thunder broke from the sky with great crashes; rain poured down in a thick flood, hissing and howling into the waves, shutting everything out of sight; and the sea itself was churned around in tortured, wild commotion.

Hervey rowed now, not for riches, but for life alone. The rain, heavy as metal, seemed to pound him and press out his vitality. The sea snarled and writhed at his oars. The wind drove him—he did not know where. “Oh, if I could only get rid of this belt!” he thought, as he tugged away, rowing; and he would gladly have thrown overboard the ten thousand rupees.

He struggled on until all strength forsook him. The oars seemed to be pulled from his grasp. He did not know where he was; but he could feel a foaming of water all about him. Had his boat slid away? . . . He struck out blindly, in terror: his fingers clutched a leafy substance. Holding on to it and making a stride forward, he suddenly touched bottom, as he thought, and stepped forward again,—only to lose his footing and once more to bring up against another clump of foliage. The fact was, he had been capsized among some

stemless Nipa palms which, growing under water near the beach, lifted their heads just above the waves. Hurtled from one crest to another of these strange trunkless water-palms, he was flung at last exhausted on a projecting point of the strand.

When he came to himself again, after long unconsciousness, he was lying on a rude, low bed in a strange little edifice among the trees, on shore, with a genial, rosy-cheeked, gray-whiskered Englishman sitting beside him. The awful din and roar of the fierce tropic rain had ceased.

"You are in the rest-house," said his unknown companion. "Never fear!"

"But what is the rest-house?"

"Why," said the Englishman, "it's what we should call, at home, —if we should ever be at home,—an inn."

"Oh!" returned Hervey, faintly, with relief. "And you are——?"

"Gabriel Varney, formerly of Leamington, England. I see that you are from the States."

"I? What do you know about me?" demanded Hervey, involuntarily feeling for his belt.

"Nothing, my lad," said Mr. Varney, "excepting your accent and the way you came ashore, and that your belt is quite safe. There, there; be quiet! I know there's money in it, though I haven't counted it. I suppose you have forgotten the occurrence, for you went into delirium at once. But the way of it was this. I happened to be caught here when the monsoon turned; you were thrown ashore, and came crawling towards the rest-house, and I caught sight of you. So we dragged you in."

"Thank you; thank you!" murmured Hervey.

"Would you like to count the money?" Mr. Varney asked.

"No; not now. I'm too weak."

A cinnamon-hued Cingalese with white hair now brought in a mysterious soup. "It may be squirrel, or it may be lizard,—that is, the big six-foot-long iguana they have here,—or it may be monkey-soup, for all I know," said Mr. Varney. "But I'm sure it will be good. Just eat, my son, and no questions asked."

Hervey swallowed the soup eagerly. A curry of pigeon came next, which he devoured with ravenous appetite; and then, after a hearty draught of palm wine, he felt able to cope with the whole human race.

"Now, my boy, if you have gained strength enough, perhaps you will tell me *your* name," Mr. Varney remarked. "The monsoon and the sea have a rather informal way of introducing people, and they forgot to give me your card."

Hervey satisfied him, and then proceeded to count his money. It was all there. "I took your belt off and dried it," Varney explained, "and then strapped it round you again to make you feel easy. Now, North, my boy, the law of Ceylon allows travellers to stay in these rest-houses—which take the place of inns—only three days. We've been here a day and a half already. So soon as you feel well enough to move, I will take you where you will be much more comfortable,—

to the hotel at Galle, where my daughter Pietra is waiting for me, and probably most anxious about me, at this moment."

Hervey recovered so rapidly that they were able to quit the rest-house that afternoon. Hiring a "bullock-bandy," or two-wheeled cart with a rain-proof cover of cocoanut-leaves and drawn by humped zebu oxen, they travelled rapidly to Point de Galle, where Hervey first met Pietra. He bought two or three suits of fine clothes,—why shouldn't he, since he had ten thousand rupees?—and took a good room at the hotel.

"Did you come to Ceylon for business," Varney asked him, "or for pleasure?"

Hervey hesitated a moment. Then he said, "For pleasure."

"Well, my friend, you chose a strange way of doing it," Varney commented.

"Yes," Hervey answered, seeing in this new acquaintance a prospect of bettering his fortunes and improving his social position; "but I was travelling on a trading-steamer, and the captain preferred to put me ashore in a boat, instead of stopping."

Varney, who was a "globe-trotter," a voyager and commercial speculator in all quarters of the earth, had an easy-going indulgent mind. "Oh, well," he said, "it was eccentric. But, since you are here alive, I suppose you must be content with having got here at all."

When Hervey came face to face with Varney's daughter, though, he was not only contented, but was even ecstatic. He was captivated by her quiet, intense, impassioned beauty; her calm face, charged with rich color like that which lingers in the depths of sunset; her tender black eyes; her lustrous dark hair, suggesting night and sorrow, yet with a brightness about it as though it had been touched with the light of stars.

Pietra, he learned, was the child of Varney's South American Spanish wife, who had died years ago. "So you are an American," Hervey said to her, "as I am?"

"I do not know if it is as *you* are," answered Pietra, with her sweet half-foreign accent. "But I am American-English, not of one country, but of all the world!"

A bond of sympathy was at once established between the two; and Hervey began to wish that he, also, might become a citizen of "all the world," since Pietra Varney declared herself to be so.

Did he forget Martha Dane? Of course not. He intended to write to her at once; that is, in time for the next mail-steamer. But, meanwhile, he was much occupied with getting well and recovering strength after his fearful exposure in the monsoon; and a great deal of his attention was absorbed in trying to find out what had become of the Erlking. Had she been swept away to destruction? or had she succeeded in making her escape from the tempest and continuing her course to England? This question worried him and preyed upon him. It seemed best to find the Moorman who was to have delivered him the precious stones. But, though he had the dealer's name, time and caution were needed for getting at him in such manner as to avoid rousing Varney or others to troublesome inquiry and suspicion.

The transaction planned with this Indo-Arab trader could hardly be called an honest one, since he was supposed to deal in surreptitious pearls from the great government fishery on the northern coast. But Hervey's avarice had led him into it, through the self-excuse that he was a simple agent profiting by the bounty of his commanding officer, and need not attempt to be his judge. The commission, or share of profit, was offered freely. Why should he refuse to take it, so long as his own hands were kept unstained?

At last he came upon the gem-dealer, Hastan by name; a tall man, well framed, with yellow-brown skin and long black hair and beard; robed in white drawers and flowing caftan, with a high yellow turban on his head; a dignified person, yet crafty, and of sly Semitic feature, who kept a small bazaar for jewels, in Galle. Hervey contented himself with examining Hastan's stock, and buying some small sapphires and rubies,—“pigeon blood, pigeon blood!” the Moorman solemnly assured him. And then, with much mystery, a solitary pearl was produced and a large price was named,—five hundred rupees. “Pooh!” said Hervey, at a venture. “It isn't worth more than fifty.”

The Moorman protested loudly, but all at once lowered his sliding-scale to two hundred, and finally parted with the pearl for one hundred, warning Hervey not to tell where he bought it. “Ruin business, you know; that price, ruin! You come again, buy more; pay more money.”

When, later on, Hervey became confidential enough with Gabriel Varney to show him his purchase, the Englishman laughed the rubies to scorn. “Pigeon's blood, man! Why, there is *one* here with an approach to that color. But do you know how they do it? They remove the blue tinge of an inferior stone by exposing it to high heat in the lime of a calcined shell. Some of these other stones are nothing but cut glass imported from England. Tell me the scoundrel who sold you these, and I'll give him a lesson!”

“But the pearl?—the pearl?” demanded Hervey, in a sharp key. “What about that?”

Varney examined it; and “Gad, boy!” he cried, “the rascal didn't swindle you on the pearl! It's a beauty. How much?”

“A hundred.”

Varney darted at him a swift and searching look. “Dirt cheap! Queer, too. He must have been anxious to get rid of it, for some reason. But if he has more stones like it, at the price, all the greater reason why you should tell me who he is and where.”

Nothing, however, could induce Hervey to reveal the Moorman's name. He was frightened,—at himself, at the whole situation, at the fact that in one instance he had been cheated and in the other had of his own accord bought a stolen pearl.

Within a few days, the Moorman hailed him furtively from his bazaar, in passing, and, with insinuating words to which his yellow turban nodded emphasis, hinted at Hervey's ugly predicament. “Buy more,” he said, threading his black beard between those dirty brown fingers of his shapely hand,—“buy more, and I say nothing. Not buy, and I tell—you guilty.”

"Why, you scamp! you blackmailer!" Hervey retorted. "Don't you see, I can denounce *you*, just as well?"

The Indo-Arab was unperturbed. He explained that there would be no proof. In case of denunciation, all his pearls would disappear. "Buried—lost. No more pearl," he said; "and you prove nothing." Then, as Hervey did not yield, he inquired sweetly, with a cunning gleam in his eye, "Where all that silver, that money? Erlking? Erlking? Eh?"

"By heaven!" gasped Hervey, sweating with terror. "What made you think——?"

But the Moorman gently waved him away, smiling. "You want no pearl to-day. But you come again: you buy more."

After that, Hervey was haunted mentally by the tall, swarthy figure in white and yellow. He knew that he was under watch. He feared, every day, that the sly merchant would descend upon him, expose him, or snare him in he knew not what coils of law and punishment. But several weeks slipped by, and nothing happened.

Still Hervey did not write home, for as yet he could not decide what to say. Being with Pietra always, he grew more and more interested in her. They drove, they walked together among the rocky highlands to the southeast and the wonderful half-wild garden-forest country to the north. They drifted around the harbor in a hollowed tree-trunk canoe with bamboo outriggers, gazing down into the marvellously clear water at beds of green and crimson and vari-colored coral that grew there like parterres of submarine flowers; or enchanted their eyes with glimpses of lagoons studded with little rocky islands on which the Cingalese fishing-huts nestled beside groups of pandang-trees,—screw-pines mounted on aerial roots like stilts, with masses of deliciously fragrant white blossoms hanging from their spiral scrolls of leafage.

At last, one day, news came that the Erlking had been found, a complete wreck, on one of the Maldive Islands, whither the monsoon had swept her on that fatal day of Hervey's arrival at Ceylon; and no one on board had survived the wreck. Hervey's first feeling was one of intense exultation. "The money is all mine!" he cried, half aloud, to himself. "There is no one, now, to dispute it."

But he had little time to enjoy this emotion. Whether it was a reaction from suspense, or an after-effect from his exposure in the storm, or his haunting dread of Hastan the Moorman, or the stress upon his nerves from the struggle between loyalty to Martha Dane and a fierce desire which was growing upon him to possess Pietra Varney,—whatever the cause, he fell ill with fever.

And so the letter that he should have sent to Martha was not written; and he made no plans whatever, but sank away into a fiery mist of illness, through which Gabriel Varney and Pietra nursed him with generous tenderness. Oh, the long, slow, delightful days of convalescence, when Pietra sat beside him, reading aloud, while he lolled in a light hammock enjoying the coolness of early morning, or the patter of the regular afternoon shower, and the soothing air of nightfall!

It seemed to him that he owed her everything:—his undying gratitude, surely; his life, perhaps; and—might it be?—his love. One

day when he had grown strong enough to move about by himself, he unlocked his trunk and drew from it the precious pearl. Later, when she was reading to him, he raised himself in the hammock where he reclined, and, taking her hand, said, "Pietra, let me thank you!" He pressed her hand in his own. "There is nothing I can do to show you what I feel; and yet—yet if you would only let me give you some little token for a keepsake. This!" he exclaimed, holding out to her with his other hand the beautiful, shimmering gem.

She drew back a little, a shade of reproach mingling with the pleasure that sparkled in her face. "Oh, Mr. North! Hervey! How could you think—Did you imagine that friends who took care of you as we have, would do it for a reward?"

"Not I!" he replied, earnestly. "That wasn't my meaning. I would be ashamed to think of you so. But I wanted to—to—Oh, if you would only take this and wear it, to remind you always of my gratitude!"

The book slipped from her lap. She regarded him gently, with a wistfulness in her darkly ardent eyes that made his blood leap. "If you so very much desire it," she began.

"I do!" he cried, placing the pearl in her palm. Then, swept by a powerful impulse, holding both her hands, he drew her quickly towards him till their lips touched in a glowing kiss, to which Pietra at first seemed to yield.

But in a moment, springing up, she shook herself away from him and hurried out of the room, silent, flushed, and frightened.

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## IX.

### ADAM'S PEAK.

A LAWLESS triumph ran thrilling along Hervey's veins. "It was wrong," he said to himself; "but I am glad I did it!" The next instant a pang of remorse beset him, as the picture of honest, innocent Martha rose to his mind, waiting there on the stormy bit of island in frigid New England waters; waiting and trusting. Then came a whirl of confused thoughts. No; not thoughts, but blind and broken sensations, vague images, hurrying emotions, that seemed to beat the air around him with futile wings. These passed, and he began to soothe himself with indulgent excuses.

"After all," was his final reflection, "what harm? It doesn't mean anything further. And wasn't I entitled to one kiss in return for my pearl? Pietra understands it."

Indeed, although she remained out of sight for a while and did not attempt to minister to him again until her father came with her, she gave no sign of anger. A stolen kiss for a stolen pearl,—this, in one way, was doubtless fair exchange; fair, but full of danger.

When the invalid had nearly regained his normal strength and well-being, Varney declared one afternoon, abruptly, but in his wonted genial tone, "Well, we must be off presently,—Pietra and I!"

"Off! Where?" asked Hervey, with a sinking of the heart.



"Only to Colombo," said the other. "I have matters which will require my presence there now, until May. One of my friends who has gone up to Neuera Ellia with his family for the rest of the winter has placed his Colombo bungalow at my disposal. So we shall keep house in comfortable style. You'd better come along and make us a visit, North. Be glad to have you."

"Thank you heartily, Mr. Varney, but I don't know how I can do it. I really ought to be going home to the United States."

"Nonsense, man! You came here for pleasure, you say; but so far you've taken it out mostly in fever. You can't go away without visiting the commercial capital, Colombo. Enjoy life a bit! We might go elephant-shooting; and I've even made up my mind that we'll try an excursion to the top of Adam's Peak."

"But——"

"Oh, no 'but' about it!" rejoined Varney. "Just follow my advice."

Hervey made an effort to be resolute; and for some time he contended that he positively must leave Ceylon. Yet, under the witchery of Pietra's companionship, he began to waver.

And it was of this threatened separation that he and she were talking, while they went up the road to the hill of Wackwelle.

As they came out from the labyrinth of upward-writhing snake-tree roots, he said to her, "Suppose I had made a promise to some one that I would go back to the United States,—a promise that was foolish, because I knew so little then, and hadn't seen you: still, don't you think I ought to keep it?"

"Ah, you are in love, then,—in love!" cried Pietra, coquettishly.

"Yes," Hervey said. "But perhaps you don't know who it is I am in love with."

"Never mind. It is some one, and you are going home to her."

"But I don't *want* to go," he protested.

"Still, you say you will. And yet you told us you were grateful. You gave me this pearl as a sign." She touched the gem quickly, where it glistened at her throat in a gold setting which she had had made for it. "And was this because you intended to go away so soon to leave us? You are not grateful, and you care nothing for us. Here!"

With a magnificent gesture she detached the pearl pin and proffered it to him.

"Don't, Pietra!" he entreated. "Fling it into the jungle, if you choose; but don't talk to me like that. I'll stay!"

"Then we are friends?" she asked.

He stooped and kissed her hand in reply, knowing as well as she did that they were fast becoming lovers.

The journey to Colombo was inspiring. The road thither was a long avenue of palms coursing for seventy miles beside the Indian Ocean. The Varneys and Hervey North drove only a part of the distance, then took the railroad. But as they wheeled along at first,—with their black Tamil driver, in white jacket and red turban, running in front of the horses and yelling madly to the native pedestrians, who,

rather than move, would seemingly have preferred to be run over,—a glorious spectacle was spread out on either side of them. Vast groves of cocoanut-trees alternated with jungles, in which ferns and white lilies, rising to a height of five or six feet, mingled with all sorts of huge creepers and the poisonous climbing lily of Ceylon, the *Gloriosa Superba*, with its red and amber flowers. Many trees were made rich with masses of white or crimson blossom. Then there were endless gradations of green in the foliage, which gave life and variety to that dense forest through which flew birds of red, yellow, violet, or blue feather, like shuttles carrying threads of gay color across the verdant web. On the other hand, the beach was seen shining between the tree-trunks like a running ribbon, covered at the edge with brilliant red bindweeds, and overleaned by thrusting palms whose boles were embedded in thick depths of pink or violet convolvulus. Beyond the strand, again, lay the broad blue stretch of the Indian Ocean, calm now, yet heaving always with the swell of a suppressed passion and crushing itself into soft white foam against the islet rocks that here and there opposed themselves to it.

A scene of vast, free physical nature, powerful, abundant, unrestrained, with human life intermingled in the brown or white huts of the Cingalese peasants, standing in small patches of red-impregnated soil amid banana or bread-fruit trees, arecas, long-leaved caladiums, the inevitable cocoa-palm, and the manihot, or tapioca plant. Hervey felt that he was in a region where the great primitive forces of nature—helpful or harmful, savage or mild—had control of everything, and man himself must be ruled by elemental instinct. Naked children played around the huts or in the road, without guile or immodesty. And Hervey, in fact, during some of his walks and drives not far from Galle, had seen the mild-eyed, cinnamon-colored Cingalese natives bathing at early morning—men and women together—in their lotos-bordered earth-tanks of water, among the woods, or in rocky basins of seaward-falling streams.

Altogether there was a primitive simplicity, an innocence, a frankness of unveiled life in man or tree, in brute or flower, that made the whole place resemble some tract of Eden to which later generations had been readmitted.

"Like the Garden of Eden, eh?" said Varney, answering his suggestion. "Yes; with improvements, and some drawbacks, too. By the way, it's odd, isn't it, that old Adam himself should be such a feature—as you Americans would call it—of Ceylon? You know there's Adam's Bridge, to the northward, by which he is supposed to have crossed over here, when it was all dry land, from India, after he was driven out of the real Eden. I don't blame him for picking out Ceylon as the next best place! And then the mountain of Adam's Peak gets its name from the legend that he lived up there for a great many years, doing penance. There's a little temple to him on the top; though I'm sure I can't see why he should be worshipped, considering the harm he inflicted on his whole family—all of us—down to the present."

It certainly is rather strange that the father of the race, the man in

whom "we sinned all," should here be revered as a saint, with pilgrimage made to his mythical shrine; though, when all is said, he was of the same human clay with many a later sinner who, by repentance, has grown into sainthood.

Hervey did not concern himself much with this point. When they were installed in Colombo, however, he began to comprehend what Varney meant by the drawbacks of the modern Eden. The climate was much hotter than that of Galle, where fresh breezes blew. It was one of the hottest in the world; the land round about was low and marshy; mosquitoes swarmed, to say nothing of scorpions, millipedes, huge bird-catching spiders, and thread-like land-leeches, which, when Hervey strolled out unguardedly into the country, dropped on him from the leaves or crept up from the grass and sucked his blood, until he learned to exorcise them with lemon-juice, and to wear "leech-gaiters."

Yet the scenery was even more exquisite and enticing than any he had yet beheld. Serendib Bungalow—the villa lent to Varney—stood in Kolpetty, a suburb of rich villas, near the fashionable quarter, the Cinnamon Gardens, and that green shore esplanade of the "Galle-face," where the rich and distinguished take their dashing ride or drive, late of afternoons. The gardens were delicious with jasmine, vanilla, verbenas, and aromatic tamarind flowers. Inlets and low promontories of a wide lake wound in and out among the houses and grounds. Oceanward the view was charming; and, looking inland, you saw—bright in the rich palpitating light of the sun, or dimmed with dusk, or remote under silver moon-rays—the blue range of central mountains, with Adam's Peak forever towering up mysteriously, warningly.

Little as he thought of it at first, that curious mountain and its misty association with the First Man came to exercise a strong fascination over Hervey. It may be that Varney watched the growing spell, and spoke when he thought the time was ripe. At any rate, he spoke.

"Now, North, my lad," he said, a fortnight or so after their arrival, "I find I can get away from my matters here for a few days. What do you say to our descent upon—or, rather, our ascent of—Adam's Peak? Are you ready?"

Hervey's resolutions for returning home had faded rapidly away in the intoxication of the new and strange, gay life to which he had been introduced, the enchantment of Pietra, the magical light-and-shadow play of palm-branches, the half-delirious enjoyment of spicy airs and tropic splendors. He had given himself up to the pleasure of the hour.

"Any time you say," he answered.

The expedition was determined upon. It was a difficult one to undertake; but Pietra had prepared a mountain travelling-costume, and insisted on going; at which her father, strangely enough, seemed ill pleased.

Hervey was congratulating himself upon having escaped, long since, from the importunities of Hastan the Moorman, whom he had so safely left behind in Point de Galle. But, the morning before they were to start for Adam's Peak, when he stepped out into the fresh,

bright cool of broad day at six A.M., and stood on the veranda contemplating two or three bee-eaters that hovered around the fuchsias and vanilla-vines like humming-birds, it occurred to him that he would stroll down to the gate of the garden in front of Serendib Bungalow. He had taken his tea and biscuit, with a mango and banana; and he now lighted a cheroot, feeling very comfortable.

But at the shrubberies by the gate who should emerge upon him other than the abhorred Hastan?—tall, yellow-brown, dignified as ever, in his hated white caftan.

"Well, what do you want?" Hervey asked.

"Money; money," said the Moorman, gently. "Money for me,—pearls for you."

"But I don't want any pearls!"

"Better take them. If not take them, trouble comes to you. Buy two or three!" And Hastan cringed to him, though the cold eyes in his head glittered like a snake's.

"Well, then—here! I'll buy just three; and then you must get out and never trouble me again," said Hervey. "What price?"

"Only hundred fifty each," Hastan assured him, graciously, and produced three pearls smaller than the one he had sold before.

"I'll take them," said Hervey, contemptuously, and began to count out the cash; for he carried most of his money about him, sailor-fashion. "But hold on! Where did you find out about the Erlking?"

Hastan laughed. "That would be easy," he said. "You have told some person how you came. But no—no!" he drawled. "I was waiting; you came in boat; you were at rest-house. That enough?"

"Yes; yes," said Hervey. "Here's your money. Give me the pearls. Now go!"

And Hastan went; but Hervey's comfortable mood had been transformed into one of distress. What was to be the upshot of this leech-like Moorman's secret knowledge of his affairs? "It's true," he reflected, "I told Mr. Varney about my having come from the Erlking. But how can he possibly have any communication with this miserable scalawag? No; it can't be that they are acting together secretly. That is sure." He rejected the idea of complicity, and was annoyed at himself for so much as thinking of it. Yet it was peculiar that the gem-dealer should have timed his visit so precisely, as if he had been informed that Hervey was about to absent himself from Colombo.

But as Hervey turned to pace on through the garden, he caught sight of Pietra on the veranda, in a light dress with a glimmer of gold ribbon about it; and all his perplexities fled. He was at her side in a moment.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mariner!" she said, playfully, with a cordial smile, her white teeth sparkling. "Why, you look quite solemn."

"That's only because I haven't seen you since getting up, till now," he answered, with the directness of compliment which is cultivated by society, but in him was uncontrolled warmth of feeling.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Pietra, prettily feigning compassion. "Well,

"I'll believe you, this time. But, really, you were stalking there as if you wished your foot was on the deck of a ship again."

"Not much!" he returned, vigorously. "The planking of this veranda suits me a good deal better." And, taking her hand, he kissed it; this being his regular form of morning salutation, which Pietra's Spanish blood led her to receive as a graceful and accustomed homage.

His mingled bluntness and grace and flattery captivated her. "However," she went on, "if you are tiring of this confinement, we shall give you some adventure in the mountains: don't you see? Only think; it's to-morrow we go!"

Their journey led them through the lowland rich in rice or paddy fields, interspersed with cocoanut-groves and villages embowered in jak-trees, to Ratnapoora, the ancient and ruined "city of gems." From there, mounted on Burmese ponies, with Tamil porters to carry their light baggage, they entered among the labyrinthine hills by jungle-paths and bridle-roads that ascended through the Wilderness of the Peak,—a huge forest where, among the satin-wood and ebony trees and palms, Hervey and Varney, discovering a herd of elephants in a deep valley, fired rifles at them, and had the pleasure of seeing them scamper away out of sight, with terrific roars and trumpet-sounds. Over spurs of granite where lofty bamboos sprang upward from the dust of crumbled rubies, which perhaps concealed great mines of precious stones; along tracks wholly shut in from the sun by vast arches of foliage; across turbulent rivers, rushing downward, with sometimes a plunge from some cliff that sent the stream whirling in air till it was lost in mist and changed to a rainbow; or through profound ravines where nothing was visible overhead except a narrow band of sky,—they pressed on, always rising towards the sacred mountain.

At intervals they came to shelters called "ambelams," or to rest-houses where they paused for nooning or a night's sleep. Sometimes they passed a small Buddhist temple, with rude pictures painted on the rock-face, and a yellow-robed priest sitting curled up like an autumn leaf, in meditation near the dagoba,—a bell-shaped structure supposed to contain a relic of Buddha, but without door or window, and firmly sealed against the inquiries of doubters. These temples were for the benefit of native pilgrims, two or three of whom accompanied the party.

Finally they reached a plateau and a tumble-down rest-house at Diebetne, where their Cingalese guide—naked as bronze, with only a red cloth comboy or sarong enveloping his hips—stood out in the unabashed, hot sunlight, pointing like a statue across the valley. "Sky-league!" he cried.

"By Jove! there's the mountain!" Varney exclaimed. "First time we've seen it since we came into the wilderness."

And beyond the intervening valley Hervey North beheld the vast cone thrusting its crest up sharply into the sky. It was still three miles away; and this was the reason why the space between was called "the sky-league." But the effect of the mountain's presence, apparently so near, was overpowering.

As if humbling themselves before it, they were obliged to go on foot, now. For the path dipped down into a sheer ravine, then crossed a bulk of rounded rock over which thin streams of water flow perpetually, and rose again by a flight of steps hewn in the craggy steep. The travellers gained at last the base of the enormous shaft of stone which rose to a pinnacle above them; and here they had to trust for guidance to chains riveted in the rock beside the narrow path; for the smooth stone peak was like a tall cone, the curved sides of which sloped into vast gulfs below.

"It's dangerous to stop here, even for a minute!" Varney warned them. "People have been blown off this place by the wind, and dashed down into the depths, like winking."

They ascended steadily, and came to an iron ladder let into the perpendicular rock. Up this they climbed for forty feet, Hervey following close after Pietra, in a turmoil of anxiety lest she should grow dizzy or miss her footing; and so at last they stood victorious on the narrow platform of the summit, seven thousand feet above the sea.

"How wonderful! how magnificent!" Pietra cried, gazing around, yet almost shivering with terror of the vast altitude.

The view was superb: the greater part of Ceylon spreading out beneath them, like a colossal relief-map full of life and breath, verdure and color, with the dark azure of the ocean rolling round it, and the high crest of Pedrotallagalla to the northeast. Hervey was smitten with awe, and stood silent, holding Pietra's hand in his. Strange that he should be with her here at this great height, as he had once stood with Martha on the top of the light-tower. How much loftier was his present position! and yet was it not full of danger? It seemed to them both as if they might at any moment sink away and be lost in endless abysses. But Mr. Varney recalled them to a lighter mood, by remarking, "Well, upon my soul, I wonder that Adam didn't postpone his fall until *after* he reached this point! No one could have reasonably condemned him for losing his balance, here."

Pietra and Hervey made no response. One quick pressure of sympathy passed through their furtively-clasped hands; and then their grasp was loosened.

In the gneiss and hornblende rock of the small terrace where they stood, here at the apex, a huge footprint over five feet in length was distinctly to be seen,—the footprint of Adam. How he made it, whether by alighting there with a prodigious leaping stride from India, or whether by standing on one foot in that particular spot, like a crane, for an indefinite period, tradition failed to specify. But this great footprint, at any rate, was an object of worship, and made the mountain sacred. Above it had been reared a canopy somewhat like a pagoda in style; and the dark-skinned pilgrims now saluted it with solemn invocations and shouts of "*Saadoo, Saadoo!*" ("*Amen!*") strewing around it the votive branches of rhododendron flowers which they had brought up with them.

Then they struck a blow upon an ancient bell that hung beneath the canopy; and its plaintive tone, ringing out mournfully, died away into the limitless air. After this, everybody took a single draught



from the spring of clear water that spouted out from the bare rock-peak only a few feet below the crown; and the ceremony of homage to Adam and his foot-track was ended.

When the dizzying descent had been made, and they had passed below the tree-line again, they took tiffin under the spreading boughs, and drank a bottle of champagne which Varney insisted on opening. But, in spite of the Englishman's good cheer, Hervey fancied he could detect in him something of dissatisfaction and ill humor. He remembered that Varney had seemed unwilling to have Pietra come with them. What could have been the motive? And he thought, "How dreary the trip would have been without her!" Then there returned to him, suddenly, the faint suspicion which had crossed him, of some link between his host and the Moorman gem-dealer. "Suppose they had had a plot," he said to himself, "and I had come out here alone with Varney? It would have been easy enough—especially if Hastan had met him here—to drop me over a precipice, or lose me in the jungle!"

Just then the Englishman's cordial red lips opened, with the words, "Why should we go back the same way we came? What do you say, North, to taking boats down the Kalu Ganga to Caltura, on the coast, and then the rail home to Colombo? That's the route travellers usually take, returning from here."

Instantly, at the prospect of descending a stream unknown to him—Kalu Ganga, the Black River—Hervey's alarm began to revive. "Isn't the road we've tried good enough?" he suggested.

Pietra put in her word softly, too, reminding her father that, as they had their ponies with them, it would be more convenient to follow the paths down to the lowland.

"Well, as you please!" grunted Varney, and withdrew for a siesta.

But Hervey and Pietra rambled along the road together, as the hours grew cool; and Hervey, catching sight of a brilliant red and gold flower burning amid the undergrowth, was for plunging in among the creepers and picking it. But she held him back, with a movement of dread. "Don't you know?" she cried. "It's the Gloriosa. It's poisonous?"

"What would that matter," he exclaimed, "if you wanted it? Don't you suppose I would dare death, if it gave you any pleasure?"

"Ah, Hervey!" murmured Pietra, intensely moved.

His eyes glowed passionately, responsive to hers; and, as the splendid tropic sunset quickly darkened, rushing into the arms of night, a loud clear call from some mysterious bird—sounding like a human voice hallooing from a vast distance—seemed to invite them into the recesses of the forest. An irresistible madness was drawing them together, leading them on into enticing but dangerous depths. Had the spell been cast upon them on the mountain-top, by their sharing in that pagan worship of Adam, the first of sinners?

They remained at the first station over-night; but it was a night of storm, unexpected and unusual. The moon, supremely radiant at this season, was drowned in a tempestuous rain which beat down without

mercy on height and hollow,—a deluge of oblivion that washed away from Hervey's mind all recollection of his vows and his duties, and left only his insatiate longing for Pietra.

The morning, though, broke bright and cool again. They were up betimes; and Hervey and Pietra, preceded by a porter and the Cingalese, started on their way at five o'clock, leaving Mr. Varney to follow. On and on they rode, without being overtaken, until their ride began to seem to them both like a flight, an escape from all restraint. Towards ten o'clock, as the day grew oppressively hot and they were drawing near the rest-house at which their next halt was to be made, they came to a mountain-stream swollen by the rain till its boisterous current almost chafed the tops of the bridge-arches.

The ponies crouched back. "See; they're afraid!" said Pietra.

"No wonder," answered Hervey. "The bridge is light, and seems about ready to go with the stream."

"Never mind," she cried. "Let's try it!"

"Anything—with you!" he exclaimed.

They spurred across, recklessly, and reached the other side. But, a few minutes only after their pony-hoofs struck the road again in safety, the bridge burst asunder with a loud crash. The way by which they had come was swallowed up in a roaring torrent.

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## X.

### THE DEVIL-BIRD.

"WHAT *shall* we do, now?" exclaimed Pietra, in madcap dismay, letting her reins fall on the pony's neck, and clasping her hands.

"Do?" said Hervey, calmly, although he was ecstatic with a secret joy. "Why, there's nothing for it but to go to the rest-house, or wait here by the bank, till the others come up."

Dismounting, they sat down on some rocks beside the ruined bridge-end; and in half an hour's time Mr. Varney, with the rest of the party, came into view on the opposite brink. Hollowing his hands around his mouth, he made vain attempts to communicate by shouts, which the noise of the rushing water drowned; and Hervey's counter-calls were equally useless. But Hervey bethought him of an expedient. Pulling a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote a few words, tied it to a heavy knot of iron-wood which he picked up from the roadside, and flung the missile skilfully to the other bank.

The words were, "We will go on to Colombo. What will *you* do?"

Varney, reading them, looked perplexed at first, then thoughtful, and finally nodded his head, but wrote and sent hurtling back with the iron-wood this message: "Very awkward, but can't be helped. Push on fast as you can. I take Kalu Ganga route. Home as soon as you."

Motioning their agreement, the two young people remounted, waved him good-by,—with a kiss thrown from Pietra's lips,—and were borne away briskly along the bridle-path. But when they were out of sight they fairly laughed with elation at their suddenly-acquired independence.

"Poor papa!" said Pietra. "He will have his way, now, about the

Kalu Ganga; and we have got ours; but I imagine he doesn't like its being forced upon him."

A careless gladness, a buoyant mischief, like that of a couple of children running wild, unwatched, bore them along without reflection. But underneath this lightness there lay an unmeasured gulf of restless, fiery emotion.

At the rest-house—where after their long fasting and twenty-mile ride they turned their ponies over to the two men who had come ahead, and then took a hearty breakfast—the feeling of union, the delight of isolation, grew yet stronger. They were at table in undisturbed companionship, like two people who had set out to make the journey of life together; and everything they said or did, all the little courtesies of the board, acquired a subtle charm and hinted of seductive seclusion.

All the remainder of the day was theirs to do with as they would; for they did not mean to resume their journey until the cool of the morrow. And, after lingering idly a while on the veranda, overlooking a steep plunge of the hills into delicious distances of narrowing ravine, the whim took them to wander towards a temple of Buddha close at hand.

The little open spot in which it stood was girt with magnificent teak-wood trees; and behind it the impenetrable forest rose like a screen of endless mystery, with naked angular stems of giant cactus picked out in bluish lines against the shadowy depths, and a fading blaze of flowers flickering through the intricacy of leaf and branch beyond, from which there floated a perfume of wild cloves and hidden lilies. This wilderness temple was deserted,—a solitude complete. Not even a wandering yellow-robed priest was there. Only the small bronze image of Buddha, bared to the waist and smiling with perpetual indifference, welcomed them.

For an instant the dusky forest, spotted with flame-points of blossom, recalled to Hervey that dark, gas-lit street in the pleasant old Connecticut seaport, where he had once passed so easily through sundry temptations, unstained. Temptations might come anywhere, and in various forms. Was he now to yield to a more delicate lure? "But this is the other side of the world," he reflected. "Everything is different, here."

They sat upon the low temple-steps, idly watching the heart-shaped leaves of a sacred banyan-tree near by, trembling, trembling forever as if thrilled by the pulsing of a secret, unspoken love; until the quivering movement of those heart-shaped leaves seemed gradually to pass into them and to control them.

"How beautiful it is here!" murmured Hervey. "And I'm so glad to be with you alone, Pietra."

"That is very sweet of you to say, my friend," she answered. "And—shall I tell you?—I, too, am contented. Ah, yes; it is so pleasant to get away from all the others."

"You're right; yes!" he responded, in his blunt fashion. "What do we care about the rest of the world?"

"But you do care," was her rejoinder. "You care about that one whom you have spoken of before,—that one you gave your promise to!"

"No; no!" he exclaimed. "It isn't so, any longer. I did care;

and, once, I gave my promise. But it is all over. Are you blind, Pietra? Can't you see that I'm crazy with love,—crazy for you? Marry me, Pietra! Let's live our life for ourselves; and my life shall be the same as yours."

He clasped her with his arm; and Pietra, although she trembled and her long dark lashes swept her blushing cheek, made no resistance. But she said, "It must be that you are crazy, indeed! And perhaps I am, too. For, however I might wish it, I know my father would never give consent——"

"Why should we ask him?" he burst out. "We are separated from him. We have the start, and he can't do anything to prevent us. Let's hurry to Colombo,—dear, dear Pietra!—and there we can be married before he has time to get to the bungalow."

"It is impossible," she protested.

"No," he declared; "nothing is impossible to us. If you only agree; and if we make haste——Oh, Pietra, decide! Say that you will go with me,—that you will marry me."

Somehow the whole force of nature, with Adam's Peak overshadowing all, seemed to be supporting him, urging him on. He did not know that, in Ceylon, nature produces a blind snake called the *cæcilia*, and that one of these snakes was at the very moment slipping into the temple's lotos-tank, only a few feet away from him. And so the unseeing snake of disloyalty crept into his heart; and the forgetfulness of the lotos overspread the memory of Martha Dane, whom he was forsaking.

"Ah, Hervey," sighed Pietra, her face gently sinking upon her shoulder, "I see, now, it is true you love me, and love me well!"

When they left the temple, the green-gold light of the woodland, interspersed with ardent gleams from the sinking sun, sparkled round them in a glow-worm radiance, and was reflected from their eyes with a new beauty, a new meaning, and—for Hervey—a new terror. Pietra had consented to cast in her lot with his.

That night, as they sat talking and musing late, exchanging the ecstatic child-like confidences of lovers while they gazed upon the moonlit splendors of the forest-valley, a fearful cry startled them, ringing out from the wilderness. Beginning as the weird and strange yet clear magnificent bird-call which they had heard the evening before, it changed apparently into the sound of a young man's voice,—struggling, gasping, choking somewhere in the impenetrable thickets of the forest, yet a voice that rose with superhuman force and pierced all the spaces of the air. It shook and trembled through the whole gamut of agony, then slowly gurgled into silence, dying away as though the throat from which it came had been finally strangled.

Hervey was startled, terrified beyond measure; and in the dusky moon-glow of the broad-roofed veranda where they sat, his face looked like greenish silver. "What is that awful voice, Pietra?"

"It's the devil-bird!" she whispered, awe-struck. "Don't you know, we heard it last evening? But then it sang in the clear, calm tone. It has two songs; and people say that when you hear this awful

shrieking song, it means misfortune. Any one who listens to this cry of the devil-bird will be haunted by it through life!"

Hervey shuddered; and they drew closer to each other in a sort of superstitious terror. But in the morning, when they met again, coming from their rooms into that compartment of the rest-house where they were served with a light repast of "figs of paradise" (pisang bananas), fragrant Ceylon tea, and the milk of a freshly-opened cocoanut, the alarm and anxiety of the previous night seemed to melt away in the glory of the tropic morning.

They quickened their pace, travelling almost constantly, and soon were in Colombo; Colombo, and Serendib Bungalow again, with its luxury of perfumed repose, its orange and lemon trees, laurels and myrtles, and large sulphur-colored hibiscus blossoms carrying in their cups a purple stain, as of wine. They arrived there forty-eight hours in advance of Gabriel Varney; but, although Hervey did his best to ascertain some way in which a wedding ceremony could be performed secretly, he was unable to arrange it. He had no friends; the thing could not be accomplished. Meanwhile, Pietra and he were in possession of the bungalow as independently as though they had been man and wife. Very briefly, however; for Hervey saw that the situation was one which could hardly be defended in the sight of others. "And, now that I must ask your father for your hand," he said to her, "I mustn't stay here."

He therefore took up quarters at the hotel. Varney came home, apparently more genial than he had been on the mountain-trip, and seemed to appreciate Hervey's delicate conduct in withdrawing from the house, though he did not know the whole reason. But he was also busy and preoccupied for some days, so that Hervey, who declined to go back to the bungalow as an inmate, found no chance to broach the important subject. Then, too, Pietra grew timid and persuaded him to wait. "I'm afraid of papa," she said. "Oh, you do not know him yet. He has a violent temper sometimes!" It was an anxious interval; yet for the most part they forgot all trouble in their intoxicated delight with each other, and went on as though "figs of paradise" and the acid-sweet luscious fruit of the passion-flower vine, in which they daily luxuriated, were their sole and most fitting food. But one afternoon towards dusk, as they sat under this same passion-vine, which draped one end of the veranda, Hastan the Moorman emerged from the shrubberies and invited Hervey to a conference.

It turned out that Hastan wished him to buy the whole of his remaining stock of illicit pearls. Hervey referred the case to Mr. Varney, who said, "Why didn't you tell me all about this before, my dear boy? You don't understand these Orientals."

The upshot was, Hervey paid to Hastan by Varney's advice and in his presence four thousand rupees for a lot of shining pearls, and received a satisfactory document of quittance from all further claims. Did Gabriel Varney perhaps receive a portion of that price? In his infatuation, Hervey gave to Pietra secretly all the pearls; but he now had only three thousand rupees left from the fund which the Erking's

- dead captain had intrusted to him, and he resolved to speak to Varney at once about marrying Pietra. As the days went by, though, he gambled with Varney at the club, and lost to that gentleman a good part of what remained in his hands.

At last a startled perception of the helplessness into which he was drifting drove him to action. He insisted with Pietra that he must appeal to her father now, at once, or never. Even then she seemed to dread the ordeal. "I don't know how to say it, Hervey," she explained. "Perhaps I ought not to tell you, anyway. Yet I'm afraid of something happening,—I don't know what. It may be we cannot trust my father; for—may Heaven forgive my speaking!—he is, perhaps, not always honest. I have sometimes thought he might even be a wicked man!"

Hervey recalled Varney's knowledge of the exact amount of money in his possession; various propositions Varney had made to him to speculate in plumbago and other commodities; the sinister air about him at times on the Adam's Peak trip; and his own suspicion that the man had possibly been concerned in Hastan's operations. Finally, there was the fact of his winning so constantly at cards.

But he remained firm on the question of speaking to him without more delay. He waited for him, alone, on the veranda, while tree-frogs croaked a bell-like warning note among the garden-trees; until, in the farewell glow of sunset, a withered plume of flame-tinted acacia blossom, dried by the parching April air, fell like a torch of battle on the path, as Gabriel Varney strode towards the house.

"I have something serious to talk to you about," said Hervey, for greeting.

"All the better," Varney replied. "I'm in a serious mood, too."

They passed into that room which, by virtue of some threescore volumes on shelves, was called the library. But their interview soon became tempestuous.

When Hervey made his plea for Pietra's hand, "Why, man, what can you be thinking of?" Gabriel demanded, scornfully. "It is utterly impossible! Even if you were a suitor whom I could accept, you would want a dowry with my daughter; I couldn't give her one. I've been unfortunate lately in my business. That's why I told you, just now, I was in a serious mood. I haven't any money to spare for a marriage-portion."

"And I don't ask for any," retorted Hervey. "Have I said a word about that?"

"Oh, very well. If you don't ask for any, what do you offer?"

"I'm not buying a wife," said Hervey, "or selling myself!"

"Of course you can't offer money," the other flung back, "because you haven't any."

"And if I haven't any, whose fault is that?" stormed Hervey. "What with your winnings from me, and your helping that Moorman to rob me——"

"Silence!" said Varney. "Did you come here to insult me? If you chose to play the fool in one way and another, was that *my* fault? Who are you? What are you? An obscure Yankee sailor, whom I



befriended because I found you in distress and at the point of death. Don't you understand that we saw what you were,—a roughly-educated man, but bright and good-natured, a young man of some promise? If we were friendly and I introduced you to my daughter, is that any reason why you should claim a right to marry her?"

He clapped his hands in Oriental fashion, and to the servant who answered the summons he said, "Ask Miss Varney to join us." But, as the servant disappeared, Pietra came in through another door-way, pushing aside the light curtaining drapery. "I have heard!" she declared.

Hervey said to her, "Your father refuses consent. He has almost ruined me by gambling, and by making me pay four thousand to that scoundrelly Moorman; and now he throws me off."

"But suppose I were to tell my daughter," Varney cried, springing up, "that the money you brought here was not yours; that it was a trust which you violated; that, to speak shortly, you stole it?"

"How can you know where the money came from?" Hervey demanded. "Hastan the Moorman was the only person who had the secret. So you must have learned it from him. This proves that you were in league with the robber!"

"Out of my house, sir! out of my house, villain! impostor!" shrieked Varney, growing purple with rage.

"I am going," said Hervey, moving towards the threshold. "But your daughter is willing to marry me; and I shall return for her.—Pietra!" he cried, half stretching out his arms.

She would have run to him, but her father interposed. Hervey passed out. He heard, though, Pietra's imploring cry of "Father!" to which Varney returned a snarl that changed to cynical laughter. Then, before he reached the gate, a rushing sound came towards him, like the beating of a wounded bird's wings in flight.

Pietra stood before him in the perfumed darkness, with her arms flung softly round his neck. "Oh, Hervey, I believe in you! Remember that. And where are you going? Where shall I find you?"

"You shall find me here, to-morrow!" he said.

Then they parted, with the black night murmuring all around them like a flood of oblivion.

But in the morning, when Hervey reconnoitred Serendib Bungalow, he found it deserted. Making inquiries in the business district of the Fort, he learned at last that during the night a steamer had come in and had sailed soon after daybreak for Bombay. Gabriel Varney and Pietra had been among the passengers taken on at Colombo.

Had Pietra deserted him? And how could she have been so false? But the answering inquiry came, how could he himself have been so false as he was to Martha Dane? It was useless to pursue Pietra, with no clue to her whereabouts after she should reach Bombay. So he waited, many days, for some message from her; but no word came. Then, one morning as he lingered at the wharves, an old sailor walked up to him, Lonzo Nevins by name, who had been on Coleraine's ship.

"Lordy, Lordy!" exclaimed Nevins, "but hain't you grown pros-

perous? You're the very man I was looking for. This letter for you come to Coleraine after you quit us, and he clapped it on to me 'cause I was a-shippin' to get round this way. But, Lord, I thought you was lost on the Erlking; and I don't hardly know you in this rig, anyhow. Don't matter! I clinched on to the letter, and here it is. Glad to see ye alive, mate. Have ye got a few coppers about ye for meat and drink? I hain't been so hungry and thirsty as I am this minute, since Hector was pupp'd."

And Nevins whisked the letter securely out of his little round cap, which he doffed for the occasion. The letter was that memorable composition from Seth Bent, in which he had written, "*If you want to marry Martha, come home right off.*" It bore a date of eight months back; but it fired Hervey's heart with jealousy and remorse and longing. Pietra had abandoned him; and was it to happen that Martha Dane, owing to his long neglect, would also forsake him? Was he worthy of her, now? He seemed to see his life, all at once, lying like a wreck before him. But in the midst of his anger and shame a great desire arose to reassert his loyalty to Martha,—to return to her and be faithful.

At the first opportunity he embarked by steamer for England. As the vessel ploughed its way through the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, he asked himself the question, night by night, "Am I still worthy of Martha?" But every time he asked it, a wild shriek rose from endless distances and rang in his ears. It was the remembered cry of the devil-bird; and it sounded to him, now, like the scream of a strangled soul!

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## XI.

### THE SPELL OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE STAR.

WHAT was that sound, as of distant trumpeting by a herd of elephants, audible one day in the following September, along the Connecticut shore near New London? One might have fancied that this mysterious hooting issued straight from some forest-valley in far-away Ceylon, so like it was to the roar which the bull-elephants there emit when they are harnessed in to drag loads of lumber down to the sea-coast.

But Richard Swift, rolling along in a pleasant open carriage drawn by a vigorous pair of bays, knew well what the sound meant. A fog was drifting landward from the Race, in long ragged clouds and streamers; and all the neighboring light-houses on main or island were blowing their steam-horns for the guidance of ships. Mournful though the tones were, they gave Richard a welcome greeting; for now at last he was again drawing near the spot so dear to him, from which he had been absent for a twelvemonth. It had been a hard year, too; but his work had repaid him extraordinarily well, and there was no occasion for him to be anxious, now, about his financial future.

Briefly, he had used his eyes and his knowledge, and, while toiling diligently in his position at the mine to which Dupar had secured his

appointment, he discovered a rich lode in another spur of the hills, a few miles away. This gave him one of the great chances that come to men who are on the spot; but rarely even to them. By using tremendous energy and much diplomatic skill, he secured a half-interest in this new mine, at a small figure. And now he had come East and sold a one-quarter interest for fifty thousand dollars, retaining the other quarter, and a prospect of large continuing profits, for himself.

Ralph Dupar was the first to congratulate him, by mail. "You have done wonderfully," Dupar wrote. "It doesn't happen to more than one man in ten thousand to make such a stroke in so short a time. You have won much gold, and I hope it will bring you much pleasure."

"How strange he should use that phrase!" thought Swift; and he recalled Raima Garnett's identifying Gold of Pleasure as a worthless weed.

But, soon afterwards, his mother—who had gone for a part of the summer to Mount Desert, and then to the mountains—wrote him a letter, saying, "My dear, dear son, your good fortune gives me the greatest joy, not alone for the comfort it will bring to you and to me, but because it opens the way for you to carry out what I have desired so greatly. Whatever objections you may have had to marrying a rich girl when you yourself were poor, there is no obstacle to your making Raima Garnett your bride, now that you have enough to place you in a modestly independent position. I am quite touched by the fact that although Ralph Dupar has tried hard to win Raima ever since you went away, and has been helped by Mr. and Mrs. Trimble, Raima has remained single. She rejected three advantageous offers in New York and Washington, last winter." Mrs. Swift ended her letter by saying that she had agreed to make a late autumn visit to Raima; and she asked him to be sure to meet her at New London.

Dick chose his own way of complying with this request. He came by the Shore Line rail along the Sound; but he alighted at Waterford station, where a carriage he had telegraphed for met him. From there he drove up around the shoulder of Town Hill, and then towards the high ground overlooking the distant Race. For his first desire was to get a glimpse of Lizard Rock. And now, over the edges of the tinted autumn woods and through the dewy hollows rich with ruddy brown or gray and gold, the fog came drifting and shut away from him all sight of the waters and the Rock. So, after his long and eager expectation, it destroyed in an instant his hope of looking from afar at Martha's home.

Baffled, he drove back to New London; and it was not until the next day that he came down to call at the Garnett villa. Meanwhile he went to see Ralph Dupar, and asked him where Seth Bent could be found. Dupar, as usual, proved to be a directory on two legs, and told him that Bent was in town; whereupon Richard sought out Bent and talked boat with him. Incidentally he learned that nothing had been heard of Hervey North; that he was supposed to have been lost on the Erlking, eleven months ago; and that little hope was entertained of his ever being seen again.

At this information, Dick's heart leaped; but he kept up an air of indifference.

"It's too late in the season now for a boat to be any use to you," Seth Bent said, eying him belligerently; as though he suspected Richard of designs upon the Rock, and was resolved to fend off Hervey's rival even if Hervey were dead.

"Well, it may be of no use," answered Richard; "but I want to buy one, all the same. What's the price for the cat-boat you and Hervey owned?"

"Six hundred dollars," said Bent, convinced that this would prevent the sale.

"Done!" said Dick. "The boat's mine."

Then he went back to Dupar, and told him he had fixed his eye upon a certain little farm-house with a broad-roofed veranda, near Goshen Point.

"It's for sale; yes," said Dupar. "And, as you're in a hurry to own it, I presume you want to pay the biggest price that can be asked?"

"Well, no," Swift replied, laughing. "I should be satisfied with a moderate reduction."

In an hour the bargain was completed. He had bought the house and a small lot of land, for five thousand dollars. When he presented himself before his mother and Raima, he was the owner of a boat, a pretty little house, and a small harborage attached.

Raima Garnett was delighted to see him.

"And you will stay with your mother and with us," she proposed, hospitably, "for a day or two?"

"Thanks," said Richard, "but I'm a neighbor of yours, now, and am about to move into my own little house."

He explained the situation; and Vining Trimble's bushy bronze beard fairly rustled with satisfaction; for now, he thought, Raima might take umbrage at Swift's refusing her invitation, and if Swift persisted in remaining aloof and independent, Dupar would finally come in as the winner. Mrs. Swift was not so much pleased; but she had to consent to the new plan.

Within a few days the farm-house was furnished and put in order; servants were engaged; and Richard and his mother took up their abode there. The first thing Richard did, after that, was to sail out to Lizard Rock alone in his cat-boat, although every one said it was wild for him to attempt such a trip at this season.

He succeeded in running his boat ashore on the narrow beach; and Twysden Dane helped him drag it up. But "Madness, my boy, madness!" Twysden exclaimed. "There ain't but a few could land here that way. You took big chances."

"Because I wanted to learn how to get ashore here in rough weather," Richard answered, "when it mightn't be possible to come to the regular landing."

"Well, well, nothing like trying!" said Twysden, with unconcealed admiration, patting him on the back. "I guess you're one of the kind that never gives up."

Yet the poor old weather-beaten captain looked worn and changed ; and although, as they moved towards the granite dwelling, he trolled out, with cheerful uproar,—

"The Betsey Dole of Middletown,  
All hands aboard, went sinking down!"—

his voice broke, and his strength seemed to leave him. His wife Patty, who welcomed them at the door, was pale as a ghost ; and even Martha, with color still firm and glowing and her graceful figure full of strength, had grown perceptibly thinner. But she said to Swift, "How good of you to come back and see us! Hervey's gone ;"—she hid her face, weeping, behind her hand ;—"yet, when we saw you coming, it reminded us of him. You've got his boat and his sail ; and it was like a word coming straight from him."

Alas and alas for Richard! was this all he could be to her,—a mere reminder of the lost Hervey? Guessing what wild hopes the sight of the old boat had perhaps awakened in these grieving hearts, he asked, "Then you didn't think that it was Seth Bent coming out to see you?"

"No," explained Martha. "Seth never comes here now, since—since— You see, he has given up all hope of favorable news."

Those simple words opened to Richard's mind glimpses into an abyss of terrible, silent, repressed suffering. He hastened to tell them, with great volubility, how he had arranged to make his home on the mainland, right across the water, in plain sight of the Rock, and only seven miles or so away. "I thought it would be friendly and right," he said, "as I'm going to live so near you, to come over and let you know about it."

Mrs. Dane dropped her knitting and clasped her hands in a despair of astonishment. "But the fashion folks don't stay there, only through the summer!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to live on the shore all winter?"

"Certainly," Richard returned. "And I expect you all—particularly *you*, Captain Dane—to pay special attention to the light and keep it burning well ; because I'm going to have an eye on it, you know, and every clear night I shall look out and see how it shines."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed old Twysden, heartily. "Sort o' gov'ment spy, hey?"

"No ; only a friendly spy on my own account. But, I tell you honestly, I shall watch the light at all hours, and I think it'll do me good to see it."

"Well, as it's our duty to keep it going anyhow, I guess we can accommodate ye," Twysden answered, becoming positively hilarious. "But if you *should* happen to see the lamp wink, some time or 'nother, I hope ye'll take it as a sign of good comradeship. How's that?" He rose from his seat, and rummaged around in a cupboard at one side of the room. "Here, here," he muttered ; "let's see!" And he produced a bottle. "Do ye ever take a sip of old Medford, Mr. Swift?"

Dick fancied that Mrs. Dane did not approve of this appeal to the rum-bottle. But old Twysden mixed the toddy, notwithstanding; and the two men drank together.

Griff and Grisel, the cats, were suddenly detected in playful altercation over a rolling ball of wool which Mrs. Twysden had allowed to fall to the floor. This directed the conversation to the subject of the cats; and then Martha wanted to show her visitor the flourishing state of the plants that she had raised from those seeds which he had given her the summer before.

"Father bought me a Wardian case," she told him; while Twysden retired into the background and looked properly bashful. "See; there it is!" And she pointed to the glass frame, under which various plants and flowers were growing luxuriantly. "It's only for the rare plants; and we keep it near the oven, so as to have plenty of heat. Everything is doing nicely. But there's one plant that troubles me. Do you see it? That red lily, there! Well, I've never dared to touch it. Something about it frightened me."

Richard looked carefully at the blossom which she pointed out. It was a gorgeous lily-cup, of red and amber tint, but wholly unknown to him. "What can it be?" he asked.

"Perhaps it came among the other seeds by accident," Martha suggested. "But it has worried me so! It grows and grows, faster than you can think. Just look at it. You see it has pressed up to the glass and is flattened against it, as if it wanted to burst through."

"It looks poisonous," Richard declared, instinctively. "If I were you, I would throw it away! But no; it may be worth while to see what it will come to," he added. "So I'll tell you what we'll do. In a few days I'll bring you out another glass case, much taller; and we will transplant this curious flower into that, and keep it away from the others."

To this Martha gave ready assent. "Are you coming yourself?" she asked, with a slight blush. "But it is dangerous, Mr. Swift! Don't you know that sail-boats are not safe at this time of year?"

"Perhaps. But I shall get here, even if I have to come by steam, or by sheer will-power."

When he left them, he had the happy consciousness of having awakened them to a fresh and active interest in life. Twysden, Patty, and Martha all came down to the beach to see him off. Twysden began to look rugged again; his wife's face was bright with hope and pleasure; Martha became alert, vivacious, charmingly comfortable in appearance. And yet there was always the thought of Hervey, in reserve.

How had Martha lived through all these months of silence? Her living had not been easy. After Hervey North's departure, the dull routine of the light-house had gone on as usual, week by week. The birds came as always,—the sanderlings, godwits, and willets, the curlews, plovers, and ducks, in autumn. But winter shut in, and most of the birds except the gulls departed. Then Christmas arrived; but there was nothing to celebrate that glad anniversary, unless a fierce and sudden frost could be reckoned as a festive sign. Each of the three



inhabitants had a small present or two ready for the others. They had saved their dimes and dollars carefully for the purchase of these gifts, which they smuggled on to the island months before the festival date; and for weeks Martha and her mother had played a sort of hide-and-seek game with each other in concealing the bits of embroidery or various fancy-work which they were making. A forlorn Christmas it would have seemed to most of us, even at the best. But the Danes were accustomed to making merry all by themselves, without greetings from the rest of the world, and would have felt no sorrow now, had it not been for their suspense as to Hervey's fate.

Springtime came round at last; and the long summer followed,—with the *Halusis* and many other pleasure-boats again on the wing. Hope, for a time, began to revive, in spite of the woful knowledge that the *Erlking* had been wrecked. But, as time wore along without encouragement or relief, Martha began to measure out her life drearily by the monotonous changes of the tide that shifted to and fro around the island, day by day. Inevitably at the due time—an hour or so later, each morning or afternoon—the turning tide would leap up and show itself in a long line of white foam, which, beginning at the northward on the ebb or at the southward on the flood, would slowly sweep by the Rock with a steady rank of crested breakers.

All the water in front of this line might be perfectly smooth, and calm; but the “rip” of the tide would rise just the same, and advance in tumbling waves. At a distance it looked like a mere foamy swell, and seemed only to whisper. When it came nearer it was seen to be an angry surge, that fell thundering upon the calm expanse ahead of it, and roared with a voice of ruin.

And so each day, all through this weary time of waiting, the snowy tide-rip swung between Lizard Rock and Little Gull, northward or southward, like a long pendulum on the surface of the Race,—a pendulum that nothing could hasten or hold back. And, with it, the joy and sorrow, the hope and despair, in Martha's heart swung hither and yon in helpless ebb or flow. But at last—when she had almost resigned herself to a belief that the tide could never again bring her anything except barren memory and vacant sorrow—Richard Swift had suddenly re-entered her life. And now, as before, his joyous energy, his quick and easy address, his polished manner which had nothing of artifice about it, gladdened her like sunshine and made her feel again the brilliancy of that great outer world from which he came, whereof she had so little knowledge.

But she was loyal as ever to Hervey, in purpose. Was it not the fixed duty of women in her position—women betrothed or wedded to seafaring men—to wait and wait indefinitely; to prove firm and faithful through all trials of absence or silence? To do this was as much a part of her nature as for the light-house to shine every night.

“Friend,” the impartial little finch-bird, warbled “Home, Sweet Home” in his best manner to Richard, as though to impress him with the conviction that the Rock was the most suitable abode for the young man, and that he had better come there soon again. Dick himself

had paid for that song, originally ; but he took the hint just the same as if it had been quite spontaneous, and in a few days he returned for a second visit.

He brought, as he had promised, a new glass box for the strange red lily, and superintended the transplanting. Even now he did not dare to renew to Martha his proposal of marriage. There was one suggestion, though, which he had at heart and made bold to offer. "I am very near you all now," he said ; "but the stormy season will begin soon, and then I shan't be able to come out and call here as often as I would like. Still, I shall be looking across at you every day, and it would worry me terribly if any of your family were ill or in trouble without my knowing it ; for I would like to be on hand to aid you in any emergency. Couldn't we arrange a system of signals ?"

"Oh, very easy," said Twysden, taking up the answer : "only, half the time you wouldn't see 'em. There'd be fog or rain or black night. So what's the use ? Besides, we folks ain't here to be helped, but to *give* help,—to show our light regular of course, and signal vessels in distress if we see any, or take care of such unlucky persons, if ever, as get thrown onto our rocks here. But if anything happens to us, why, that's *our* lookout, you und'stand."

"Still, if you're provided with rockets," urged his visitor, "why couldn't you shoot one off——"

"Oh, we hadn't ought to waste ammunition," Twysden chuckled back at him. "But if you're uneasy, Mr. Swift, you can sort o' stand by to reef top-sails like. If we're in big trouble we'll pipe all hands on deck, and you'll hear of it one way or 'nother."

This was too vague and figurative to satisfy Swift. But, without insisting further, he merely asked, "What are your watch-hours ?"

Twysden slapped his ancient knees with delighted approval. "You're bound to find out everything ; ain't ye ?" he said. "I *told* ye you were one o' the fellows that never give up ! Well, our watches don't amount to much. The lamp has to be lighted just before sunset ; and after that Mart and I take turn about, every four hours, goin' up to see that everything's runnin' just right. You see, that makes it easy for us, turnin' out o' bed only once or twice in the night ; and then, when we get broad day, extinguish her, lower the wicks, and draw the curtains all the way round the cage ! That's all."

"Well, it isn't exactly my notion of ease," remarked Dick. "And you mean to say, Miss Martha, that you go up every night to the top of that lonely tower ?"

Martha laughed her little free, courageous laugh. "Oh, I like it," she said. "And it isn't lonely, Mr. Swift, but a real companion. I don't know how I should live without it, now."

He looked nevertheless as though he did not approve of this task for her ; and Twysden quickly replied to that look by saying, "She took it up of her own will, long ago, just to help me ; and now she's as fond of it as I am. She can run the whole works every bit as well as I can, too. So, if any accident should lay me up——"

"Father!" Martha warned him, "you mustn't speak of such a thing. It's bad luck."

"That's so," he admitted, penitently. And then, winking aside to Dick, as if to command recognition for her filial tenderness, he said, "You see, it's all Mr. Swift's doing. He started the talk on things happenin', you remember."

Dick lingered as long as he could, within reason. But the excuses for staying were limited, and all too soon exhausted; and then there were the long sail homeward and the problem of wind and tide to be considered. His visits to the Rock, though so infrequent, were perforce brief. Perhaps their fascination was increased by this fact and the difficulty and risk attending them.

"I shall come again before winter," he said at departure.

"But not in this same way!" Martha hurriedly interposed. "It isn't safe, Mr. Swift; I assure you it isn't. You must never come again unless you have some one in the boat with you."

She ended; her face glowing with an unbidden blush. Had she spoken too warmly? Yet she had said only what common humanity prompted, in counselling him of his peril.

"I obeyed you once before," Dick answered, smiling gravely; "and I will obey you now. I will not come again alone,—except in great emergency."

So once more he took farewell, and, in his boat, scudded across the wind, slanting and tacking; at last reaching home. But it was a comfort to him, now, that home really meant a place so near to Martha,—since he could not actually have her with him. And he brought back another comfort, also; namely, a romantic resolve that in his little low-browed cottage on the mainland he would himself observe the nightly watch-hours of the Rock; that he would wake up at the four-hour intervals and look out of window to see whether the starry, revolving flame that burned above Martha's sleep or waking still shone in its appointed place.

The gay season was wholly done for; and, with it, most of the summer-folk had left the neighborhood of New London. But the Cranstons lingered still in their villa near the Garnett place; and Paul Cranston was as vigorous as ever in paying attentions to Raima. The withered Pequot House had closed its doors and windows tight against those few loitering boarders who had continued to crawl along the empty veranda, like semi-frozen flies, until the last day of hotel grace. But in the cottages and country-houses around, several families remained. A few dinners and small dances were still given, to which friends from New London town were invited.

Dave Haskell, too, that robust young millionaire, forsook his racing-stable for a while, and became a guest at one of the neighboring villas, from which as a base of operations he did his best towards winning Raima's affectionate regard. Haskell and Paul Cranston were the only two men left, among all her fashionable suitors, who had not been rejected; and there was lively betting among their friends concerning their fate.

Mrs. Swift continued to urge Dick to take part in this race for the heiress.

"I'm terribly disappointed in you," she said to him, one night. "Here you have come back with plenty of money, and there's nothing to prevent your marrying Raima. She would have accepted you last year, if you had only spoken. There's hardly a doubt of that; because Mrs. Trimble as good as told me so. And now you return with money enough so that you could propose to her without any sacrifice of dignity on your own part, yet you do not move a finger in that direction, although she has kept herself free only that she might wait for you. Oh, it is shameful of you, Dick!—shameful! And, still worse, it's ridiculous."

"It may seem so to you, mother," he replied, firmly. "But just reflect! Martha Dane promised to marry Hervey North; and she has refused me because she wishes to remain loyal to him, even though he is now supposed to be dead. Do you condemn her for her good faith?"

"Not in the least," said his mother, with that old, conquering smile of hers. "It's very wise in Martha not to marry you; for such a union would only make you both unhappy. But is that any reason why you should throw away your opportunity for happiness with a rich, young, beautiful woman who loves you?"

"Dear mother," he answered, "when you and my father married—both of you poor—you wouldn't have talked this way."

"Perhaps not," Mrs. Swift said; though she no longer smiled. "But a mother must think more carefully for her son's welfare than she did for her own when she was a young, ignorant girl."

"Don't you see," Dick remonstrated, "that these matters must be settled not by interest or policy, but by the heart and by the will of those most nearly concerned?"

"Ah, Dick, my son, when you are as old as I am you won't talk so much about the heart; and then you may be able to use your will to better purpose."

"I wish you a still longer life, mother," Dick returned. "But, for myself, I hope I shall never reach that age when I shall deny the supreme claim of love!"

And so it remained, between them, a drawn battle. Raima was cordial, inviting, and sweet to Dick, when they met; and he, on his part, even gave her a dinner at his cottage. He danced with her, laughed with her, was attentive and courteous, but absolutely would not make love to her.

On a certain balmy afternoon in the gentle decline of autumn, he drove his dog-cart into town, called on Ralph Dupar, had a little talk with him, and asked him to return to the cottage and take dinner. After dinner, Ralph and he strolled on the beach, puffing their cigars. "I think, Dupar," said Dick, drawing his cigar to a crimson glow, "it may be as well for me to speak frankly. A while since, there was a possibility that I might have made pretensions to the hand of Raima Garnett. I don't know whether you have ever thought of this; but we had better understand each other, now. I think you are the man

for her, Dupar. Don't answer! Don't say a word! I only thought that, under all the circumstances, there might be some complication of feeling in your mind, and that you ought to know I am in no way your rival, but only your friend. Pardon me if I seem to be volunteering advice; but I hope you'll go in and win!"

"It is kind of you and manly to speak so," said Dupar, grasping his hand.

Later, they drove over to Raima's house; and there Dick talked briefly with Raima on the veranda. "Do you see that light on Lizard Rock?" he asked her. "How faithfully it gleams out, every night! And Martha Dane, who lives there, is as faithful as the light itself. Perhaps you don't know of my infatuation, Miss Garnett; but I am determined to be as true to Martha as she is to that light and to her affection for Hervey North."

Raima shuddered slightly. "But," she said, "what if the light were to die out?"

"Then," answered Dick, "I should trust to the stars!" He raised his face to heaven; and the beauty of the celestial worlds that glowed there in undying constancy reassured him.

"Yes, the stars are glorious," Raima said, in reply; "but they are so far away, and I am near-sighted, you know!" She fixed her glasses to her face, and murmured, "Ah, yes! Very beautiful. But they are so distant; and those of us who are near-sighted might fail to see them when we most needed them."

"Fortunately, though, my eyes are keen," he replied.

Having conveyed his ultimatum to Raima with a bluntness which he fancied was remarkable finesse,—and having spurred Ralph Dupar on to renewed advances for her hand,—Dick walked home alone, leaving his dog-cart and groom at the Garnetts' to take Dupar back to New London. At first he had a general sort of idea that the dog-cart might return with news of Ralph's prompt engagement to Raima; but so soon as he detected himself in this folly he realized that it would not do to become hot-headed. "It's of no consequence to me," he thought, "except to get rid of this distracting notion of mother's. I hope Dupar, though, will bring things to a point soon."

He wanted to be left alone with his fancy, his sentiment, his principle of silent, half-hopeless devotion to Martha Dane.

So every night he kept his vigils, looking southward to the flame above the Rock, and often wondered whether Martha thought of him also, as she toiled up the tower-stairs and watched the unceasing beacon. Did she ever stand there, in the lantern-cage towards which his eyes were straining, and think with regret of the time when he stood there with her and she rejected his love? As to this the flame, glancing out with ardent eye, fading away and then flashing forth again, made him no answer. But he was content to gaze upon it and to wonder over this question.

Days and days, nights and nights, passed quickly for him, but slowly for his mother, who found the light-house lamp too small a point of illumination to fill her life. At length, however, she came to him in great excitement, announcing,—

"Raima Garnett has engaged herself to Ralph Dupar."

"The very man for her!" he exclaimed. "I'm delighted."

"Ah, Dick! to think of your committing this folly! It may be enough for you to sit here looking at Lizard Rock Light; but is it so for me? Do you expect me to pass my remaining years in this amusement?"

He replied merely, "I hope you'll stay with me, mother."

And she did stay, regarding him as an incurable invalid, whose mania must be thoughtfully attended to, even though hopeless.

Vining Trimble was exuberantly pleased by the engagement. But Paul Cranston and Dave Haskell speedily took their departure, and all their betting friends lost heavily by their defeat. None of these young gentlemen had thought of taking odds on Dupar,—for the excellent reason that they knew him not.

What was Raima's motive in making this choice? Perhaps she concluded that the principle of loyalty which Dick had mentioned was the best thing to seek; that it was better, instead of wishing for Dick Swift's devotion, which he withheld, to accept the willing devotion of Ralph Dupar. Perhaps her mind was fully made up that Ralph Cranston was too wild and worthless, and Dave Haskell too much fonder of horses than of anything else, to allow of either one's being a good husband. And possibly her object was only to punish Dick by showing him what he had missed.

This view seemed for a moment probable, when she said to him, on his offering congratulations, "Yes, Mr. Swift, we are so happy! And, you see, we learned a lesson from you about ignoring position or fortune and simply being true to sentiment."

Dick remained unshaken, calm. He had surrendered himself wholly to the spell of the light-house star. But one morning in November, when he rose for the last watch just before dawn, an extraordinary thing occurred.

The dusky pink of sunrise, beginning along the eastern horizon, was merging into duller pink and violet towards the south. High in the sky southwestward the moon was fixed like a targe of burnished silver, although a clear pale daylight already reigned over the upper arch of the heavens. Below, on the quiet, unreflecting plane of an indigo sea, Bartlett's Reef light-ship shot out keen topaz crystals of radiance, like a cluster of naked jewels hung in some invisible network against the drowsy sky. All this was natural enough, although so beautiful and wonderful that it might well have been deemed a miracle of God.

What startled Richard Swift was that—while the wreath of lamps on the light-ship still scintillated, and the golden eyes of North Hummock and Little Gull glowed through the strange solemnity of early morning—Lizard Rock Light was dark. Not a trace of fire was visible on the tip of the tower, as he examined it through his field-glass. The tower stood out black against the sky, like a torch of love and hope suddenly blown out.

What had happened at the Rock?



## XII.

## SUNSET.

DICK remembered his promise to Martha, that he would not venture out alone in his boat. But he was face to face with a great emergency now. Something terrible must have occurred, to cause the extinction of the light. The day promised to be fair, too. Old Twysden and Martha had not been willing to arrange any system of signals with him; but now it appeared that the light-house had signalled to him of its own accord, and the salute of darkness which it gave surely meant disaster.

It did not take him many minutes to form his resolve,—to dress, unmoor his boat, and set sail.

The wind was favorable, at first. But he had not reckoned on the storm which began to blow soon after he had got under way. Clouds rolled over the sky like an enveloping smoke. The sea, from its blue-green shot with lightening rays of dawn, turned to an acrid gray, like an answering smoke to the dull clouds above. Then the water was caught up suddenly in sharp ridges and cusps, with hollows between that were darkened by ominous shadow. Almost in a moment these dancing ridges and hollows seemed to shoot up and about in a mad whirl all around the cat-boat, and to rush away with a fantastic determination to destroy her. For the first time, Swift began to comprehend that he was a novice in the ways of wind and water and the Race. But he stuck to his helm with desperate vigor. "It's life or death now!" he gritted through his teeth, although there was no one to hear him, unless the Supreme Spirit listened.

With his thighs he held the tiller in place, while he hauled in and belayed or let out the sheets; and then he meditated on how Raima's father, "Old Garnett," had been lost in the Race, years ago. "Curious, if I should be drowned here, too! Raima would have her revenge on me, then, for not sufficiently admiring her!"

Luckily, he had started out with a reef in his sail. He needed two reefs now; but it was impossible to take a second, because all his energy was absorbed in managing the tiller and the sheets.

Then dumb nature apparently came to his help,—but only apparently. The wind died away; and, by bracing his helm with a stick of wood, he was able to roughly take a second reef. Almost immediately, though, a fog shut in upon him. He could hear the dank and gloomy hootings of the various light-house fog-horns all around him, and even the doleful clang of the Bartlett's Reef light-ship, which had shone so brilliantly upon him before he set out. But he did not know where he was. These warning sounds availed him nothing.

Suddenly he felt his boat grazing a rock. He tried to sheer off, but the tide-current carried him sharply forward and threw him onto a sand beach, with a hole knocked in the bottom of his boat. He leaped ashore as best he could, pushed along by a running breaker; but he knew that his cat-boat was disabled by the perforation of the rocks. With some difficulty, by groping and feeling, he discovered that he was on the west beach of Lizard Rock. But it was a hard struggle

for him, away from the blinding spray and up through the fog, over granite boulders, to the light-keeper's dwelling. Even when he reached it he had to thunder at the door for some minutes before he could get any answer.

Then Martha came. But, as she opened the door, and the fog rushed in, with Richard Swift's face peering through it, she seemed to think for an instant that he was an apparition.

"You!—you!" she cried. "How did you come here?"

"I sailed over," he explained, breathlessly. "I saw your light was out, and thought something must have gone wrong. What was it?"

"Everything!" Martha said, excitedly. "Mother has been very sick. I'm afraid, Mr. Swift, she's dying. And then father—poor father!—he has been foolish, lately. He has been drinking rum to keep up his strength. He said he was sorry for me, and so must drink; though I couldn't understand why. Well, yesterday, when I was taking care of mother, he went up to the lantern, and was clearing away some ice from the gallery, when he slipped and fell. He didn't come back. I climbed up there, and found him hurt. It wasn't easy to bring him down! It took a long time. And one of his shoulders was almost dislocated. I managed to get it back into place. But last night, while I was taking care of him and of mother, I forgot—the first time it ever happened—I forgot the light!"

Swift was thankful enough, now, that he had come. "This is terrible, indeed!" he said. "What can I do for you, first, Martha? Hadn't I better see your father? and do you think there's any way in which I could help your mother or make her more comfortable?"

"There's little to be done," she replied, sadly. "Mother has been wasting away a long while. I don't know what it is; but she is weak, and won't eat, and moans about Hervey and how I shall be left alone in the future. Oh, I know, I know, Mr. Swift, that she cannot live! But it might cheer her a little, to see you."

He went first to Twysden's bedside, and the old man was as glad of his arrival as he was amazed by it. His admiration for Swift, already great, increased visibly. "Well, well," he said, "you beat all! I never knew a man to sail here as slick as this, in such a fog."

"It wasn't seamanship, though," Dick confessed. "A power much greater than I brought me here, and, though it allowed my boat to be stove in, mercifully landed me alive."

"Ah, that's it; that's it," murmured Twysden, with a touch of awe. "It must be that God has his eye on you. You're a good young man, as well as brave."

Dick fairly blushed; for at that instant Martha entered, saying that her mother was now ready to see him.

One glance at poor Mrs. Dane, who sat bundled and propped in her chair in another room, the light of which was dimmed by the leaden-colored fog, convinced him that Martha's fear was justified. Yet he tried to encourage the dying woman, and talked with her as brightly as the atmosphere of gloom physical and mental would permit.

"You must have a doctor," he declared. "The mere sight of a good

doctor always helps us when we're not feeling quite up to the mark. Ah, if I had only known, I could have brought one out with me."

"There's not a doctor on the shore," Mrs. Dane solemnly assured him, "would have come out in your cat-boat, if he knew anything about the Race. I s'pose it's only right they should take some care of their lives. The chances are, he would have drowned; and a dead doctor wouldn't have helped me, any more than a live one can, Mr. Swift. I'm past it all, now."

"But we could get the tender, the Cactus, to bring him. I know she's in port; and I shall certainly see to it, as soon as I go back."

In leaving the room with Martha, he repeated this to her. And then suddenly the question arose, "But how am I to get back at all, since my boat is smashed?"

"We have one here," whispered Martha, "if only you and I could manage together to get it into the water."

But at this point Twysden's voice was heard, from within his room: "Swift, there! Swift! Don't tempt Providence. You mustn't go back to-day. To risk death twice in twenty-four hours ain't dealing square with the powers above. You'll stay over-night, I guess."

"We'll see," answered Dick, without going into the room. "I won't do anything that isn't right." When he had reached the ground-floor again, with Martha, he asked her, "What do you think?"

She held her breath for an instant, clasping her hands tight over her breast. Then she said, "You must go!"

"Well, if we can launch the boat," he returned, "and if you think it best, I'll try it. I know now, of course, by my narrow escape, that an attempt to go back may mean that we shall never see each other again."

"No, no: don't say that!" she shuddered.

"I say it," he answered, "only because we both know it's true. I'm ready to take the risk, though I might be of greater use to you if I stayed here. How can you do all this work, attend your father and mother, and manage the light, by yourself?"

"I can!" said Martha, firmly. "That's enough."

"It shall be as you choose," he said. "But is there any good reason why I should not remain with you?"

"Why do you ask, Mr. Swift? I am alone,—my parents both helpless. It's the same as if there were no one here but me. And to let you stay—oh, it would be right for you, and generous; but for me it would be wrong! I must think of Hervey, and must live as though he might come back at any moment. What would he think if he should come suddenly—and find you here?"

"You are right," said Dick. "Come. We must look at your sail-boat, and see how she will do."

They went out through the fog—the automatic steam horn blowing drearily every few seconds, with dull emphasis—to the massive shed where the light-house sail-boat hung secure, ready to be dropped into the waves. "I think I can manage her," said he. "The fog has calmed the water; and now, if it would only clear away, I should stand some chance of safety."

"Wait," Martha besought him; "wait a few minutes till you've had something to eat, or something warm to drink."

"No," he returned: "the sooner I go, now, the better."

But Martha, giving him a quick, strange, fiery glance, hurried away to the house. Dick waited, pacing to and fro; and, although he was wrapped in a thick coat, the damp air struck a deadly chill into him. But soon Martha returned with a can of hot coffee, from which she insisted that he should take a reviving draught.

"Now for it!" he cried. "Let's lower the boat; and then I'm off."

"No, no!" she cried, suddenly, holding back, and wringing her hands. "I thought you ought not to stay; but, after all, how can I send you out into this storm? No, Mr. Swift,—Richard!—I cannot force you to go. You must not risk your life, so. Stay with me. Stay!"

She leaned towards him. She seemed on the point of falling; but he clasped her strongly in his arm. "Martha, dear child," he said, "remember that I'm going for help for you and your mother."

"No!" she moaned again, forgetting all her caution. "You will not be able to lower the boat unless I help you; and that I will not do. You *shall* not go!"

"It's duty," he impressed upon her, unflinching. "I must; I must! I'm determined to bring you aid; and it's for you, now, to stand by me, act with me,—whether I live or die."

She summoned all her self-command, as he leaped into the boat. But her soul, all the time, was praying; and, lo, suddenly the fog began to lift, and the winter sun shone through it. A clear expanse of open Sound became visible, between the Rock and Connecticut.

"Thank God!" Martha exclaimed.

"And may he bless you!" Dick responded. "You would really have been sorry to send me to my death?"

"You will never know," she answered, "how much I have suffered in the last few minutes."

"I'm glad I shan't know," he said. "I don't want you to suffer, ever; and I would rather not even think of your suffering. Be hopeful, Martha; and I will soon come back. Good-by!"

She called "Good-by" in answer, while she helped him to lower into the water the boat that was to bear him away. It was the end of slack-water in the Race, and the movement of the tide was annulled for the moment. Everything looked promising. How different from Hervey's island shipwreck on Ceylon was this of Richard Swift's on Lizard Rock, in self-sacrificing duty to the girl he loved and fair faith towards her honor!

But, when he was afloat and had got under way with a faint breeze blowing, Martha, standing on the shore, suddenly heard a rushing and tumbling noise which advanced steadily over the surface of the water.

She knotted her hands over her eyes. "My God, my God!" she cried. "The tide-rip! I had forgotten that. In this light wind, it will creep up on him and sink his boat. Yes; he was right to speak of my sending him to his death!"

Dick, too, perhaps appreciated his danger, as he glanced back-

ward, while steering, and beheld the long vanguard of roaring breakers approaching faster than the west wind could carry his boat away. But there was nothing for it, now, except to trust to fate or heaven and hold his course.

So the snowy, foaming line of whitecaps—in which Martha had seen many a small boat meet disaster—came rushing after him; and she knew he was not a good enough sailor to escape its cataract force if once it fell upon him.

The moment of suspense arrived. She beheld the long, heaving swell in front of the white crests dart forth, and lift and swing the boat, before they fell in tumult around it. She saw the sail dip wildly, almost touching the surf, and flutter there as though it could never rise again. But she also saw that Dick never swerved. He remained unshaken and resolute, waiting for whatever might come. Then, within a few seconds that seemed like many minutes of anxiety, the sail sprang up, and a providential wind-gust came sweeping along, which sent Dick and his boat spinning fairly on the way to New London harbor.

"Thank heaven!" cried Martha, with a breath of glad relief. "If any one deserves to be saved from death it's Dick Swift. He is a hero!"

When Dick reached the first wharf in the harbor, he set about drumming up people and making arrangements, with so much energy that, as the day waned towards sunset, the Cactus was ready to start for Lizard Rock carrying help. A woman nurse and a doctor had been engaged to go with them. As Lieutenant Hapgood and Swift were pacing the wharf impatiently, waiting for the doctor, the lieutenant observed, "It's turning out a beautiful evening, and we shall be able to steam over there, I hope, easily enough."

"Yes," Dick returned, with enthusiasm. He was thinking how happy Martha would be at his rapid return. Might she not also feel a little grateful? His hopes rose high. He had a buoyant belief that the end of his waiting was near at hand. "I shall win her!" he murmured to himself. "I shall win her!" And the lieutenant's measured steps, as they kept time with his, seemed to echo and confirm the words.

Just then the tardy doctor came hurrying down the wharf, closely followed by the figure of a young man in blue who advanced with the easy gait of a sailor. As he approached, Dick's heart stopped beating, for an instant; and his hope died out suddenly. The young sailor was Hervey North!

"North!" he exclaimed, in a repressed voice that could not mask his animosity. "North! Why, we thought you were dead."

Hervey's blue eyes gleamed out at him in hostile response. "Not much!" he said. "I'm as alive as ever."

And yet there was something hollow in the voice; something unreal about the man. He was handsome and jaunty still; but a reckless and worn expression shone wearily like a dimly-burning light through his bronzed features.

Lieutenant Hapgood sprang towards him and grasped his hand. "Why, North, my lad, this is a wonderful surprise. A strange coincidence—we are just going to Lizard Rock. I'm glad to see you back!"

"Yes; I just heard you were going," Hervey answered, easily. He seemed to take it as a matter of course, and to consider that the Cactus was very properly placed at his disposal.

They reached the rock, and were landed. Lieutenant Hapgood and Swift went in advance to the house-door, to prepare Martha for the surprise in store for her. She greeted Dick with a glad and grateful look. A few hours before, that look and her sweet welcoming manner would have given him utmost happiness; but now it was like the stab of a knife.

Then, in a few moments, Hervey came. She looked at him as though she would have gone wild; drawing back a step; and then suddenly, half tottering towards him, fell upon his neck. "Oh, Hervey! at last! at last!"

Drawing him silently along with her to her mother's room, she cried out, softly, "Mother, dear! It's Hervey. I told you he would come. He's here!"

But Patty Dane, still propped in her big chair, made no answer.

The doctor pressed forward. "There is nothing to be done," he said, with a slight trembling of the voice. "She is dead."

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### XIII.

#### GLORIOSA SUPERBA.

HERVEY remained at the Rock, as a volunteer assistant, until the Light-House Board should make an appointment. It was understood, of course, that he was to marry Martha; but their wedding was postponed, because of Mrs. Dane's death. Meanwhile, the female nurse stayed with them as a sort of matron housekeeper.

This interval of probation was terrible for Hervey. Looking into Martha's clear gray eyes, he saw no reflection of his own soul in their mirror of innocent trust and purity. Martha, too, was troubled because she had not told him of the admiration for Dick Swift—the sentiment amounting almost to love—which had sprung up in her own heart. Still, she had remained true to Hervey, and her conscience was clear.

But Hervey's conscience was by no means clear. He had betrayed Martha by his falsity to her. Yet how could he tell her about Pietra, without inflicting upon her the utmost misery? And, without telling, how could he marry her and be worthy of her?—how be true to his own old love for her? The answer to this problem was drawing near, in a way he did not foresee. Only a few days after he had been installed at the Rock, he caught sight of the mysterious red and amber lily in Martha's collection of plants. "How did you get that—where?" he demanded, in great agitation.



She told him, but said, "I have never touched it. I did not dare to!"

"Right enough!" he responded. He dug it up with a trowel, and flung it out through a window into the sea. "It's poison!" he warned her.

"How do you know?" asked Martha.

"I saw it in Ceylon," he explained; and a shudder ran through him as he thought of the venom which had penetrated his soul in that tropic island within sight and reach of the *Gloriosa Superba*,—the poison-lily which he had been so ready to pluck.

"Ah, you were in Ceylon so long, Hervey! Why didn't you write to me?"

This was her first reproach to him; and he could answer only, "I had so many things to attend to. I had gone into speculations. I was so uncertain!"

Martha's lips quivered, and her eyes drooped. Then Hervey explained that, after he left Ceylon and reached England, he was ashamed to come home to her penniless; and so he shipped and shipped again; and this was what had made him so late in reaching her. "I have no money," he said; "but here are these few jewels that I brought home for you."

He handed out to her the false rubies and amethysts which he had obtained from Hastan the Moorman. This was his gift to her,—a gift as false as his own heart. Martha, not knowing its worthlessness, was grateful. But when Hervey learned that she had returned to Raima her five hundred dollars of the Garnett legacy, he raged within his heart, and bethought him of Raima's promise of a pleasant surprise on his return. At the least, Raima ought to give him a farm. He must go to the mainland at once, and see about it.

But there came a stormy night; and the fog-horns moaned their dolefullest. Hervey himself set the hoarse pipe blowing, on Lizard Rock. He did not know that the melancholy sound which it emitted was to bring down upon him, directly, the final blow of fate. A foreign bark was struggling up through the Race; and—as it sometimes happens—the warning of the horn was delusive. Owing to atmospheric conditions, it sounded at moments nearer and at other moments farther off than it really was. Thus the foreign bark was misled by the very thing which was intended to give her safety. In the thick of the mist and turmoil of the sea, she was dashed full upon the scattered reef which formed the tail of the Lizard.

Through the howling of the storm, Twysden and Hervey heard signal guns fired by the despairing crew; and they hurried out to the rescue; for Twysden was now sufficiently recovered from his injuries, for action. But there was sadly little that they could do. Two or three sailors who had leaped overboard succeeded in getting ashore in spite of the breakers, on fragments of spars or other wood-work; and at last Hervey and Twysden, with the help of those who remained on the wreck, managed to rig a rope between the vessel and the land, by which an improvised cradle or chair—made of cord and canvas strips—could be hauled ashore. The first burden intrusted to this rough

agent of safety was a woman, as the two men perceived when it approached them in the murk. She was drenched with spray and severely chilled, in fact almost fainting, by the time the helpers caught her in their arms and placed her on solid ground.

At this moment Martha came running to them from the house, with two lighted lanterns, a bottle of whiskey, and some warm wraps. As the gleam of her lanterns fell upon the face of the prostrate woman, Hervey in a stunned amazement shrieked aloud, "It's Pietra!"

But there was no time, then, for question or explanation. The wrecked ship suddenly heaved upon the rocks, and broke apart. The hawser by which Pietra had been saved snapped like thread; and the unhappy creatures who were left on the vessel fell away, in darkness, never to be seen again. Captain Twysden, with Hervey's strong arms to aid him, bore poor Pietra to the house, the surviving sailors crawling limply after them by the light which Martha bore.

The rest of the night was spent in caring for these poor waifs of the sea; and the enigma of Hervey's recognition of Pietra remained unsolved for Martha. But towards three o'clock of the morning,—that time when human life is said to be at its lowest ebb, and many souls go wandering away from this little earth into the vastness of space which we call death,—at that awesome hour Pietra raised herself in bed and called aloud, "Hervey! Hervey! Do you not know me? It is your little Pietra. I did not know you were here; and yet I came to search for you, to show you and tell you—Yes; it was the same as if we had been married; for we meant to be. And we *shall* be married; shall we not, Hervey?"

Her voice died away. Martha gazed at Hervey as though in trance, with eyes that seemed to perceive nothing and yet were full of outraged wonderment and horror. She said nothing. But Hervey answered her unspoken question, contritely. "Yes," he said; "it is true! I know her. I meant to marry her. I sinned."

He knelt down by Pietra's cot; and his kneeling was an act of prayer, and of penance towards the two women there,—each of whom he had wronged, though in such different ways.

"I did not desert you," Pietra moaned uneasily. "No! It was my father who chloroformed me, that night at Colombo,—the last night I saw you. Then he had me carried on board the Bombay steamer, unconscious. And, after that, I was ill a long time. I could not write to you,—could not telegraph. Poor Hervey! how you must have suffered!" She gasped, as if unable to speak, but continued, brokenly, "My father was arrested. He was put in prison. He had been guilty of something,—some frauds or business cheating, I don't know what. No one would help me to free him, and I was left alone. And then, Hervey, our child was born,—a daughter,—another poor little Pietra. Not long she lived; but while she stayed with me those pearls preserved us,—the lovely pearls you gave me. Was it not beautiful? I had to sell them all; but they were good, true pearls, and saved us for a while. Are you not glad you gave us that gift of life?"

Hervey, still kneeling, bowed his head, but made no reply.

Pietra spoke once more, feebly. "Yes, Hervey, you are glad!

But the life you gave—the gold from your pearls—is going quickly. I spent the last money for a passage on that sailing-ship for New London, to find *you*. We were wrecked on a rock. Yes; it was a rock that stood in our way. And how strange—how strange!—I find you here where I am wrecked. Let us stay always together!"

She drooped back upon her pillow; and Hervey called to Martha, "Water, water! Something to revive her. Help us, Martha!"

Martha quickly brought a cup of water, from which Pietra sipped a few drops.

"You will live, Pietra—for me?" Hervey besought her.

"Live?" she answered, in a weak voice. "Yes, that is what I wanted. To live—to be happy with you! But it's too late, now; for I see myself dying, and I feel death in me. See, Hervey, what I kept with me always." She drew from the wrappings of her dress about her breast a little metal box full of a downy powder. "I have it here still, even after the shipwreck. It is the dust of death and passion; the powdered roots and flowers of *Gloriosa Superba*,—that poison lily which grew near us in Ceylon. I had it near me, so that if I should not find you I could kill myself with it. But now I do not need it. I am dying!"

"Pietra, forgive me!" he cried. "We shall be together." He seized the box from her, emptied the powder into the cup of water, and drank the poisoned liquid.

This was the end. In a few moments he fell prostrate, lifeless. A wild wind thundered about the house, like a turbulent ocean of air, shaking the sashes and panes; and, as it thundered, so Pietra's soul took flight silently.

Martha, leaning over the two bodies, called aloud for help: "Father! Father!"

#### XIV.

##### THE LAST WORD.

THERE were still three voices in the wind which echoed in Martha's ears; but they varied strangely. Sometimes they were like the voices of Hervey and Pietra and their dead child. Sometimes they seemed to wail or laugh with the tones of Martha herself, and of Dick Swift and Raima.

But at last they all blended into one when Dick Swift came out to the Rock, never to sail there again. It was spring-time; and the white light-house shone like a pearl between enclosing cups of azure water and blue heaven.

"Have you decided?" he asked.

She put her hand gently into his. "Yes."

"And your father will agree to come to the mainland and live with us?"

"Yes."

Their wedding came off in the early summer, a week after the day when Raima Garnett and Ralph Dupar were united in marriage.

Dick built on the top of his cottage-roof a railed platform which

he called "the captain's walk;" and here old Twysden promenaded at regular hours, keeping a rigorous but totally unnecessary lookout upon the Sound and the sea, as though he were still on light-house duty.

Do you think that Martha Dane's devotion to her husband and faithfulness to all the demands of life are any the less because she remained true so long to her recreant lover, and because she had learned the lesson of fidelity to the light?

Martha and Dick Swift have won not that mere Gold of Pleasure which is a weed, nor the fading pleasure of gold that Ralph Dupar and Raima enjoy. They have gained the prize of loyal love and fidelity; and within sight of their home the light-house star burns ever constant and beautiful.

THE END.

SOME FAMILIAR LETTERS BY HORACE GREELEY.

(Concluded from the May number.)

XXXIV.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—Having yours of the 7th, I write only to say that I trust you will not care what the result of our Presidential combat may be. Just now, the skies look dark ; a month hence they may be brighter ; but in any case I shall be what I am, and shall have less care out of than in office. Believe me in either case

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

XXXV.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I have yours of the 30th.

Our G—— came down from Cooperstown last Thursday, and I took her up to Chappaqua next evening. She is quite recovered, though weak, and losing her hair. She is taller than when you saw her, and has recovered ten pounds of her lost flesh during her stay at Cooperstown.

I wish you had been up Kearsarge with me. It stands out by itself, in the heart of New Hampshire, with a circle of cultivated hill, valley, and woods all around it. Several lakes are visible from its summit. The ascent is very steep and difficult, but two or three young girls of half my weight and only a fourth of my years ran up it like goats. I had to rest repeatedly, and lay down on the summit. But the view from that summit is "a joy forever."

I am no more busy now than I always was, though seldom idle. I spent last Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Barnum at Bridgeport. B—— is as busy as ever, while Mrs. B—— is in better health than when we saw her together. I hope you may visit them here next winter.

I can't say about the election. The Grant folks are full of money, and are using it with effect. I shall do my best to defeat them, and hope to succeed. But defeat, should that occur, will have many consolations. I like my [home] better than any spot in Washington: wouldn't you ? And while there are doubts as to my fitness for President, nobody seems to deny that I would make a capital beaten candidate. So let us trust that "He doeth all things well."

I was very glad to hear that Mrs. P—— liked us. I shall always like her, whatever she may think of me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I rejoice that you know Oliver Johnson better than you did. He is pure gold ; and when we meet, ask me to tell you of several whose behavior in the Presidential canvass has given me a better opinion of human nature.

With kindest remembrances to all our mutual friends in H——, I remain

Yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

XXXVI.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—Thanks for your letter just received.

As to the election, I am only anxious that my friends shall say after it is over, "He did not throw his chance away by any blunder. He *ought* to have won." If that is the general verdict I shall not object to being beaten. But I am not yet beaten.

I had a weary trip, having to be constantly on the alert. Usually, I drop asleep in the cars for a few minutes at a time; but this time I was obliged to be continually on the alert. The reporters watching me compelled me to make different speeches from place to place, while the guns, drums, shouts, and hand-shaking were a trial. But the general verdict of my friends assures me that I did well, and that contents me.

I go to-day to Kutztown, Berks Co., Pa., to talk on agriculture to-morrow, and must hurry back at night to go to Riverhead, L.I., to speak next day at another fair. I could not get up to my little family this week, though my wife's health is more critical. Such is my life. I hope to go home next Friday night, but may not be able to do so.

I saw A—— E—— at Bristol, Pa., and Mrs. R—— at Cincinnati. How I wish this was the 6th of November!

Yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

XXXVII.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—You must not take our reverses to heart. I may soon have to shed some tears for my wife, who seems to be sinking at last, but I shall not give one to any possible result of the political canvass.

I shall fight on to the end; but, for you, please say, with King Agur of old, "The bitterness of death is past," and think henceforth of less melancholy themes. Let us hold fast our faith in God, and realize that in a few years all will be the same, whatever the result of our present struggle.

Yours joyfully,  
HORACE GREELEY.

XXXVIII.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I have yours of yesterday. I write this because I wish to relieve myself of some bitterness, but do not expect—in fact, I scarcely desire—that you should write me again these many, many days. I am indeed most wretched. As to my wife's death, I do not lament it. Her sufferings since she returned to me were so terrible that I rather felt relieved when she peacefully slept the long sleep. I did not shed a tear. In fact, I am far beyond tears.

Nor do I care for defeat, however crushing. I dread only the



malignity with which I am hounded, and the possibility that it may ruin the *Tribune*. My enemies mean to kill that; if they would kill me instead I would thank them lovingly. And so many of my old friends hate me for what I have done that life seems too hard to bear.

Enough of this. Speak of it to no one, not even Mrs. R——, but return to cheerfulness and life's daily duties, forgetting, so soon as may be,

Yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

[The above pathetic note is the last that Mr. Greeley wrote to his friend and correspondent. He died but a few days afterward, on November 29, 1872. The letters following are some that Mr. Greeley enclosed to his friend as specimens of letters that a Presidential candidate receives. In a note enclosed with them he said, "These are some of the letters I do *not* answer."]

I.

MICH., July 30, 1872.

MR. HORACE GREELEY,—

DEAR SIR,—When the Union Colony of Colorado was first inaugurated, having the most implicit confidence in you, I was so urged on by your communications that I put in \$155, and became a member. I then went there and located my lot and spent \$270 in a house so as to secure title and came home. Since then my circumstances have become such that with my large family I am unable to go there, and I have offered to sell for less than cost and find no buyer. Now, sir, if I can't sell, it will prove disastrous to me, and I must in a measure attribute it to you. Is not some way known to you wherein I can get my money out of it? Hoping you will lend me a helping hand, and save me the necessity of being placed in very straightened circumstances as regards a living, and still keep my faith in your purity of purpose,

I am yours,

P.S.—I am willing to deed the village lot and house and water-right to 80 acres for just cost \$155 and 270. Viz. \$425.

II.

JEFFERSON Co., VA.

HORACE GREELEY, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—as the Baltimore Convention is past and your Nominated for President and must Be Elected and all we want is to Secure this state for you and your Elected as your own State will give you a large majority and the Grant Republicans and office holders are making a despart Effort to defeat you We want Some money to Lectioneer With good and any amount of References Given if necessary Pleas answer this and tell us What to do

Yours Truly ——— and many others.

## III.

PHILADA., July 24, 1872.

HORACE GREELEY, Esq.:

HONORED SIR!—The signer of this lines is a man in great need.

If you would be kind enough to get him out of his trouble—by lending him \$150, for which I give a due bill, you would do the greatest favor ever done to a human being.

Yours,

obedient,

\_\_\_\_\_ post office.

## IV.

HENDRICKS Co., IND., July 22, 1872.

HON. HORACE GREELEY:

DEAR SIR,—I am a republican and for strong reasons I shall go for Greeley for President. I am used to the strings, and will do what I can for the reformation; but, if it is agreeable to you I would ask a favor of you in case you are elected. *On condition that I labor faithfully for your election*, will you promise me the Governorship of New Mexico; I have a brother there who is one of the leading men of that country, and will do the cause good there. I will be able to give you good references.

If this meets with your favor, you can let me know about the matter through some of your friends, without compromising *your* interests, —or mine.

Yours truly,

## V.

ST. LAW. Co., N.Y., July 9, 1872.

MR. GREELEY:

RESPECTED SIR,—Will you help me to sell the shops and machinery of — & —. It is one of the best water powers in Northern N. Y. It is well located one mile from R. R. Depot and 35 miles from Ogdensburg. The machinery is for making threshing machines and cane and wood seat chairs. Now as I am working for you will you not help me: remembering that in the fable of the Lion and Mouse, that the mouse worked with all his might to bite off one of the meshes of the net to set the Lyon free while the weight of his paw could crush the mouse or with a little effort could raise him from trouble. Now it is admitted by all that all that is wanted is from 15,000 to 20,000 Dolls. and some one to manage who is a practical business man. I am a farmer, Mr. — is a good mechanic, his son the financier of the Co. is a good man to spread out and give employ to the laboring class, but fails to come out successful for himself or the Co: we will sell for \$16,000, or if some one of the rich men will give us \$15,000 we can pay our debts and as Mr. — thinks he has learned by experience might do better in the future. You may see imperfections in this beggar's petition, but sir if it was not for others and to keep one of the largest establishments in our village up I would work as I did for my father the first four years after I was of age for 50 Dolls. a year and be found rather than beg. But I think it is better to beg than to

steal or be dishonest. Yours hoping and expecting you will go to the White House next March.

Extract from a letter from Oliver Johnson dated New York, Oct. 13, 1872.

"There hardly seems ground for more than the very faintest hope that Mr. Greeley will be elected. If the Democratic party were determined to win the battle, it might do so; but I see no evidence of such a determination. It is a great disappointment to me; but I find sources of consolation in the prospect of defeat, and am delighted to see the spirit in which our candidate looks at the situation. 'If I am not elected,' said he to me the other day, 'it will be because it is best I should not be. The campaign will "pay" even if I am defeated, and the future will justify my course and vindicate my motives, and those of my associates.' Is not that a spirit worthy of success?"

[The letter following was written by Mr. Greeley's correspondent, at a time, as the date indicates, previous to Mr. Greeley's nomination for the Presidency. The letter gives a picture of Mr. Greeley in his lighter and happier moods, and is well worthy of reproduction here.]

NEW YORK, April 29, 1871.

DARLING SISTER,—Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. R——, Mr. Greeley and I, are sitting around the centre table, the latter immersed in his letters, and the others talking about people I don't know; so I capture a sheet of paper and begin a note to you, to give you a little sketch of life as it has been with me since I came here. We reached New York about 12½ P.M., walked some distance to C. T——'s office in Broadway, thence rode in the stage up to Mr. Barnum's. There was a heavy shower on the way, but the sun shone out brightly when we reached the place, and taking that for a good omen I went in cheerfully. Mrs. Barnum gave us a very cordial greeting and took us down to lunch as soon as our hats were removed. I spent the afternoon resting and getting familiar with the surroundings. Mrs. Barnum and Mrs. E—— went out to ride, and Mrs. R—— went to see Phoebe Cary, while I settled down in a luxurious chair, with a book for my companion, fell asleep and awoke from it clear from the headache, to my great relief. Punctual to the hour Mr. Greeley made his appearance, satchel in hand, and informed Mr. Barnum he "proposed staying in that house as long as those ladies did." We had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. B——, of Boston, (who returned with Mrs. R——,) A—— and L—— C——, P—— and husband, and Mr. E——, were at dinner, besides those I have mentioned, 14 in all.

Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, we left the City Depot for a trip to Chappaqua. Only Theodore Tilton and wife were of the party besides Mrs. R——, Mr. Greeley and myself. Mrs. Tilton I fell in love with at the first glance. She is a frail little creature, about your size, and is just coming back to life out of a long sickness. She looks up into your face with such loving, sincere, trustful eyes, that you feel like kissing her every time you meet their glance. The day was one of the

happiest I ever spent in my life. Dear old Horace's face fairly beamed with happiness. We rode all over "Mother's land," up hill and down ravines, and over to see his woodland where he spends every Saturday chopping. He and Tilton kept up a fire of jests, and I looked at everything, and listened and enjoyed it all. How often I wished for *you*! I felt as if you was by whenever I drew near Mrs. Tilton, and more than once I addressed her as "Dolly," before I thought. There was lots of *fun* aboard. I'll never say again Mr. Greeley isn't *queer*. He drove slow, of course, and *such* driving you never saw. His old horses knew him, no doubt, and they paid not the slightest attention to his chirps and gentle shakes of the lines. He held one line in each hand, with elbows sticking out, and his hat on the back of his neck, while his horses went all ways but in the road, and sometimes took us over stumps, to the no small risk of an upset. We visited the cascade last, and drank from the spring as in duty bound. Mr. Greeley has firm faith that this is the very purest and sweetest water in the world. Tilton laughed at him for stepping backward into it in the morning, but Horace avowed it did not wet him at all, for he "drew his feet out so quick the water never found out it was *thar*." From thence we drove up by the field Mr. Greeley is so proud of, which "used to be the wickedest frog-pond you ever saw, all covered with miserable, useless hassocks and skunk cabbage, and so springy you could not walk over it in safety." It is a beautiful field now, but the old man's face, beaming in pride of it, was much more attractive to me.

Back to the house, we sat a few minutes before the fireplace and looked at the fire of that precious, dry red cedar, then over to the hotel to dinner. Mr. Greeley lamented much we could not dine at his house, and told me more than once, in a confidential way, it was "a sight worth seeing to see I—— get dinner there." Do you know, they have built *three houses* on the place, and only one of them is inhabited; the man who farms using the back part of that. Besides, he and "Mother Greeley" each have a barn. Mrs. G—— would not have a tree cut, not even to trim it, about the first house. So they left that, and built another in the sunshine to be more wholesome. This second one was the one we entered, but they now have another partly built, which they propose to use if Mrs. G—— ever returns, as he thinks she will in the fall. They have lots of old stock about, which they keep for the good they have done; as old cows, which "Mother says shall never be killed while she lives, because they have given milk to her children." They "fell down sometimes, and wanted to die, but Mother would not let them, and kept a man to lift them up and care for them." . . . We rode over to Sing Sing and took the cars there to return to the city, which we reached just at sunset. We rode home in a carriage, had tea, and then Mr. Greeley told us to come up into the sitting-room, when he produced some books from his pocket and read poetry to us all the evening. The first was Whittier's "My Psalm." Read it, and see how appropriate it was to close such a day. He took "Jim Bludsoe" from his pocket-book and gave us that for one selection. Out of paper and cannot write more.

M——.

## A LITERARY PET.

VANITY in an inferior mind should never produce irritation, or even annoyance. It should stimulate pity, and that alone. For vanity goes as naturally with mental flippancy, frailty, or even vacuity, as a necklace of glass beads corresponds to the triviality of a coquette. But when we see it in a man or woman of brains, character, purpose, or moral force, we have just cause for true indignation. Then it becomes a wanton fault—an inexcusable drawback, both to happy social intercourse and wholesome human respect.

Thus I have found it with Carroll Abinger. He is a poet of admitted fame, a novelist of much excellence, an essayist of conceded power. His career as a literary man has been oddly free from the embarrassments and perplexities which so often beset his kind. He was born in England, of American parents, and enjoyed, for a number of youthful years, educational advantages abroad which doubtless told handsomely with him when, at about eighteen, he came permanently to dwell in New York and to spend, before doing so, a classical term at Harvard College.

This was almost thirty years ago. Abinger is now nearly fifty. His parents are long since dead; he has been bequeathed by them a comfortable fortune, if not a copious one. He has never married, and is associated with a romantic excuse for his celibacy through the death, when he was five-and-twenty, of a beautiful New York girl who was an heiress and asserted to have passionately loved him. He lives in a charming basement-house in Madison Avenue. He has position, distinction, a loyal throng of appreciative friends. He works with excessive care, and seldom publishes a book that is not either striking in its general conception, or marked by a scholarship at once brilliant and unique.

Of course he has his enemies. Big lights cast big shadows. He is undoubtedly a big light, looked at, as one might say, from his present century. What another century will do with his celebrity is a harder matter to determine. It may exalt him still more; it may diminish him disastrously. I am not bearing critically upon his actual worth as a man of letters; I am recording the immediate mark which he has made upon his time; and if the vainglory of a personal judgment may here be pardoned me, I should say that this mark would be lasting and deep.

If ever a mortal should feel honestly grateful to destiny, that one is Carroll Abinger. The sleekest and fairest of us occasionally remember that we occupy the same sphere with the griniest and least presentable; but Abinger can scarcely observe any member of the human family at all without being reminded of his superior place, his loftier luck. All the fairies were summoned to his cradle, and each one gave him a gift. There was no forgotten fairy, apparently, who wreaked baleful vengeance at the slight. Of course the dead young

*fiancée* should not be overlooked as an element of trouble. But is not some such woful event inseparable from the happiest life? Besides, it is a trifle apocryphal, that picturesque disaster which befell Abinger.

Some people pointedly deny that the ill-starred young heiress was ever betrothed to him at all, and say that the sudden typhoid which carried her off gave nothing severer than friendly distress to his poetic soul. They even affirm that his renowned and beautiful sonnet of "The Broken Statue" had nothing but an ideal bereavement for its motive. Perhaps the deceased young lady may have been willing enough to receive tender overtures from Abinger, which he, on his own part, never thought of making. This view of the matter is temptingly probable. Women have always been gracious to him. His manner, like his art in letters, never suggests passion; it is full of repose, but you can easily imagine it a repose which there may have been more than one feminine inclination to break.

Abinger has always been of comely appearance, and now, when his dark hair is frosty at the temples, his full forehead higher than of old, his curving moustache delicately filmed with gray, his tall figure made only a little statelier by its increased stoutness, he is even more striking to observe. At least every other summer he crosses the ocean, and his acquaintance in London is large. He knows Alma Tadema, and Henry Irving, and all the people of English note. He has dined with Gladstone, and Herbert Spencer, whose philosophy he swears by, has talked with him more than once. He has a hundred reasons for wearing his notability with the tact and taste of a truly great man.

And yet he constantly fails thus to wear it. He has achieved so much that you would think he might afford to ignore those minor details of advancement which a lesser personage might exult in. But he does nothing of the sort. I have never met so small a large man—or so large a small one. Whatever it may do with the opposite sex, his conversation with his own seems to turn upon one perpetual pivot—himself. He receives, from week to week, scores of solicitations for his autograph. He never notices any of them. But it is not merely a question of his never noticing any of them. He will draw two or three of them from his pocket and read you their fulsome eulogies with placid derision. Perhaps he will jocosely inform you how useful, in a recent epistolary emergency, have been their accompanying postage-stamps.

"Do you think this treatment of your admirers quite fair?" I once asked him.

He looked at me with a dry twinkle of his black eyes. He very rarely smiles, and if you know him well you will understand that this is his way of—not smiling.

"So you call them admirers?" he said.

"They want your autograph. They would not want mine—or that of any obscure person."

He nodded. "They live in a world where few of us get what we want," he replied, a little curtly.

"But it strikes me as so easy," I urged, "to give them, in this instance, just what they want. It's a mere stroke of the pen to you,



and the thrusting of their card or their bit of paper into a prepaid envelope."

He looked at me with a lazy amiability, and stroked his moustache softly with one hand. "Eh? Ah . . . yes. . . And I don't suppose it has ever occurred to you that impertinence has anything to do with their attitude. Has it, now?"

"No," I said, stoutly. "They are your public—or a part of it. You would not publish, most probably, if you had not the support of just such people as these, in larger numbers. And by publishing at all you must in a manner solicit their support."

It is most likely that Abinger considered these to be very bold words, and he is a man who seldom, if ever, is called upon to encounter bold words from any one. What he usually encounters is conciliation, euphemism, and indeed dulcet-tongued flattery. But he answered with his customary grave equipoise of demeanor. He was seated, at the time, and he crossed his legs in a leisurely way before his composed response came, without a discernible trace of resentment. I can't explain how he always manages to convey the impression that resentment is quite beyond and above him. He certainly does not do so with any hint of mere conceit or superciliousness.

"We quite differ," he said. "I envy the authors of the classical ages their exemption from the tyranny of the printing-press. If there is anything I specially dislike, it is the thought of 'appealing to a public.'"

"And yet you have a very large and appreciative public to whom you appeal."

He laughed—without smiling, as always—and leaned back a little in his chair.

"Bah, my friend," he said, "the people who read me understandingly are a very limited minority. Those who enjoy my worst points are perhaps a multitude. That's the devil of it; we authors sometimes can't prevent ourselves from growing popular. We light a comfortable blaze upon our hearthstones, so to speak, and it stands the destructive chance of becoming a conflagration. There are only two reasons why any writer should desire to be popular. One is a conscientious twinge about the true value of his books, and one is an ambition above the enforced economy of his dinners."

Abinger often likes to speak, as he did then, in epigram, and the quality of his vocal intonation, when he thus speaks, is humorous in the extreme. You laugh, spontaneously and sometimes most heartily, and by so laughing you shift the victory of your argument, as it were, from your own side to his. I have known him to seize suddenly upon this weapon of epigram, in more than a single case, where he would have been defeated without its adroit and flashing surprise.

He is keenly sensitive to criticism of an unfavorable kind, and this fact often astonishes those to whom he betrays the feeling. It is not often betrayed, and it produces astonishment because he is so constantly praised instead of blamed. The merest tyro in the art of reviewing could deal creditably with his books as regards any conventional treatment of them. Certain phrases in newspapers and journals are safely

easy to use concerning his work. They have become like shibboleths; they are almost as clearly accepted canons of judgment as to state of the sky that it is blue or of the grass that it is green. "Exquisite art," "a copious vocabulary," "melody of versification," and "perfect choice of words" ring memorially in my ears, like revived echoes, whenever I begin to read a criticism upon anything that Abinger has done. And yet he has had caustic and fierce assailants. He has also had mildly sneering and cavilling ones. You marvel why either class retains a vestige of power to disconcert him. Such, however, is plainly the truth. I can relate one corroborative instance.

A certain weekly journal had printed a most abusive article on his latest novel. It was a vicious onslaught, like those of which both English and American papers are producing a mephitic and rancid yearly crop. It was entirely crude, false, sensational, and beneath the notice of any sensible reader. It showed just to how low an ebb so-called modern criticism has sunk, and it may possibly have illustrated the badness of a certain present system adopted by many newspapers—that, I mean, of allowing a sort of scribbler-rabble to hang about their editorial staff (very much as seedy and disreputable relations will hang about a prosperous family) and of casting them books to "criticise." Here lies the chief wrong of all present literary journalistic treatment. The ill-paid and half-despairing commentators who bend their wits upon the volumes of Jones or Brown are hurried, irritated, depressed, and fatigued. And hence ridicule, so much more accessible to a jaded scribe than the charity of just analyses, is employed with pitiful readiness. It is always easy to denounce and revile a book which we have insufficiently read—or even not read at all. The difficult thing, for any critic with an active conscience, is totally to damn any book whatever whose pages he has faithfully examined. It seems to me that authors give their critics, nowadays, too much silent and bitter disapproval, and too little genuine compassion; for in many cases they themselves would merit for their own work all the cheap and random sarcasms which it unjustly receives, if they had wrought in the same taxed and burdened spirit, and also with the same natural unfitness, as those who assume to be their temporary if not final judges.

Perhaps the pen wielded by Abinger's detractor may indirectly have been spurred to its malign achievement by the most nutritious diet of roast beef or mutton. The censorious thing was printed, all the same. And shortly afterward I saw Abinger. I had dropped in upon him, one afternoon, to congratulate him on an oratoric bit of triumph the night before. At a certain Delmonico dinner given to an English actor whom, as I knew, he detested, he had acquitted himself with a skill, a discretion, a neat circumlocution, which had struck me as something amazing. After-dinner speaking is among his lesser gifts, and, though he accomplishes wonders as a speaker of this over-rated influence and effect, he usually regards the talent as trifling and shallow. Contrary to my general experience, I soon found that on this especial occasion he was by no means averse to talking of newspaper criticism. He glided into the subject almost imperceptibly; he

usually controls all conversational subjects in just this facile way. You somehow discover that you both listen and talk precisely as he desires that you shall do, without being aware that he has made any desire on any question of converse in the least manifest.

He stood warming himself before the spirt and crackle of big black coal-blocks on a silver-filigreed hearth. The little study where we had met was full of prints, etchings, engravings, all more or less noteworthy and precious. He never seems so much the petted author as he seems among the plush cushions and ornate tapestries of this delectable "den." (He does not ever call it a "den," by the way, but lets others, if they choose, jocosely call it so. "Den" is too commonplace, too *usé*, as a term. So many other famed men have had "dens.")

"These people who attack writers venomously," he said, "are merely the lunatics whom society sees no necessity of caging. And why? Because the man who tries to cut the throat of another man's reputation is not doing anything particularly harmful, after all. If his weapon were of sharp steel, and he should plunge it into you, the act would be called either manslaughter or murder. But the assassination of a literary claim to ability concerns no distinctive class. And so the mad person who violates decency in this one slight and petty way is allowed to go free. I dare say it is all a perfectly well-advised proceeding. There's no real blood spilt. I'm sure nobody, often as I've been assailed, can ever state that he has seen the color of mine."

"You're indifferent, then," I said. "That is wise. You told me, I believe, that you had not seen or read Cruxton's lampoon?"

He waved one hand rather briskly before his face. "I?" he queried, as if the question were too preposterous for sober reflection. "No, never."

I did not reply, and he presently went on, with his gravity, his repose, his biting yet repressed mode of utterance never more apparent than now:

"There are the few who adorn literature; there are the many who infest it. Truly, it's extraordinary what bustling vermin a morsel of good, palatable cheese can engender. . . A man cares for style, and avoids writing like a sloven. Immediately a host of eloquent hirelings declare that he is a word-monger, a milliner of epithet, a trumpery upholsterer of language. . . He cares for probability, naturalness, the events which experience has persuaded him usually happen on the earth instead of those which might have happened on the moon or on Saturn, and he is at once anathematized as a slavish photographer, a mere servile copyist, a Chinese ivory-carver, and Heaven knows what else. But the man who doesn't avoid writing like a sloven, and who tracks Romanticism to her topmost lair, as one might put it, has no better time, I find, at the hands of these ferocious cutthroats. He is murdered for not committing the very same crime which we were murdered for having committed. It's a perplexing business, all round. But it's deucedly amusing, too. . . Have a fresh cigar?"

I made a discovery that afternoon. Abinger had fibbed remorselessly when he had denied having read Cruxton's virulent article. But

his fib had found him out. "A word-monger," "a milliner of epithet," "a trumpery upholsterer of language," had all been phrases employed by Cruxton in his diatribe. "Slavish photographer," "servile copyist," and "Chinese ivory-carver" were also the amiable children of Cruxton's gentle pen. To express his situation in vernacular, Abinger had given himself dead away! He had not only read that slanderous effusion, but he had remembered it. Cruxton might have tingled with wicked glee if he could have observed the accuracy with which he was quoted. For my own part, I said nothing which might lead my friend to suspect how ludicrously he had betrayed himself.

With regard to "placing" his work in the magazines, Abinger is the strangest combination of daintiness and dignity. However much he may approve the character and tone of a magazine, he never thinks for an instant of voluntarily offering it a contribution. Should the editor request him to contribute, that is quite an opposite affair. Then he will always graciously reply, and perhaps indicate while doing so that there is a probability of granting the request made. But he always manages to mention, in the most seemingly casual way, that he has been thus solicited. If you know him well enough you are pretty nearly certain to hear, in the course of your future conversation with him, that *The Transcontinental* is after him for a serial story, or that *The Puritan Monthly* has offered him two hundred dollars for a short lyrical poem.

"They are anxious to get me," he will say, "because I am rare, and keep myself rare. The very moment that you have made this fact a certainty to the editorial mind, it hungers for you. That is the great trouble with my friend Throstlethroat. He's a poet of decided merit, but he insists upon warbling in every roadside bush."

"Ah," I laughed, once, "you have a gilded cage to warble in, and delicate seed to peck, while Throstlethroat must forage in the nearest wheat-field."

"That's very pretty of you," was the dry answer. "But he cheapens himself, all the same."

"Necessarily," I urged—"for the present. But it will not hurt his future fame."

"Perhaps not—when he's six feet underground, and his fame is something as airy as the jack-o'-lantern that they say haunts graveyards."

"But you forget, Abinger, that to Throstlethroat, with his four or five little ones and his ailing wife, a bank-note for a poem may mean anything solidly actual, from a pair of shoes to a shoulder of mutton."

He chose to ignore my materialistic point altogether. "It rubs me the wrong way," he said, "to have anything 'accepted' by an editor. It always seems to presuppose a condescending clemency; it means that the article might have been rejected. Now, I never had an article rejected in my life."

"I can readily believe that you did not. And for an excellent reason—you've never been forced to put yourself in the position of asking a favor."

Abinger drew himself up a little,—and somewhat, I confess, as a stately and glossy-plumed turkey might do, in its moments of less pronounced self-esteem. "That may be the only reason," he admitted. "You're not in one of your complimentary moods to-day."

"But if you had been a poor man," I exclaimed, a little irritated, "and forced to sell your manuscripts as fast as you wrote them, don't you agree with me that you might have sometimes found for them . . . well, let us say a slow market?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I can't imagine myself shedding and moulting manuscripts, as some people do. Art is a very hard block of marble, and I think the sharpest chisel can only chip it slowly. When you pat clay, my dear fellow, it's another matter."

"But how could you have avoided patting clay, as you call it, Abinger, if the process meant getting bread as well?"

"A man can do other things. There are several avenues to a decent living that don't run through the laurel-groves of the Muses."

I thought of what some of his harsh critics had said—not the Cruixtons, whose slashes and cuts always betray a weakness of wrist that tries to supply with action what it lacks in cool skill—but the more deliberative and honest critics, few as their number had been. I had not agreed with one of these when he had said that the petted Abinger wrote as if he had a ruby for a heart and gold clock-work for a pulse; nor with another who had called him the chemist of sunsets and the dissector of larks; nor yet with another who had observed that if Euterpe should drop into his study, some evening, shining and divine, he would at once politely offer her a chair and inquire about the weather up in Parnassus.

But I thought of these sour little aspersions then, and wondered whether, after all, there had not been a semblance of justice even in their malignity. I thought, too, of Throstlethroat, with his purity of melody in verse, and his stanzas which he had so seldom leisure enough for giving them the patient polish and the perfect *mot juste*, yet which often burned with a vital fire and throbbed with a noble music. He, poor man, dwelling in his "flat" in Eighty-Seventh Street, was always thankful for a cheque from *The Transcontinental* or *The Puritan Monthly*, and sometimes chilled and forlorn because he got his poem back to him instead of the longed-for payment. "Accepted" had no subtlety of patronizing significance for him. It merely gave new courage and stimulus for facing and fighting the spectre of want which forever haunted his home and the dear ones whom his brain-toil fed. He had no time to be *dilettante*. Need, and the struggle to keep alive those whom we love, is a foe to all that. He was not a literary pet. He was, if you please, a literary drudge. And yet under the broom which he plied often a spark of gold leapt to light amid the rubbish. I admit that the rubbish was a stern and shabby fact. "Throstlethroat had better stop writing such horrid stuff as that last novel of his," said Abinger to me, one day, "or we shall forget that he ever did anything really good." But Throstlethroat had written the novel as a pot-boiler, and Abinger, who had never had a pot to boil, might have made a weaker soup if he had himself tried.

With Abinger literature is a veritable *jeu de prince*. He writes with a diamond-pointed pen and ink that is molten gold. There is no palpable Grub Street any more, as we all know, and yet it exists just as materially as it ever existed in the old London days, and will go on existing in London, Paris, New York, as long as to sell poems and novels and histories and essays commercially ranks below the selling of dry-goods, groceries, and tobacco. Grub Street is real and tangible at this hour, past a doubt. But Abinger has never set his well-booted foot on one of its dingy pavements. Greater men have done so, but Abinger never has. And perhaps if he had, we should never have possessed any Abinger at all, for adversity and penury might have palsied in him the seed which has now borne so thrifty a bloom.

I don't quarrel with him that he is exempt from all those tortures and privations which usually beset his fellows. I don't quarrel with him for being petted, but rather for playing the part of a literary pet. And he certainly does play it. He cannot or will not see that precious opportunity has fostered in him the gifts which he has so carefully used. I admire him for having carefully used them, but I take issue with him for having clad his success with snobbery. And snobbery is just the right term. For him there is no republic of letters; it is a petty kingdom, in which he holds a place very near to royalty, if not one that is positively royal.

And the unhappy part of it all is that he can never be made to realize his own foolish attitude. If he should publish a worthless book to-morrow, a score of flatterers would convince him—or seek to convince him—of its excellence. He is so safely prosperous that the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune stand no chance whatever of ruffling his exquisite composure. He will continue to be the same self-contained and self-satisfied Abinger that he is, until death puts a more silent seal upon his present superb calm.

He will go on showing you his letter from Tennyson, his walking-stick given him by Browning, his paper-knife bestowed by Emerson. He cannot or will not perceive that his merit and standing as an author do not concern the exceptional advantages which he has enjoyed as a man. You feel that he is forever silently saying to himself, with a secret exultation, "Look! I am a living denial of the necessary misery of authorship. See how my path has been strewn with roses and not thorns. If all authors were like myself, the profession would cease to be precarious and empirical, as it now is, and become highly reputable, like Law or Medicine."

He bows down before literary standing when it is higher than his own, and rather carelessly flouts it when it is not. Perhaps this is not wholly a fair statement on my part, and I should hasten to explain that as he possesses few contemporaries whose literary standing is much higher than his own, and as these are all men of admitted ascendancy, his deference may have a rightful enough impulse. But his disdain is to be less kindly accounted for. Some few years ago a certain young writer who devotedly admired his poetry craved permission to call upon him. The permission was granted, and the visit paid. Before its end, and while Abinger was permitting his adorer to swing the



censer of adulation howsoever vigorously that youth might desire, a knock sounded at his study-door, to announce that his friend, the celebrated Boston poet, Lightlute, had dropped in upon him very unexpectedly. Lightlute had not been in New York for quite an age. Abinger was enchanted, and Lightlute was at once shown into the study. Abinger shook hands with him in effusive hospitality. The young visitor was meanwhile left standing, embarrassed and unheeded. He had hoped to be introduced. He had told Abinger—a circumstance which aggravated the case, as afterward presented for my consideration—that if there was any poet in the world besides himself whom he would specially like to meet, that poet was Lightlute.

But Abinger had not presented him. He had indeed looked toward his young visitor with a peculiar cold smile which indicated that the interview was at an end. And his young visitor had departed, furious.

He afterward recounted to me the whole circumstance. He did so with a good deal of bitterness. I nodded and listened, and could not help but think that it was just like Abinger to do as he had done.

And I still preserve my opinion. Lightlute was a person of eminence in the literary world. The passionate young pilgrim at Abinger's shrine was perfectly obscure. Abinger wanted to talk with his old friend. The pilgrim at once had become a bore. Hence he was civilly dismissed.

It possibly never occurred to Abinger that he was doing an arrogant and frigid thing. But he did it, nevertheless, and his votary departed, wounded to the soul.

And so he lives on, in his pride, serenity, and security. If he were a writer of little deserved note, we could overlook his attitude as trivial and even paltry. But he is Abinger, and as Abinger he must be respectfully considered. I don't know of any Nemesis that could overtake and punish him, except one.

And that is something which he is not yet too old to be met by. I mean loss of vogue. Taste in literature changes with a marvellous caprice of alteration. Abinger, who is now fifty, as I have said, *may* wake at sixty-five to a realization of his temporary—it may only be temporary—discountenance. Such things have happened before, and this may happen with Abinger hereafter. God pity him then! With a changed public taste, with two or three new poets of distinct originality attracting the reading generation, with two or three new novelists of recognized genius controlling the popular want for refined fiction, he might some day be forced to face the fact that he is obsolete and neglected. I am certain that this would be a dreary period with Abinger. And yet I have somehow acquired a confidence in his opulent fund of luck. I am prepared to say that when any such calamity occurred, he would be comfortably ossified with regard to every change that could possibly take place in this little planet, which he was about to quit, yet would quit with an air. That is Abinger. He always does everything with an air. He has always lived with an air, and when he dies I am sure that he will die with one.

*Edgar Fawcett.*

## ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

TWO stories are related, on creditable authority, of the manner in which the heir apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the Prince of Denmark's daughter; and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times. H. R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. Colonel — drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his *fiancée*, to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of Lady —'s likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken *carte de visite* of the most charming girl the prince's eyes had ever rested upon,—a girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone. The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the *carte de visite* changed owners. H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend,—one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the queen for the Prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well-known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the prince's keeping when a few days later he again, and quite by chance, encountered at the house of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in miniature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark.

However the matter was contrived I cannot say, but certain it is that the German alliance was frowned down, and the prince's confidential friend was despatched to Denmark to report truly on the prince's daughter. The confidential messenger had his credentials for the court of Denmark, but there was nothing about him to suggest his peculiar and romantic mission. He found at Copenhagen the simplest sort of a royal family,—a prince who lived in a very plain sort of dwelling, on an income which was less than that of many country gentlemen in England. On being invited to dine at the modest little "palace," the English courtier was presented to the most beautiful girl in Europe, who wore her gown of simple white muslin and a wreath of flowers as royally as though they were the velvet and the crown which later would be hers, yet who was as simple in manner as though she had indeed been the little "country girl" for whom the prince had at first taken her.

Here was a mission worth carrying to a successful issue. Whatever the Danish princess suspected, it is certain that the agent of the

anxious young gentleman at Windsor lost no time in reporting to his master Alexandra's bewitching loveliness of person; and he could conscientiously add to it a most favorable account of her accomplishments,—for the Prince of Denmark, unable to give his daughters any splendor in their lives, had seen to it that their education was such as befitted the rank he well knew would one day be offered royal girls of such surpassing loveliness. "I *had* to learn," the princess remarked, once, to a friend of the writer: "we were always told that it was necessary." But there had been few of the restrictions common to royal households in the simple Danish *ménage*. The prince's eldest daughters, Alexandra and Dagmar, later Czarina of Russia, led the freest, happiest of young lives. Dressed as plainly as young peasants, they would spend hours of every summer day with only a governess or lady-in-waiting, and with companions of their own age, romping about the grounds of their summer residence, riding horseback, playing the merriest of games, and even, as one of the comrades of those childish days remembers, spending several mornings in a certain summer riding up and down a long avenue on a cart in which, on every other journey, workmen were dragging stones and earth to a dumping-place.

It is rather odd to note how very little stir the formal offer of the hand of the heir apparent to the throne of England made in the Prince of Denmark's household. Alexandra herself was the least fluttered by it; and when all arrangements were made, the royal sisters sat down, like any pair of girls in humble life, to work away at the trousseau for the bride. Meanwhile, preparations of unlimited splendor were made in England for the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

The unassuming little household of the Prince of Denmark, in Amalienborg Square at Copenhagen, was aroused to much excitement over the fact that the entire family were to visit England on this great occasion. We can fancy the delight of the young people who had never been any distance from home, and who were to make their first visit to Great Britain on an occasion when the eyes of all nations, so to speak, would be turned towards their eldest sister. One of the princess's first companions has told the writer that Alexandra and her parents had not the least idea of the magnificence which was awaiting her in England. A formal and stately entry into her new home she had, of course, expected; but when the yacht containing the Danish royal family entered English waters and neared the shores of her royal lover's country, the scene which met the young girl's eyes fairly dazzled her with its splendor. Never, so it is said, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, had there been anything so sumptuous as the preparations for the progress of this royal bride from Gravesend to London, thence on to Windsor Castle. It seemed as though the whole nation had swarmed into public view, so crowded were the thoroughfares, the country-side, and the shores which greeted the eyes of the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Early in the day, sixty young ladies attired in the red and white

colors of Denmark assembled at the wharves, to strew flowers beneath the feet of the prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight, the air was rent with cheers, at which, so relates a lady in the party, Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the wild tumult of the people. Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight,—a timid, girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side, then, returning to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands,—and which, it may be remarked, had to be replaced at Gravesend for something more suited to the bride of the Prince of Wales. The prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gangway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and, waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the on-lookers, caught the princess in his arms and kissed her, "just," as an honest Yorkshire man said to me in describing the scene, "as though she were any other lass."

The story of the royal wedding seems to color the history of that day like some vivid scene out of Froissart; and it is hard to fancy it as taking place in the prosaic England of modern days. There was the glittering progress from Gravesend and through old London, during which the young princess was as delighted with everything she saw as though it were all merely a spectacle for her own amusement. Long lines of decorated houses, roadways garlanded and festooned, bands of music, the flash of uniform and sabre, the stately formalities of the civic authorities,—all these combined to make up a display so picturesque and enchanting that as the carriage containing the Prince of Wales and his bride-elect, with her mother and father, neared the gateway of old Windsor, it is no wonder Alexandra declared she felt herself like some creature in a remote period of history!

While all this demonstration was making the English country radiant in Alexandra's eyes, the queen and her two youngest daughters sat waiting at the window immediately above the suite of rooms which were occupied by the Princess Alice. At last a distant gun or two and the peal of Windsor's church-bells announced the arrival of the procession, which passed under the York and Lancaster gateway to the grand entrance, where the queen, with the officers of the household, received the princess and her family, conducting them herself to the apartments prepared for their reception. To an old friend, the princess said, a few weeks later, that the magnificence of all the preparations for her wedding, the splendor of her trousseau, and the jewels presented to her by the royal family, as well as the demonstrations of the various civic authorities, were fairly overpowering, contrasted as all was with the entire simplicity of her former way of life. "My trousseau," she said to this friend, "cost twice as much as my father's whole income for a year!" But every one is agreed that during this most exciting period of her life the young princess showed no signs of undue elation, but received everything and met every one with the same frank simplicity of manner that had characterized her girlhood at home.

Tuesday, March 11, 1863, was the wedding-day ; and gorgeous in the extreme was the procession from the Castle to St. George's Chapel, which early in the day was filled with the flower of the land,—the bride, attended by eight daughters of peers, looking, so say those who beheld her, like some princess in dream or fable, dressed regally in white satin heavily embroidered in silver, a train of purple velvet dependent from her shoulders, and on her hair, her bosom, her arms, and her girdle the blaze of jewels such as she had never seen or dreamed of before.

Marlborough House was prepared and newly decorated for the reception of the young couple. This dwelling, built in 1710, was the residence of the famous Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and, being crown property, was apportioned to the Prince of Wales in 1850. The prince had already decided upon the purchase of Sandringham, and soon after his marriage he and the princess, with a very small suite in waiting, journeyed to this pleasant house in Norfolk, which has since been the scene of so much happy, informal home life and hospitality of a kind hard to dispense at Marlborough.

The formation of the princess's household was a matter of grave importance, but there was less difficulty in meeting the views of the people as well as of the royal personages concerned than when a similar question was mooted on the queen's marriage. The princess's household proper consists of a chamberlain, four ladies of the bedchamber, one of whom, Lady Morton, has been with her since her wedding-day, and two women of the bedchamber, one of whom, Miss Knollys, is well known to be the princess's most intimate friend and constant companion. A physician and a private secretary are especially attached to her household ; and of course there are her dresser and two assistants, who perform the offices of well-trained ladies'-maids ; while at Marlborough and Sandringham are servants especially detailed to wait upon the princess and the ladies and gentlemen belonging to her household.

Immediately upon her marriage the princess set about learning the ways and methods of life in her new home. She has always been a beautiful and picturesque figure at the court of Queen Victoria, but from the outset she has been noted for keeping her personality as much as possible in the background, and, consequently, stories of her private life, anecdotes characteristic of herself, are very rare, and only to a few chosen friends is the real character of the Princess of Wales known. Her children were born within the first eight years of her married life, and claimed her attention almost to the exclusion, so the people thought, of public matters ; but Alexandra was a true woman, and a mother by instinct.

By the time there were three babies in the princess's nursery she had arranged a method of life which permitted her to give a large portion of her time exclusively to her children. Competent nurses were engaged, and a suite of rooms set apart at Marlborough House for the use of the children and their attendants. No humble mother in the land gave more attention to the details of nursery life than this young royal mother, who has been as particular as though she were conducting a model sanitarium.



Sandringham speedily became the favorite residence of the prince and princess, and the children looked forward to their long visits there with delight. The house is certainly luxurious, but no more so than many country residences of the English nobility, and the routine of life there is as simple and unostentatious as is possible, considering the rank of its master and his family. The nine-o'clock breakfast in the charming dining-room assembles the prince and his family, and is conducted with as little formality as possible. One of the few intimate associates of the princess told me of the pretty manner in which, while her children were very young, the Princess of Wales always let them draw their chairs near to her place at this breakfast-table, dainty morsels from the mother's hand being looked for with delight, while the nicest of little manners were exacted from the children. On one occasion Lady C—— happened to look rather earnestly at the little Princess Maud, who was about to receive some dainty. The child hesitated, glanced at her mother and then at Lady C——, and, after what was evidently a struggle between inclination and the politeness which the princess insisted upon, said, very gravely, "Well, you may have it, if you want it," holding out the bit of bread and marmalade, to the great amusement of the princess and her guest; but when Lady C—— would have refused it, Alexandra whispered, "Please take it: she must learn to be thoughtful about others."

Guests at Sandringham come and go, invited by the host and hostess, in much the same fashion that governs all country invitations in England, dates being fixed for such visits; but of course it is never etiquette to refuse a royal invitation, no matter what engagements previously made have to be broken.

The routine of life at Sandringham may be generally outlined as follows. The morning is devoted by the prince and princess to their own special pursuits, their guests being free to employ themselves as they like, although it is customary for the princess to send for any one she pleases during the morning, to visit her in her own special sitting-room. The guest on entering the room must seat himself or herself by royal request,—happily the day of standing in royal presence is over,—and the visit is entirely informal, although it rests with the royal people to bring it to a conclusion, which is done, every one who knows the Princess of Wales says, in such a pretty manner by her that there is no awkward sense of being dismissed. Luncheon is sometimes taken in common, sometimes in separate parties; but the princess invariably invites some of her guests to accompany her in her afternoon drive, ride, or walk, and strict punctuality is enforced, the guests always assembling in the drawing-room a few moments before the hour named. Dinner at eight o'clock is stately and formal, but assembles the entire company, after which there is always half an hour at least of conversation with the princess and her young daughters, now considered in society, in the drawing-room, sometimes music and dancing, while the billiard- and smoking-rooms are as informally patronized as in any country-house, the prince being, so every one says, a delightful host.

In spite of the perpetual rumors given to the public, more or less



scandalous in their nature, his friends and the members of the household speak of the prince as most agreeable in domestic life, rather brilliant in conversation, always affable and well-bred, and apparently very fond of his wife and children.

At Sandringham the princess and her family go about very simply, and are well-known figures to all the country-people, who have endless stories to tell of the royal children, whom they have watched from infancy to early manhood and womanhood,—of Prince George's inveterate rabbit-shooting, Princess Victoria's passion for skating, and the long fearless rides of Princesses Maud and Louise. Music is the Princess of Wales's favorite recreation. A young lady who was considered, even by famous musicians of the day, to be the best amateur pianiste in England, told me that the only time she felt afraid to play was when the princess sent for her to Marlborough House to read duets with her.

It may be the fact of her Royal Highness's deafness which makes her averse to much general society; but she is constantly to be seen at public places of amusement, in the Park, and by her friends at certain social festivities during the London season. We catch the echoes of almost all the royal voices, however, sooner than hers. So rarely does one hear what "The Princess," as she is always called, says, that it may be inferred that she is extremely reticent in the expression of any opinion, although her sweetness of temper is proverbial. Of the kind-hearted, democratic, art-loving Princess Louise we used to hear enough to fill a volume, and could readily conjure up a picture of her at home which was satisfactory in every respect; and the likes and dislikes, the tastes and inclinations of the Princess Christian and her younger sister Princess Beatrice are equally well known; while the life of Princess Alice of Hesse flowed in a channel which had innumerable currents that reached every class of humanity, for she had a sympathy for all classes, beautiful in its womanliness, sublimely Christian in its mercy. But around the fascinating Princess of Wales's life hangs a sort of charmed silence, which certainly gives force to the little that we can relate on authority about her. There rises always to my mind a graphic picture given me by a friend, who with her young husband went to see the princess soon after the birth of her youngest daughter. Few of those really to be called "outsiders" ever see anything of the inner court life; few, indeed, even know where the private apartments at Windsor Castle are placed; and this occasion was the first on which my friend had ever penetrated to that long and beautiful corridor, so richly adorned with bric-à-brac, off from which are the private drawing-rooms known as the White and Green and Red rooms,—the latter being devoted chiefly to the ladies of the royal household. Beyond these is the queen's own dining-room, rather sombre in its appointments, but leading into a beautiful sitting-room, where my friend found the princess with her royal mother-in-law and one of the children. But presently the visitor was carried off to the princess's own apartments, where the new baby was proudly exhibited, and the happiness of the young mother as spontaneously shown as though she were the humblest of her sex, and an hour was spent in the most interested and feminine sort of discussion, my friend declaring that she almost forgot in the en-

thusiasm and friendliness of their talk the rank of her hostess, whom she had known well as a girl at Friedshoff when the Prince of Denmark's daughters were merry comrades of her own.

As a general rule, visits to or from the Princess of Wales—as well, indeed, as visits to or from other members of the royal family—are conducted with a certain rigid formality. When we read in royal memoirs bits like the following from the “*Letters of Princess Alice*,” “In the afternoon Bertie and Alix have promised to call on Lady Augusta and Dean Stanley, and we join them,” we are apt to fancy royalties going out for an afternoon call like everybody else; but the fact is that such visits are carefully prearranged. Intimate as was the dean's wife with the royal family, she was always notified when any member of the queen's family was about to visit her; and a rule is invariably observed on such occasions which prohibits other callers from entering the drawing-room while the royal guests are within it.

Except for these barriers of etiquette, such visits are as simply conducted as possible. How many times, I wonder, and how quietly have not the members of the queen's family gone down that quaint corridor and up the old oak staircase into the fine and home-like drawing-room of the deanery at Westminster! These hours of quiet, social intercourse with her chosen friends are, it is said, what the Princess of Wales cares most for in society; but her public appearances are always greeted rapturously, and her appearance justifies every expectation, even now when the bloom of her girlhood is past.

My own first recollection of the princess is at a very brilliant period of her life, during one happy summer, when the Princess Dagmar and Prince William of Denmark were with her. Day after day were the radiant and blooming sisters to be seen in the Park, dressed almost alike, and bearing a close resemblance to each other; although the Czarina of Russia has a heavier face and is darker in coloring than the Princess of Wales. Once during the same summer-time I saw the princess in private,—a girlish-looking woman, not yet five-and-thirty, and looking much younger, ideally graceful and fascinating in manner and expression, with something about the outline of her clearly-cut high-bred face which so far has defied time or ill health to mar, for the Princess of Wales is still a beautiful woman, with the bewitchment of her girlhood in her eyes, her smile, and the very poise of her head. Slender almost to fragility, with hair still luxuriant and richly brown, eyes of darkest blue, and features finely chiselled and almost too perfect in their regularity, she looks, whether in court costume, with the flash of jewels and the sweep of velvet, or in the simple cloth garments, high standing linen collar, and quiet little bonnet she is fondest of wearing, every inch what the English people love to call her, “The Princess;” but, even though she may one day be known as queen, Alexandra's highest claim to celebrity may rest upon her being, in spite of temptations to which many about her have yielded, without reproach, a high-minded and God-fearing woman.

*Lucy C. Lillie.*

## ORACLES.

**B**EFORE the birth-song of the Galilean  
 Thrilled through the spheres afar,  
 Long ere the echo of that sweet peace pæan  
 Was borne from star to star,

Men sought from prophets, priests, and statues graven,  
 To gain some gleam of light  
 That should illumine the future's pathway, paven  
 With shadows dark as night.

Far in the heart of Libyan deserts arid  
 Was Ammon's altar reared ;  
 And long and patiently the pilgrims tarried  
 To list the voice they feared.

The laurelled Pythian priestess of Apollo  
 From hills that Delphi crown,  
 Inspired by breathings from her cave's black hollow,  
 Sent her weird visions down.

Dodonian oaks, through whom low tongues seemed crying  
 To every wandering breeze,  
 Drew, by their power of wondrous prophesying,  
 Strange folk far over seas.

Happy were they who dreamed of no deceiving,  
 Whate'er the worshipped shrine,  
 Who lived undoubting lives out, still believing  
 In tokens sibylline.

Shall we, who bow before the one eternal  
 And gracious Godhead, hold  
 In scorn what they deemed sacred in those vernal  
 Sweet Grecian days of old ?

Ah, no, for while, its lustrous light outflinging,  
 Clear gleams the morning star,  
 The vocal trees, the free birds' rapturous singing,  
 Will be oracular !

*Clinton Scollard.*

## A BY-WAY IN FICTION.

NOW and then the wearied and worn novel-reader, sick unto death of books about people's beliefs and disbeliefs, their conscientious scruples and prejudices, their unique aspirations and misgivings, their cumbersome vices and virtues, is recompensed for much suffering by an hour of placid but genuine enjoyment. He picks up rather dubiously a little, unknown volume, and, behold! the writer thereof takes him gently by the hand, and leads him straightway into a fair country, where the sun is shining, and men and women smile kindly on him, and nobody talks unorthodox theology, and everybody seems disposed to allow everybody else the privilege of being happy in his own way. When to these admirable qualities are added humor and an atmosphere of appreciative cultivation, the novel-reader feels indeed that his lines have been cast in pleasant places, and he is disposed to linger along in a very contented and uncritical frame of mind.

There has come to us recently such a little book, published in Boston, but born of Italian soil and sunshine. It has for a title "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, together with Frequent Allusions to the Prorege of Arcopia," which is rather an unmerciful string of words to describe so gay and easy-going a narrative. It is said to be the first full-fledged literary venture of its author, Stanton Page, whose real name is Henry B. Fuller, and whose New-England grandfather was a cousin of Margaret Fuller's, though for the past fifty years the family have been settled in Chicago. The story, which is not really a story at all, but a series of detached episodes, rambles backwards and forwards in such a bewildering fashion that the chapters might be all rearranged without materially disturbing its slender thread of continuity. It is equally guileless of plot or purpose, of dramatic incidents or realistic details. The Chevalier may be found now in Pisa, now in Venice, now in Ostia or Ravenna, never driven by the vulgar spur of necessity, always wandering of his own free and idle will. He is accompanied sometimes by his friend Hors-Concours, an Italianized Frenchman from Savoy, and sometimes by the Prorege of Arcopia, the delightful Prorege who gives to the book its best and most distinctive flavor. At once dignified and urbane, conscious of his exalted position, and convinced that he fills it with equal grace and correctness, this superb official moves through the tale in an atmosphere of autocratic reserve tempered with the most delicate courtesy. His ministerial views are as unalterable as the rocks, and as sound, but he listens to the democratic ravings of his young American *protégé*, Occident, with the good-humored indulgence one accords to a beloved and precocious child. It must be confessed that Occident fails to make his arguments very convincing, or to impress his own personality with any degree of clearness upon the reader's mind. He is at best only a convenient listener to the Prorege's delicious theories; he is of real value only because the Prorege condescends to talk to him. When he ventures upon a truly

American remark about trying "to find the time" for something, his august friend reminds him, with dignity, that "the only man to be envied was the man whose time was in some degree his own, and the most pitiable object that civilization could offer was the rich man a slave to his chronometer. Too much had been said about the dignity of labor, and not enough about the preciousness of leisure. Civilization in its last outcome was heavily in the debt of leisure, and the success of any society worth considering was to be estimated largely by the use to which its *fortunati* had put their spare minutes. He wrung from Occident the confession that, in the great land of which Shelby County may be called the centre, activity, considered of itself and quite apart from its objects and its results, was regarded as a very meritorious thing; and he learned that the bare figure of leisure, when exposed to the public gaze, was expected to be decorously draped in the garment of strenuous endeavor. People were supposed to appear busy, even if they were not. This gave the Prorege a text for a little disquisition on the difference between leisure and idleness."

In fact, a beautiful, cultivated, polished, unmarred, well-spent inactivity is the key-note of this serene little book; and to understand its charm and meaning we have but to follow the Chevalier, in the second chapter, to Pisa,—to Pisa the restful, where "life is not strongly accentuated by positive happenings, where incident is unusual, and drama quite unknown." The Chevalier's windows, we are told, faced the north, and he sat and looked out of them rather more than active persons would deem pleasant or profitable. It even happened that the Prorege remarked this comfortable habit, and demanded of his friend what it was he looked at, inasmuch as there seemed to be no appreciable change from day to day. To which the Chevalier, in whom "Quietism was pretty successfully secularized, who knew how to sit still, and occasionally enjoyed doing so," replied with great acumen that what *had* gone on was quite as interesting to him as what was going on, and that nothing was more gratifying, from his point of view, than that very absence of change which had taken his Excellency's attention,—since any change would be a change for the worse.

He is destined, as it chanced, to prove the truth of his own theories, for it is in Pisa, of all places, that he is tempted to throw aside for once his *role* of contemplative philosopher, and to assume that of an active philanthropist, with very disastrous results. There is an admirable satire in the description of the two friends, Pensieri-Vani and Hors-Concours, gravely plotting to insure the success of an operatic débutante, to bring her out in the sunshine of their generous patronage, and with the direct approval of the Prorege himself, who kindly consents to sit in the front of a middle box and to wear a round half-dozen of his most esteemed decorations. Unhappily, an Italian audience does not like to have its enthusiasm expressed for it, even by such noble and consummate critics. As each well-arranged device of flowers or love-birds in a gilded cage is handed decorously forward, the house grows colder and more quizzical, until the débutante sees herself on the extreme verge of failure, and, putting forth all her powers in one appealing effort, she triumphs by dint of sheer pluck and ability over the

fatal kindness of her friends. The poor Chevalier, who has in the mean time left the theatre with many bitter self-communings, receives his lesson in a spirit of touching humility, recognizing at once his manifest limitations. "He perceived that he was less fitted to play the part of special providence than he had previously supposed; and he brought from this experience the immeasurable consolation that comes from knowing that very frequently in this sadly-twisted world things, if only left to their own courses, have a way of coming out right in the end."

The Pisan episode, the delicious journey of the Prorege and Pensieri-Vani in search of the "Madonna Incognita," a mysterious and elusive Perugino which turns out, after all, to be a Sodoma, and the memorable excursion to Ostia, are the finest and best-told incidents in the book. The story of the Iron Pot is too broadly farcical, too Pickwickian in its character, to be in harmony with the rest of the narrative; the Contessa's fête at Tusculum is so lightly sketched as to be absolutely tantalizing; and the practical jokes which that lady and the Prorege delight in playing upon one another are hardly as subtle and acute as we would like to find them. Indeed, the Prorege's conduct on board his own yacht is so deeply objectionable that I, for one, positively refuse to believe he was ever guilty of such raw rudeness. It is not kind or right in Mr. Stanton Page to wickedly calumniate this charming and high-bred gentleman whom he has given us for a friend. Neither is the battle of the Aldines as thrilling as might be expected, probably because it is impossible to accept the Duke of Avon and Severn upon any terms whatever. Occident, the American, is misty and ill defined; but he does not lack proportion, only vitality. The English duke is a mistake throughout, a false note that disturbs the atmosphere of serene good temper which is the principal attraction of the book; an effort on the author's part to be severe and cynical, just when we were congratulating ourselves that severity and cynicism were things far, far remote from his tolerant and kindly spirit.

The excursion to Ostia, however, is enough to redeem the whole volume from any charge of ill-nature; for if the Contessa does seize this opportunity to play one of her dubious tricks upon the Prorege, it is not until the little group of friends have proved themselves gentle, and sympathetic, and full of fine and generous instincts. It is a delicious bit of description throughout. La Nullaniuna has been crowned the day before at her Tusculum fête as "the new Corinne," and naturally feels that her proper cue is that of "genius-blasted fragility," overpowered and shattered by her own impassioned burst of song. With her is the widowed Princess Altissimi, her cherished friend and foil, a sombre beauty of a grave and chastened demeanor, against whose dark background the Contessa, "who was fully as flighty, and capricious, and *théâtrale* as a woman of semi-genius usually finds it necessary to be, posed and fidgeted to her heart's content." The Prorege, sublimely affable as ever, Pensieri-Vani and young Occident, eager and radiant, make up the party; and after the little inn has furnished them with a noonday meal of unusual profusion and elegance, they visit the adjoining church at the instigation of the



Princess Altissimi, who is anxious to see what this lonely and humble temple is like. All that follows is so exquisite that I must quote it as it stands, in proof of the author's faculty for delicate and sympathetic delineation:

"They were met on the threshold by the single priest in charge, a dark and sallow young man of peasant extraction, whose lonely battle with midsummer malaria had left him wholly gaunt and enervate. He saluted them with the deference which the Church sometimes shows to the World, though he was too true an Italian to be awed, or even embarrassed, by their rank; and he brightened up into something almost like eagerness as he offered to do the honors of his charge. The Prorege indulgently praised the wretched frescos which he exhibited so proudly, and the Contessa called up a flickering smile of pleasure in his emaciated face as she feigned an enthusiasm for the paltry fripperies of the high altar. This appreciative interest emboldened him to suggest their ascent to the gallery, where, from his manner, the great treasure of the church was to be revealed. The great treasure was a small cabinet organ, and Occident—triumphing in the ubiquity of the Western genius, yet somewhat taken back by this new illustration of the incongruities it sometimes precipitated—read upon it a name familiar to his earliest years. The priest, who evidently conceived it an impossibility for his beloved instrument to be guilty of a discord of any kind whatever, pleaded with a mute but unmistakable pathos that its long silence might now be ended; and the Princess, motioning Pensieri-Vani to the key-board, sang this poor solitary a churchly little air with such a noble seriousness and such a gracious simplicity as to move not only him but all the others too. Occident, in particular, who kept within him quite unimpaired his full share of that fund of sensibility which is one of the best products of Shelby County, and who would have given half his millions just then to have been able to sit down and play the simplest tune, implored Pensieri-Vani in looks, if not in words, to do for him what he himself was so powerless to compass; and the Cavaliere, who, like a good and true musician, preferred support from the lowest quarter to indifference in the highest, kept his place until their poor host, charmed, warmed through and through, attached again to the great body of humanity, could scarcely trust himself to voice his thanks. But the Princess whispered in the Cavaliere's ear, as his series of plain and simple little tunes came to an end, that he had not lost since she last heard him."

There is nothing finer in the story than this, perhaps nothing quite so good, though all of Pensieri-Vani's journeys are fruitful in minute incidents of a pleasant and picturesque quality. It is curious, too, to see how the Chevalier, who, except for that cat-like scratching about the Aldines, is the gentlest and least hurtful of men, manifests at times a positive impatience of his own refined and peaceful civilization, a breathless envy of sterner races and of stormier days. When he discovers the tomb of the old Etrurian warrior he is abashed and humbled at the thought of that fierce spirit summoned from thirty centuries of darkness to see the light of this invertebrate and sentimental

age, requested to forget his deep draughts of blood and iron, and to contentedly "munch the dipped toast of a flabby humanitarianism, and sip the weak tea of brotherly love." When he stands in the dim cathedral of Anagni, and contemplates the tombs of the illustrious Gaetani family and the mosaics which blazon forth their former splendors, he shrinks with sudden shame from the contrast between his feeble, forceless will and the rough daring of that mighty clan. "The stippling technique of his own day seemed immeasurably poor and paltry compared with the broad, free, sketchy touch with which these men dashed off their stirring lives; and he stood confounded before that fiery and robust intensity which, so gloriously indifferent to the subtleties of the grammarian, the niceties of the manicure, and the torments of the supersensitive self-analyst, could fix its intent upon some definite desire and move forward unswervingly to its attainment. Poor moderns! he sighed,—who with all our wishing never reach our end, and with all our thinking never know what we really think, after all."

These unprofitable musings of the Chevalier's seem to reflect some recurring discontent, some restless, unchastened yearnings on the part of the author himself; but they find no echo in the serene breast of the Prorege. He at least is as remote from envying the hostilities of the past as he is innocent of aspiring to the progressiveness of the future. He is fully alive to the merits of his own thrice-favored land, where the evil devices of a wrong-headed generation have never been suffered to penetrate: "Arcopia, the gods be praised, was exempt from the modern curse of bigness. One chimney was not offensive; but a million made a London. One refuse-heap could be tolerated; but accumulated thousands produced a New York. A hundred weavers in their own cottages meant peaceful industry and home content; a hundred hundred massed in one great factory meant vice and squalor and disorder. Society had never courted failure or bid for misery more ardently than when it had accepted an urban industrialism for a basis. . . . Happily the Arcopian population, except a fraction that followed the arts and another fraction that followed the sea, was largely agricultural, and exhibited in high union the chief virtue and the chief grace of civilized society,—order and picturesqueness. The disturbing and ungracious catch-word, 'Égalité,' had never crossed the Arcopian sea; if the Prorege had not been tolerably sure that his mild sway was to be undisturbed by the clangor of cantankerous boiler-makers and the bickerings of a bumptious, shopkeeping bourgeoisie, he would never have undertaken the task at all. He regarded himself as a just, humane, and sympathetic ruler, but he believed that every man should have his own proper place and fill it."

Such are the views smilingly detailed to the puzzled and outraged Occident, who, having been nourished in boyhood on the discourses of rustic theologians and the forensics of Shelbyville advocates, finds it difficult to assimilate his own theories of life with a civilization he so imperfectly understands. He doubts his ability to take the European attitude, he doubts the propriety of the attitude when taken, and the struggle ends in the usual manner by his marrying a wife and going

back to Shelby County to be a good citizen for the rest of his days. Hors-Concours, mindful of the duties entailed on the proprietor of a small patrimony and an ancient name, espouses with becoming gravity and deliberation the Princess Altissimi. The Prorege retires to Arcozia the blessed, whither we would fain follow him if we could; and Pensieri-Vani, left desolate and alone, consoles himself with the reflection that life has many sides, and that Italy has not yet given up to him all she has to give: "Others might falter; but he was still sufficient unto himself, still master of his own time and his own actions, and enamoured only of that delightful land whose beauty age cannot wither, and whose infinite variety custom can never stale."

*Agnes Repplier.*

### IS ALASKA WORTH VISITING?

THIS is the unvarying question which the returned Alaskan tourist hears and which he is put upon his conscience to answer. Immediately a panoramic procession of the scenic glories of trans-continental and Alaskan pictures, endless in variety, passes before the imagination, and a glowing, enthusiastic "YES" falls unhesitatingly from his lips.

"But what is there to see?" "It is a wilderness, is it not?" pursues the merciless interrogator, who does not wish to squander his precious sight-seeing, with its time, money, and fatigue, for that which profiteth not. The tourist from distant Alaska feels his enthusiasm blown upon by the cold breath of an iceberg judgment, and is called upon to seriously consider the question for his friends and to defend the position which he takes.

It is a wilderness, a tangle of a wilderness, a God-forsaken desert with only a few oases. It is seldom given to a traveller who cannot be a Stanley and penetrate the dark depths of Africa, or a Verestchagin who can scale with his easel and his palette the dizzy Himalayan heights, startling the solitude and scaring the eagle, to witness such isolation, such remoteness from the civilized world. If you go to Alaska you will be surfeited with scenery, scenery, scenery. Never in your life will you be so gorged with scenery. It comes upon you in every variety, and you are convinced that never more will you gaze upon a new type of scenery. You have now the whole gamut of wilderness scenery. You come to tranquil reaches of water, suggestive of lake and river, with islands covered with undulating hills. Again the water becomes oceanic, and you are on an ocean voyage, with shoals of porpoises gayly accompanying the ship, and huge whales and numerous sea-monsters disporting themselves in the deep waters, safe from the whaler's harpoon, since the depths of the Pacific and St. George's Channel are so great that they would not be returned to the surface for their capture till after many days. Again the channel narrows. Precipitous and rocky heights close in the green and rapid-flowing waters, and the trackless forests come close to the steamer's side, and

now and then a mountain-goat or a stealthy bear looks from its haunts upon the steamer as upon a passing show. Again the hills become seamed and scarred mountains, with scraps of glaciers clinging to the sides, and pouring down in deepened furrows are cascades ranging in size from a silver thread to a broad brawling torrent which has cut its way through the evergreen forests. And these coniferous forests are a sight in themselves. They are like huge communities of patriarchal families in which are five and six generations. Light-gray and hoary is the branchless stem of the old tree, which will fall before the sweeping blast of the next tempest, and close to it the branched and gray tree of the next generation, which elbows the deep gray-green tree its neighbor, which looks down upon the generations of green trees, shading ever into lighter and livelier verdure, down to the youngest sapling. Again the mountains recede, and an extensive archipelago is entered, filled with islands innumerable and of every form. Then there are the Mount St. Elias Alps, with their snow-clad summits losing themselves in the clouds or lifting their regal heads high into the sapphire heavens. Seek the world over and you will not find anything to surpass in awesome grandeur the beauties of the Lynn Canal and the wonders of Glacier Bay. Do not think that any picture can convey or any description portray these crowning glories of Alaskan scenery. To speak of the Alaskan trip is to speak of Glacier Bay and the Muir Glacier, until all who have heard of Alaska have heard of these wonders of nature. But seeing is believing, and you will never know nor believe how grand is the grandeur or how sublime is the sublimity. How can you picture it to yourself! Fancy waking some summer morning and looking from the window of your deck state-room to see wonderful shapes and forms of floating ice. You may feel that you are an ordinary mortal on an ordinary boat, and that your position is perilous, and that the steamer with the great masses of ice bumping against it is in great danger. If these sentiments *can* get the upper hand of you, do not be an Alaskan traveller: you will not enjoy it. But you must not, cannot feel thus. Instead, you will know that you are an immortal, that you have left earth and have entered upon a fairy scene. You are borne upon a strange sea, a crystal sea made beautiful by crystal forms floating, floating by, each mass more beautiful than the other. Some superhuman artist has sculptured shapes in this substance more beautiful than marble or porphyry, which shines in the sun with the fires of the opal or gleams with the prismatic hues of the goddess Iris. Glacial rivers are tributary to this wonderful expanse of water, and in them, ere they were set afloat, were reared these sea-nymphs and their crystal palaces. One of these glacial streams, a mile wide and three hundred feet high, as stately as Niagara, as awesome and as grand a sight as human eyes ever looked upon, closes in the bay and says, Thus far and no farther. Bursting upon the vision, one realizes that he has been led through this wonderful vestibule up to the grandest spectacle that Nature can produce. It is here that the icebergs are born with a tremendous detonation; tons upon tons of ice topple from the glacier's ragged edge; the echo is caught and carried on and on

down the bay; the ice falling sends up far above the icy wall a spray which forms a thick veil of mist; wave upon wave follows in gigantic circles adown the shore, announcing the advent of another berg. Gazing into the depths of azure and deep-blue caves at whose portals are gigantic shapes and gargoyles in crystal, and treated every five or ten minutes to the spectacle of an iceberg-birth, you will say, "Had I seen nothing else, although I had travelled half round the earth, Alaska is worth visiting."

Besides the tranquil landscapes, the archipelago, with its countless and multiform islands, the gray crag-bordered fjords, the Pacific expanses and coniferous forests, the snow-capped fifteen-thousand-foot mountains, with glaciers broad enough and long enough to cover a national territory, besides the icebergs, there is another marvel in Alaska. It is COLOR,—color such as the artist can never find on his palette in which to dabble his impotent brush. Nature here is the all-powerful colorist, and she ravishes the beholder. The greens, the blues, the browns, of Alaskan waters,—who can describe them, or the shades of coloring in these same forests, grays and greens in multitudinous varieties? A walk through one of these forests varnished with dew reveals a tangle of greens with bushes adorned with vivid coral berries strung in rosaries or massed in bunches. No tropical forest could exceed the coloring here shown. Every gray that eye could see or the imagination conceive is displayed in the beetling crags and cliffs, and these dusky colors change from moment to moment, and when the sun casts its last or its earliest rays upon them, enveloping them in a roseate hue, you think a miracle has been wrought, and you are transfixed by the transfiguration which has taken place. The sky—the Alaskan sky—is a revelation of color. Let it be sullen with foggy grays, let it be clear with sapphire calmness,—so clear that a mountain miles and miles away looks so near that it would seem that you would only have to stretch out your hand to touch it,—let it be painted with the sunset colors, gorgeous in the pomp of purple and red and gold, fading, fading in the long lingering summer twilight,—fading into the most entrancing shades of primrose sulphur and greenish yellow, and then almost to white, which deepens and deepens until the jewelled stars look out and the Aurora flashes her electric streamers in pulsating bands of light, which, reaching far up toward the zenith, change to delicate hues of pink and weird unearthly blues,—and you will say each is more remarkable than the other, and there are no words, no adjectives, left to describe it all; and, drunken to intoxication with this unparalleled display of color, you will say, Alaska is worth visiting.

You go to Alaska for scenery and for coloring. You have also a pleasurable sensation in the gratification of your love for adventure; but, after all, in the ordinary excursion, in the comfortable boat which steams from Tacoma, Seattle, and Port Townsend and is your hotel during your two or three weeks' journey to the tiny fragment of Alaskan territory which you visit, you have a feeling that you are not much of an explorer after all, and you look with envy on the Indian who, squatting in his dug-out canoe and paddling in unison with his family,



has started out for a thousand-mile voyage in any direction which his search for salmon or pursuit of game may take him; and you only appease that aroused inward consciousness which is telling you that you are an ordinary traveller, and not seeing much after all, by promising yourself that *next time* you come to Alaska you will not be of the vulgar herd of idle tourists going about seeing things from a steamer's deck, or making an hour's visit at an Indian village, or investigating a salmon-cannery. No, you will come out among the Indians, and in their canoes, with them for guides, you will explore the Stikine, go up the Youkon and Copper Rivers far into the interior, and perhaps push on the three or four thousand miles to the seal-fisheries of Behring's Sea. You will prospect for gold and other minerals about which you hear fabulous stories. You will measure the glaciers' flow and propound a theory or two of your own in regard to them and the icebergs. You will ascend Mounts St. Elias, Crillon, and Fairweather, and name some mountain-peaks, legions of which, lofty and snow-capped, await the honor of your christening. You will also determine their altitudes and confound the calculations, hasty and ill considered, which the few daring explorers have made. You will hunt the bear, capture the shy mountain-sheep in their fastnesses, catch salmon and trout, shoot plover and wild duck, and hobnob with the eagle in his eyry. All this you will do. Moreover, you will visit the tribes of Indians which have not been contaminated by the contact with civilization which has come to them in the shape of weekly boat-loads of tourists, who find them in the horseless and roadless settlements which characterize Alaska far from picturesque, clad in cheap calicoes and government blankets, bargaining and selling their hastily-made carvings and baskets to the eager purchasers with the craft and shrewdness of Jews. No, you will seek them far away from the high-roads of travel; you will learn their language and the significance of their grotesque carvings and lofty heraldic totem poles; you will become acquainted with their *Shaman* or medicine-men, witness their dances and their ceremonials, get accustomed to their untamed odors, and, leading their wild life, you will be initiated into their savage ways, and they will look more romantic and interesting. You will perhaps be able then to write a guide-book to Alaska which will win you the gratitude of future travellers, since it will deal with plain facts and render one independent of captains and ships' officers, whose invention has already been taxed in a most cruel and unwarrantable manner. You will also have gotten your adjectives into a superlative condition, and can add them in the shape of a glossary, for the ordinary tourist might as well stay at home as to go to Alaska without a suitable equipment of adjectives. All this you will do, and then you will not have a shadow of doubt as to whether *Alaska is worth visiting.*

Grace Peckham, M.D.



## HORACE, ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

*"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni," etc.*

**W**ITH warm west winds and grateful change to Spring  
 The blustering Winter soon must pass away,  
 And boats from stocks are moved, while fishers sing  
 Of summer skies and of the fair spring day.  
 No more in stables will the flocks delight,  
 Nor will the fire please the farmer's heart,  
 With no hoar-frost shall meadows now grow white,  
 But tender grass in every nook will start.  
 By Luna's light the chorus Venus leads,  
 While Nymphs and Graces join in mazy dance,  
 And shake the earth, the while grim Vulcan feeds  
 The forges of the Cyclops in advance;  
 For sultry Summer soon her mantle spreads,  
 And then this God of Fire claims his rest.  
 Now is the time to wreath all charming heads  
 With glossy myrtle, of all crowns the best;  
 The warming Earth for that same purpose brings  
 Flowers that, grown in dewy lap of May,  
 Are cooled in shady dells by plashing springs;  
 Then must we sacrifice, when groves are gay,  
 A lamb to Faunus, or perhaps a goat.  
 Ah! pale-faced Death impartially will cross  
 Both royal thresholds, 'spite the circling moat,  
 And sordid hovels thatched with humblest moss.  
 Oh! Sestius, happy Sestius, life is short,  
 Too short to e'en begin hopes long and fair;  
 Alas! eternal night broods o'er the port  
 Where floats that bark, thy life, unknown to care;  
 And shadowy spirits gather round to guard  
 The exiles lodged in Pluto's gloomy home:  
 If once that home be thine, thou'rt ever barred  
 From being king of feasts, by lot, in Rome;  
 And ne'er again can be thy watchful care  
 That tender Lycidas whom youths admire,  
 Whose charming face and sunny auburn hair  
 Will touch all maidens with Love's gentle fire.

*Caroline Augusta Furness.*

## IN THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

COPENHAGEN is hardly a beautiful or even a picturesque city ; but probably no European capital of its size is so rich in the abrupt contrasts which strike and stimulate the imagination. It is in fact the one city of a country in which the division of *Urbs* and *Rus* is carried out with singular completeness ; and while the land at large devotes itself with little variation or distraction to the making of butter or the growing of corn, its town population and the complex machinery for supplying their multifarious wants are all concentrated upon a single point. The one seat of commerce, of government and law, of art and science, of amusement, the one university, the one aristocratic head-quarters, the one first-class fortress and harbor, the one spot in which a Dane without leaving home may taste the urban luxuries of cafés and theatres worthy the name,—Copenhagen is a crowded microcosm which makes the impression of a city of the first rank without, as regards actual size, exactly being one. You step ashore on a quay alive with the shipping of all nations ; a few steps in one direction, and you walk under the shady avenues of the citadel garden ; in another, and you traverse the frigid wilderness of rococo in which the Danish nobility of the last century recorded its admiration of St.-Germain's ; a few minutes farther, and you plunge into the focus of the business world, a maze of tortuous and crowded streets upon which the sun peers with difficulty between many-storied houses ; by and by you emerge upon a boulevard planned in the colossal taste of the builders of Petersburg, or on a quiet canal recalling Holland in its long perspective of quays and bridges and many-colored boats.

All other spots in Copenhagen yield, however, in regard to the suddenness and impressiveness of the contrasts which they bring together, to the sequestered and grass-grown quay from which rises, sombre and austere, the Thorvaldsen Museum. A few paces off in one direction is the busy Amager market-place, with its bright fruit-stalls, its motley play of moving figures ; in the other, silent, bare, and black as the market is full of stir and sound and color, tower the ruins of the vast Christianborg,—the palace burnt five years ago, but on which no hand has yet been laid to render it a less obvious witness to the political dead-lock which prevents its reconstruction. Life on one side, devastation on the other, and between them the abode of lifeless but imperishable art. Outwardly, indeed, it is with the ruin that the Museum is most in keeping ; for it is designed in the severest style of sepulchral architecture. The suggestion of decay which is there violently imposed is here deliberately assumed. An obtrusive and ceremonious gloom pervades the whole design, relieved, it is true, by certain grotesque weather-worn vestiges of color on the walls, which once represented, and to the patient observer may still be said to betray, some of the more prosaic incidents of the sculptor's career, the charges to subordinates, the transport of models, the hard bargain-driving with

enlightened patrons from America and England. No doubt these peculiarities are not without ground ; for the place is, in fact, the tomb of Thorvaldsen as well as his museum ; his body rests in the centre of the sunny inner court, under a canopy of luxuriant evergreens, surrounded on all sides by the open arcades of the gallery and its gleaming monuments. It was characteristic of the lonely genius of the man that he preferred this self-wrought sanctuary, consecrated only by his presence and by the marble multitude of his spiritual children, to any temple of tradition. One could wish, indeed, that the idea of a mausoleum had had less influence upon the outer style. It strikes a perceptible discord to associate this prodigious worker, this life-long creator of eternal beauty, with decay ; even his pervading gravity is without any suggestion of gloom. But, once within the massive portals, this dissonance is forgotten, and the spectator abandons himself to the overwhelming presence of the marble world, which for exuberance of invention and inexhaustible wealth of beautiful forms has no parallel among the modern creations of plastic art. It is a world in which the delicate and exclusive genius of Greece seems to have laid its spell upon the ardent, fantastic, passionate, wanton genius of the Germanic race, and to have allayed its waywardness without impairing its charm. In this intimate blending of classic grace with romantic motive lies the secret of Thorvaldsen's immediate and irresistible effect upon the modern observer. He had in extraordinary degree the quality of imagination which instinctively divines under apparently alien forms the germs of harmonious and beautiful outline, of gracious emotion, and develops these with a creative energy at once infinite in resources and peremptory and precise in touch. In this world of Thorvaldsen's the birds and beasts, for instance, play a hardly less conspicuous part than in the fairy-tales of Grimm. The animals themselves are mostly Greek, the *rôles* assigned them have usually classic authority, and yet their continual recurrence and their intimate and familiar relations with men suggest a more primitive and infantine form of society than that which the Greeks, in their best period, chose to portray. Animal life is represented more and more sparingly by their sculptors in proportion as they approach in date the generation of Phidias ; and the great creators of the Parthenon frieze associated with their heroic types of man only the magnificent profile of the horse. But Thorvaldsen throws his doors wide open to the animal creation and draws it with visible delight in and out of season : he revels in his swans and eagles, dolphins, butterflies, lions, panthers, dogs, and sheep ; and his renderings of them preserve, with all their ideal grace, subtle suggestions of individual character which prevent their ever becoming academic or conventional. The dogs of Thorvaldsen, in particular, stand alone,—a noble breed, descended from the Argus of the Odyssey, which contrive to disclose all the ardor, the fidelity, the playfulness of dog-nature, without in any degree wronging the dignified decorum of sculpture. His animals assume the yoke of Art with ease, but they never lose touch with zoology ; they keep their native manners in the strange country, and yet wear them with a grace which makes them infinitely becoming and delightful. The swan forgets that

it is a classic symbol of love; it sees the glittering water hard by, and all the efforts of the Cupid whose chubby arms are round its neck cannot recall it to a sense of duty. In another Cupid-relief a dog puts out its nose to be stroked by a childish hand protruding from a cage of captive Loves,—a mere bit of by-play in one corner of the picture, but full of meaning. The great frieze of "Alexander's Entry into Babylon" offers less opportunity for these naïve touches, but it is a highly instructive example of Thorvaldsen's almost Oriental delight in animal life. Ordered by Napoleon for the Quirinal at Rome (where the original still remains), and in a certain sense inspired by his achievements, it forms a kind of marble pendant to the "Eroica" symphony which Beethoven in his enthusiasm dedicated, and in his indignation denied, to the conqueror of his country. In exuberant inventiveness and dramatic force it is indeed worthy of the comparison, while in the latter point it possesses an element almost wholly wanting to its otherwise unapproached antique counterpart, the frieze of the Parthenon. From opposite ends of the immense plaque, which occupies almost an entire side of the Museum, the ruined Babylonians and the triumphant Greeks, the one with their offerings, the other with their spoils, converge upon the magnificent centre-piece, where Alexander, mounted on his chariot, flushed with his glory and his youth, receives from the hands of Peace the wreath which perhaps he would rather have taken from another giver. The Greeks who follow him exult with him, and their horses arch their necks with the same fiery elation as their Attic prototypes. But the Babylonians move on desponding, and their driven flocks and herds share the contagious gloom; the very lions seem to feel themselves doubly captive and to acquiesce submissively in the universal catastrophe.

The sympathy with animal life has usually in the nineteenth century been accompanied by peculiar understanding of another form of immature humanity,—the child. No one who remembers that the poet of "Hartleap Well" conceived "Lucy Gray," and that his great brother-poet who wrote so exquisitely of the "little child, a limber elf, singing, dancing to itself," also hailed the ass "brother, spite of the fool's scorn," will wonder that Thorvaldsen has a child-world too of his own which, under the severest control of Greek form, altogether eludes and transcends the limits of Greek sentiment. For Greek art the child type is essentially restricted to Eros; but that crafty little being is, it need not be said, as far as possible removed from what the modern world chiefly loves and reveres in childhood. Thorvaldsen's art touches both extremes: his starting-point is, as always, purely Greek, but, as he proceeds, the unmitigated Cupid receives more and more the air of the natural and human child, and the process culminates in the exquisite sleeping and waking children of the "Night and Morning," and the winged infants of the "Ages of Love," who, instead of exciting passion by an arrow, convey it by the less harsh and artificial symbolism of an embrace. This last beautiful creation—which, it is said, so delighted the Pope when he visited the sculptor's studio that he forgot to give the customary blessing—also shows how far Thorvaldsen had travelled from the eroticism of Anacreon, in which

his early genius disported itself contentedly enough. Love is for him neither a Bacchic frenzy nor a voluptuous thrill, but a gracious hallowing passion.

On the whole, however, where the modern Thorvaldsen is most apparent behind the impassioned student of ancient art is in his self-conscious delight in, his persistent celebration of, art itself. He is not only a consummate artist, he is preoccupied with the glory and greatness of art. The gigantic worker is full of the characteristically modern enthusiasm for work. It is not that he exactly idealizes toil, as such, in the spirit either of Millet or of Carlyle. To elicit the beauty which lingers about the form of the reaper bowed with mechanical labor, is not a task which specially appeals to him; nor does he by any means wield his hammer in obedience to such a thought as inspired the cry of Sartor, "Produce! produce! and were it the pitifullest fraction of a product, produce it in God's name!" Carlyle's exaltation of labor is purely ethical; Millet's is primarily æsthetic, but the qualities which excite it are mainly external,—subtle beauties of contour and color which the eye of genius detects and interprets, but of which the laborer has no sort of consciousness himself. To Thorvaldsen, on the other hand, work is essentially the work of the artist, prolonged, arduous, exhausting, too, but accompanied at every step by a brooding delight.

It is not, indeed, his own art which he chiefly celebrates. He loves to represent the musician and the poet,—the genius of dance and of song; and no sculptor so nearly succeeds in making us forget the inexorable silence and the inexorable stillness of marble. Take the "Apollo playing to the Muses and the Graces." The divine patrons and inciters of music have fallen for once under its spell; the god wears the rapt look of the inspired musician, and the dancing Muses meet and mingle in spontaneous harmonies of motion which seem not so much to accompany the music as to render it visible and palpable. Or the more realistic and popular relief of "Homer reciting to the People,"—a veritable masterpiece of the art of recalling the characteristic effects of one fine art by symbols addressed to another. Every figure, every attitude, every gesture, carries on and enforces the illusion. The great rhapsode sits on the shore of his own resounding *Ægean*, surrounded by a motley crowd of listeners, of all ages and either sex, with nothing in common but the absorbed interest which holds them all spellbound as his hand crashes over the strings and the music of the *Æolic* hexameter breaks from his open lips. The eager lads in the foreground, listening with the open-eyed wonder of boyhood, the young men in the rear, critically inclined, but moved in their own despite, the mother clasping her child closer to her breast, the soldier involuntarily lifting his sword to share in the imagined strife, the old man leaning forward on his staff to catch more plainly this wondrous echo of the clanging battle-fields of his youth,—every one of these absorbed faces contributes its stimulus to the imagination, and renders it more instantly responsive to the magnificent energy of the central figure.

After all, however, it is when Thorvaldsen deals with his own art

that his consciousness of the dignity of the art-labor finds most telling expression, and nowhere more than in his profound and original rendering of Vulcan, the great working-god of antiquity. The Greeks were not always able to take their divine artisan quite seriously; Homer handles him with unmistakable jocosity, and by no means intends that the gods should have the monopoly of the good-humored mirth with which they watch him hobbling down the hall of Olympus. That conception reflects a state of society in which, notwithstanding the wonderful achievements of art, the artist as such had no inherent and peculiar dignity,—in which he was not yet wholly detached from the class of handicraftsmen upon whom the Greek looked down with so supreme a disdain. No trace of such conceptions is visible in the Vulcan of Thorvaldsen. He represents a man of ripe years in the fulness of manly vigor, the frame supple and strenuous but without any exaggerated suggestion of muscular power, the face of a refined and almost melancholy beauty, the eyes austere enthusiastically, the fine brow touched with intellectual *hauteur*. The traditional god of forge and smithy becomes a god of culture and fine art, the stalwart Ajax grows into a many-minded Odysseus,—nay, a Prometheus.

Of Prometheus himself, indeed, Thorvaldsen has given us a characteristic representation, which, like most other modern versions of him, is highly instructive to the critic, for there is no finer trier of spirits than this most pregnant and suggestive of Greek myths. To Shelley he represents the revolt of the "eternal spirit of the chainless mind" against the triumphant but doomed tyranny of Law. To Goethe, on the other hand, in his splendid unfinished masque "Pandora," he appears as the restless insatiable worker, the embodiment of action as opposed to thought, the hater of idle pomp and feasts; while Epimetheus, his younger brother, is his complete antithesis, the man of dreamy retrospection. The originality of that work lies in the new and subtle complexion which he gives to this ancient and well-worn antithesis, Prometheus, the prudent hero of the original legend, being treated with a certain disparagement as a type of purely practical energy, while Epimetheus, the luckless brother whom the old moralists used as his foil, becomes the embodiment of the dreams of genius, of the visionary brooding of the poet. Thus the pair, from representing forethought and repentance, come to resemble in a sense the "Allegro" and the "Penseroso" of Milton,—only that Epimetheus's pensiveness is without gloom, and Prometheus's cheerfulness without repose. Thorvaldsen, as may easily be understood, took a course divergent from both poets. To the temper of revolt he was as inaccessible as men exclusively absorbed in art commonly are; and Shelley writing his great lyric drama among the ruins of old Rome would have found no ready listener in the Northern artist who was then wielding his hammer not many yards away. It is not the conception of the Titan chained and defiant, magnificent as it is, which arrests Thorvaldsen, but that of the inventive and creative genius; and accordingly he shows us the great craftsman bringing his work, the triumphantly constructed Man, to Athena, that she may breathe life into it. It is equally natural that Thorvaldsen's attitude towards



Prometheus should differ from Goethe's. The two men themselves had a certain resemblance to the two brothers as Goethe conceived them, and each judged with the bias of his own character. Goethe, with all his incessant activity, was, on the whole, most of Epimetheus's mind: brooding meditation, the waiting for the happy moment, the felicitous opportunity, counted for more with him than deliberate planning. Thorvaldsen, on the other hand, might have sat as the model of Goethe's Prometheus,—true craftsman as he was, of heroic build and heroic energy, impatient of interruption, scornful of the indolent amenities of life, inaccessible to all knowledge that could not be worked into marble. He was, in fact, one of those to whom the world speaks through one organ only, but with an intensity proportioned to the narrowness of the channel. Sculpture was the one medium through which his intellect listened and spoke. The good fortune which brought him to Rome was the key to his career. When he first arrived there, a raw Scandinavian student, wholly ignorant of Italian, indolent, indifferent even to the history of art and to all other history *a fortiori*, he might well appear even to sympathetic observers, as he did, strangely ill qualified to use the splendid privilege he had won. But the first visit to the Vatican struck home with overpowering effect. For the time he was paralyzed. The dreaming days were over; the work of his life lay unmistakably before him; but the fearless rapidity of conception and execution which had procured him his easy triumphs had grown impossible. It was only for a time, however, and then the profound congeniality of artistic nature, which made Thorvaldsen, in spite, as we have seen, of wide divergences of sentiment, the most Greek artist of modern times, asserted itself with gathering sureness and energy. From that moment his career was a record of labor without haste and without rest, unclouded by any fluctuation of method or of aim, and scarcely matched in the annals of art for evenness and certainty of inspiration.

C. H. Herford.

### BENEATH THE TREES.

I WALKED to-day where Spring her banners green  
 Had far o'er meads and flowery vales unfurled,  
 While flecks of splendor from the sunlit world  
 Came drifting down, the wind-blown leaves between:  
 With sunshine and with shadow sown, I ween,  
 The way I walked in was, with frost and fire;  
 Here seemed to glow the wings of young desire;  
 In shadow veiled, there pale regret was seen.  
 "Our life is such," I said,—"mosaic laid  
 Upon time's floor, half darkness and half light,  
 The sport of chance's idly-dancing leaves;  
 And now all heaven illumines an open glade,  
 And now a bosky dell seems paved with night:  
 Thus Life her varied web with ceaseless shuttle weaves."

Charles Morris.

## SONNY.

THE road was wider by the school-house and old Daniel Price's and George Price's. It made a broad loop to the west, then it bent along again to the south.

The small school-house stood on one side of the loop, old Daniel Price's and George's on the other. Old Daniel's, directly opposite the school-house, was a tiny, bright-colored building. There were only two rooms and a loft in it. The clapboards were painted red, and the little window- and door-casings white. It was close to the road, and seemed to start up suddenly and artlessly, like a red wayside flower.

Old Daniel sat in an arm-chair in his front door, and looked over at the school-house. The windows were open, and the shrill babble of children's voices floated out. Now they spelled in unison; now they multiplied; now a thin, sweet little voice piped up alone; and an older one was heard between-whiles, in reproof or direction.

The old man listened admiringly. "That's Sonny spellin'," he said to himself, when a certain child-voice rang out by itself. And he leaned forward and fixed his sharp black eyes more intently on the open windows. He was old,—over eighty,—but his deep-set eyes were very bright still, and sharp.

It was an afternoon in the latter part of August. The wind was very cool; the tree-boughs tossed up lightly in it, every leaf pointed out crisply and had a dark glisten of its own. A patch of ripe corn in a field swayed over, and looked as if it were covered with a thick silver fleece.

The afternoon sun shone full on Daniel's bald head, but its heat was so mild that he did not mind it.

He sat with his arms in their calico shirt-sleeves on the arms of the chair, and watched the school-house. Now and then a pair of young wistful eyes peered over a window-sill. Some tiny wild creature looked out at the wide, shady road, the fields all gold and white with fall dandelions and wild carrot, and seemed almost to flutter invisible wings with eagerness to be out there.

When one little yellow poll appeared, the old man opposite nodded violently, with grimaces of delight.

"Hullo, Sonny!" he sang out, softly. And the child's face showed all distended with a smile, for an instant, above the window-sill, before it bobbed out of sight.

It was almost time for the school to be closed, when Daniel started up suddenly. "What's that!" cried he. He heard the sharp swish of a switch, then a shrill wail, "O—o—oh!"

"What in creation's she doin' of to Sonny!"

The old man was lame, but he appeared to move across the street only the faster. The extra impetus necessary to swing that stiff limb seemed to overlap and carry the rest of the body with additional speed.

When he stood in the school-room door, there was a little flaxen-haired boy beside the desk, sobbing in his crooked arm, while the teacher switched his small legs.

Daniel Price stumped over to her, and caught her arm.

"What air you a-doin' of to Sonny?"

The child stopped sobbing, and peeped over his arm; the other children stared, their mouths open and the corners drooping.

The teacher was a thin, light-haired woman, with small-pox marks on her high-featured face. She had an air at once aggressive and miserable.

"William has been disobedient," said she, stiffly, "and I was obliged to punish him."

"Disobedient, hey? What's he been a-doin' of?"

"He has failed in his spelling-lesson every day for a week; and I told him I should be obliged to punish him if he did again. I was sorry to, but I felt that I must, for William's own good."

The school-teacher released her arm from the old man's grasp with determined dignity. That thin, sharp-elbowed arm was hard with muscles.

"Missed his spellin'-lesson, hey? Well, I know a good many other folks that miss spellin'-lesson, an' don't git threshed fur it. What was the word he missed on, marm?"

"Elephant," replied the teacher, shortly. "You may go to your seat now, William."

"Elephant, hey? Well, I s'pose you wouldn't miss on elephant, Miss Peters; I s'pose you wouldn't run no risk of a threshin' on that. I s'pose an elephant to you's the same as a cow is to Sonny here,—that is, in the way of spellin'. But there was a word we used to have put out to us in spellin'-school in my young days——"

Daniel paused a moment, and stood gazing at her. His old face broadened out; every seam in it took on an upward, facetious curve.

"Now, marm, I'm jest a-goin' to put out a word to you, if you're willin'."

"Well," said the teacher, trembling helplessly. Her indignation, to which she dared not give vent, rushed through her, and shook her like steam.

"Well, marm, if you'd spell—Syzygy."

"What?"

"Syzygy, marm."

"I don't understand the word, Mr. Price."

"Sy-zy-gy."

"Is it in the dictionary?"

"Yes, marm, 'twas, the last I knew."

Then poor Miss Peters spelled. "Sizagy," said she.

"No, marm; that ain't jest right."

"Sizegey."

"No, marm."

There was a little chorus of soft titters from the small scholars. Miss Peters looked at them fiercely, and they were sober and attentive again.

"How do you spell it, Mr. Price?" Acknowledged defeat seemed to her now more dignified than further contest.

Old Daniel spelled it.

Miss Peters opened the big dictionary on her desk, and looked up the word, hoping that she should not find it. "Yes, you're right," said she. "I had never seen it before."

"Well, you needn't feel bad, marm, 'cause you couldn't spell it. I ain't goin' to give you a switchin'."

The whole school broke out in a laugh at that. The old man winked comically at them, as he said it. Miss Peters brought her ruler down on the desk with a heavy thud; her hard, thin face was flaming. "Silence!"

Daniel pretended to jump sideways with alarm, and that amused the scholars still more. Miss Peters had to pound on her desk again.

"Have you got any objections to lettin' Sonny go now?" said Daniel. "I've—got a leetle work I'd like have him help me about."

He gave a knowing look at Sonny.

"No; he can go," said the teacher, taking up a book, and clutching at her old prestige at the same time. It seemed to soar high above her head, like an aerial body, and her fingers only brushed it, however. "The second class in geography may take their places," said she, nervously.

Sonny looked at her, then at his grandfather; he bobbed up from his seat, then went down again.

"You may go, William," said Miss Peters. Then he patted quickly down between the desks to his grandfather, and clung to his horny, protecting hand with his own soft little fingers.

Sonny wore baggy little trousers, and a checkered gingham tunic. His small face, which was generally upturned, was pink-cheeked and peaked-chinned; the mouth was small and sweet; the eyes china-blue, round and innocent. He was almost always smiling, as if to himself; he was now, and his late tears had not left a trace on his pretty cheeks.

When he reached the door, Daniel turned about and faced the teacher once more. He lifted his right hand, as if he were orating. "Miss Peters—"

"I'm afraid I can't stop to talk any longer, Mr. Price."

"Oh, I ain't a-goin' to hender you, Miss Peters. I jest wanted to say one thing; an' I want you to kinder lay it up an' think about it. When it comes to downright wickedness, there's some sense in threshin'; but there ain't none unless it does come to it. If everybody was to be threshed for spellin' wrong, there wouldn't be no room on this airth for any trees but birches, an' you couldn't hear the meetin'-bell for the swishin' of 'em. Come, Sonny."

"Did she hurt you much?" asked the old man, when he and the child were safely over in the little house across the way.

"Dreadful! Kin I have a pear, granpa?"

"She shan't lay her hand on you ag'in, if I have my say about it."

"Kin I have a pear, granpa?"

"Jest go right up-stairs an' help yourself, Sonny. Don't take none but what's mellar."

After Sonny had gone to bed that night, Daniel went over to his nephew George's to talk about the matter. George had gone down to the village, but his wife Hannah was at home. She was fleshy and pretty-faced and quick-spoken.

"Sonny ain't goin' to school to that woman another day," declared old Daniel, after he had finished the recital of his wrongs.

"Why, how can you get along if he don't, grandpa? You don't want him to grow up and not know anything?"

"I reckon I kin learn him awhile."

"Land sakes, grandpa!"

"You kin pooh at it all you want to, Hannah. I kin learn him to spell as well as Miss Peters, I reckon, an' not thresh him to death, nuther."

"Now, grandpa, I don't b'lieve she meant to hurt him much."

"Don't keer what she meant; she won't git another chance whilst I live. Shan't nobody abuse Sonny whilst I'm round. When I ain't, I s'pose I shall have to grin an' bear it an' not say nothin'. See here, Hannah, you ain't forgittin' what I've told you about Sonny in case anythin' happened to me?"

"Of course I ain't, grandpa."

"You'll see to it he don't work too hard, an' has what he wants to eat? Sonny ain't pertickler, but there's some things he likes. You'll see to it he has his flapjacks for breakfast?"

"Land, yes, he shall have his flapjacks! Don't you worry, grandpa."

Daniel kept his resolution: Sonny never went again to Miss Peters's school. Every day the old man labored faithfully with him over spelling-book and reader, trying to call to mind, for love's sake, the forgotten learning of his youth. The two would watch gleefully Miss Peters hieing in angular majesty to the school-house of a morning.

"There's madam," Daniel would say, chuckling, and poking Sonny. "Couldn't spell syzygy: could she, Sonny, hey?"

However, as the time wore on, old Daniel took less delight in his part of school-master. Not that the duties pertaining thereto were too onerous for his painstaking affection; but the position itself grew to be an unstable one. Sonny was a mild, sweet-tempered little fellow, but he disregarded entirely his grandfather's orders in the matter of education. Sonny, disobeying, with his sweet, smiling little mouth, and his gentle, innocent eyes, was a perplexity.

"I can't do nothin' with him," the poor old man confessed, one day, to Hannah Price. "He won't learn his lessons; but there don't seem to be no sense in scoldin' of him for't, when he's so pleasant about it."

"It's turnin' out jest the way I thought 'twould," said Hannah. "You'd better make up your mind to send him back to school, grandpa."

"Who's that goin' by?" said Daniel.

"That's John Stebbins. If you want Sonny to amount to——"

"John's goin' kinder lame, ain't he?"

"I don't know. Is he? I heard lately he wanted to marry Mrs. Bancroft, and she wouldn't have him."

"Silas Bancroft's widder?"

"Yes."

Daniel sat staring out of the window at the limping, gray-bearded, round-shouldered man passing up the road. Just then Miss Peters came out of the school-house, and the two saluted each other stiffly.

Suddenly Daniel's old round face twitched, and all its hard seams deepened with laughter.

"What's the matter, grandpa?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'!" But he still chuckled.

Some weeks later, Hannah came over to his house one afternoon with a piece of news.

"Guess what I heerd this morning, grandpa," said she.

The old man's eyes twinkled. "How should I know what you've heerd, Hannah?"

"Well, you can send Sonny to school again before long, I guess. Miss Peters is going to be married."

"Guess I knew that afore you did."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew. John Stebbins the one, ain't it?"

"Now, how did you know, grandpa?"

"Well, me an' John talked it over a leetle aforehand."

"Grandpa Price, what do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah, if you won't say nothin' 'bout it. It kinder struck me, you know, when you said that 'bout Mrs. Bancroft's not havin' of him, that Miss Peters would make him a good wife."

"I never!"

Daniel chuckled between his sentences, as he went on:

"So one day I kinder dropped over there, to see if he didn't want ter sell a leetle of his trash wood, an' I spoke 'bout it, kinder easy. I said somethin' 'bout its bein' pretty hard for him gittin' along the way he was, alone. An' then I sorter joked him 'bout gittin' married. 'Lots of nice girls round here,' says I: 'there's Miss Peters,' says I. 'I'm kinder afeard of her,' says he; 'she looks as if she might be pretty high-spirited.' 'No, she ain't, very,' says I; 'she looks a leetle that way, but she ain't. She's jest as gentle as a lamb.' Well, I kinder praised her up, an' I see he listened. The next Sunday night I watched, an' I see him go home from meetin' with her."

"Now, Grandpa Price, ain't you ashamed of yourself? You know she won't make any kind of a wife for him."

"Oh, p'rhaps she will, Hannah. Bein' in love works miracles, you know, sometimes."

Daniel's scheme proved successful: that was Miss Peters's last term. The old man was exultant. He peeped slyly in the window on the last day of the school, after the pupils had gone. He intended to gratify his malice—which was well tempered by good nature, after all—by a few facetious remarks to her on her approaching nuptials. He was non-plussed, however, to see the teacher with her head on her desk crying; and he withdrew softly.

"I wonder what on airth she was cryin' for," he thought. His simple old man's imagination could not conceive the true cause of her



grief,—that this poor, elderly, pock-marked, hard-tempered woman was weeping over the tender, shamefaced romance, the natural gold of her womanhood, with which she was to part forever on the next day when she married John Stebbins for a home and support.

"Mebbe she wouldn't like to be joked," said Daniel, thoughtfully. "Well, she'll have a good home with John, and I'm glad on't. She's had a kind of a hard time, poor thing."

Miss Peters's successor was a pretty, happy-going girl, who was after Daniel's own heart. She was as lenient to Sonny as he could wish. He watched the boy trudge across the road to put himself under her easy rule, with satisfaction.

"Sonny's gittin' along fust-rate with the new teacher," he told Hannah Price. "She's real pleasant with him, an' he got a reward of merit last night. He's a-comin' over to show it to you. He's dretful tickled with it."

Old Daniel rose early of a morning, and laboriously made the fire, and fried the cakes in which Sonny's soul delighted. He covered them thickly with butter and maple syrup, and then watched the child eating them, with their sweetness a thousand times intensified in his own consciousness. While Sonny ate material cakes, old Daniel fed on some which might have served angels. He never ate his own breakfast until the boy had gone; he could not forego the exquisite delight of watching him, and that finer way of satisfying his own hunger. The sweetness of the very honey of love seemed trickling down his throat and through his blissful soul as he looked at his beloved child eating with such delight the food which he had prepared for him. What cared he for other breakfast while that lasted?

Daniel was a small pensioner of the war of 1812. He had always regarded his little quarterly dole from a grateful government as a noble income. He went to the selectmen's room once in three months for it, with the air of a prince claiming his revenue.

"It don't actilly seem to me, sometimes, as if I had any right to't," he used to say, with a modest chuckle, which revealed his real pride and delight, like an opening door. "I only fit in that war 'bout three days, reely, an' the rest of the time I stayed in a fort. I didn't git hurt, as I know of, nuther. I don't s'pose I should ha' thought that gov'ment owed me anythin', if my son William, Sonny's father, hadn't set out I could git it. An' arter I got it I thought there wa'n't no use in my worryin' over it. Ef gov'ment wanted to give me that money, it wa'n't none of my lookout. Gov'ment ought to know better'n me whether I deserved it or not. It's got more brains than one man. I s'pose, most likely, I was more vallyble in that war than I knew for. I tell you, the United States gov'ment is the best one in this world to work for."

Daniel was much troubled by the reflection that this fine income must cease at his death, and Sonny could then have no further benefit from it. He hoarded every cent which he could save from their simple expenses, and deposited it in the bank.

"Don't let 'em lay out no more on my buryin' than they kin help," he told Hannah, to whom he had confided the matter. "I never

wanted to make a show. An' the rest's fur Sonny,—every cent. There mustn't nobody else tech it. I'm agoin' to leave it with you, Hannah, to see to. When it comes to money-matters 'twixt relations, women is full as straight as men. Don't you let George have any use on't."

Daniel had many worries, as any one must who loves either himself or another much. His ever-active anxiety was concerning Sonny's welfare after he should be gone. Would Hannah Price and George care for the child as faithfully and tenderly as he had? They had two boys of their own: how would little, pretty, petted Sonny fare in the same nest? The old man thought of it day and night; he often broached the subject to Hannah, but her good-humored assent did not satisfy him: he was still suspicious.

When Sonny had been in school with his new teacher a half-term or so, he went home one night and did not find his grandfather in the house as usual.

He looked about a little, and called "Granpa!" several times; then he sat down and ate his supper. It was all set out for him on the table: the supper he liked best, too,—gingerbread and milk and plenty of sauce. There was a good fire in the stove. Everything was very comfortable. After the boy had eaten his supper, he began calling "Granpa!" again.

The dusk was settling down fast. Sonny stood in the middle of the kitchen, his little face shining out like a star from the soft gloom, calling piteously, over and over, "Granpa! Granpa!"

It grew darker. Suddenly Sonny was wild with terror; the darkness and the loneliness seemed to hold terrible presences. His call spread out into an inarticulate howl, and he sprang out of the house and across the yard to his aunt Hannah's, as he called her.

"What on earth's the matter, child?" said she.

He clung to her, choking with fear, trying to speak.

"Granpa!" he gasped out, finally.

"Grandpa! What's the matter with grandpa?"

"He's gone! He—ain't—there!"

"Is that all?" said Hannah, relieved. "He's gone down to the store for something or other, I guess, Sonny. You can just wait here till he comes back. You were afraid all alone there in the dark, wasn't you?"

Sonny, easily comforted, in the lamp-light, with people around him, composed himself to wait, and after a while fell asleep in his chair, his pretty head wagging sideways, his little pointed chin dipping down into his gingham breast.

Finally, Hannah was alarmed herself, as it grew later and Daniel did not appear. She sent George down to the village to inquire if he had been seen at the store, or at any of his wonted haunts. By midnight a search was fairly organized. Lanterns were flashing along the country roads; dark forms were running by and stooping now and then over some gloomy hollow, where a shadow looked like substance, to see if perchance poor old Daniel was lying there in some sore strait.

"He drew out his pension-money yesterday," whispered one. Then the surmises grew grim. Stretched out stiff and motionless in one of

these black nooks they pictured to themselves old Daniel; his chin would be tipped back, his hands clutching helplessly. Every time they stooped over a long shadow at the roadside, a horror, as of certainty, seized them.

But the picture existed only in their searching imaginations, never in life. A month passed by, and they had found no trace of old Daniel Price. The prevalent theory was that he had been murdered for the sake of his pension-money; but, if he had, the murderer was an adept in concealing his crime. The river and the neighboring ponds had been dragged, and the woods ransacked, but not a shred of the supposed victim found. Daniel had a brother over in Barnstable, a town about twenty miles distant, and the news was sent to him. George wrote on a forlorn conjecture that the old man might have taken it into his head to visit his brother.

"But it ain't any use," he told his wife. "Uncle Dan'l ain't seen his brother for twenty year; an' there never was much love lost between 'em. Uncle Cyrus is an odd stick. It ain't reasonable that he'd go off there now this way an' not say anything about it."

George settled down to this belief when no response came to the letter. At the end of a month they had nearly given up ever seeing old Daniel again. They had a little thrill of expectancy still on every new morning; but it was fast dulling. Sonny went to school as usual; he had cried some at first for his grandfather, but he no longer did. At times, when Hannah would not indulge him to an extent which he desired, he would appeal pitifully to the memory of his grandfather. "Granpa'd let me," he would say, "if he was here."

On these occasions, Sonny, with the artless and candid selfishness of childhood, suffered genuine regret for the absent Daniel. He would run raging over to his old home, and search through the rooms, to see if he had come.

But these occasions were few. Hannah Price treated Sonny with more leniency, generally, than she did her own boys, and the child was contented enough.

One night, about dusk, an old figure came plodding up the road to George Price's. There had been a fall of snow that day, and it was heavy walking. The figure pushed on resolutely; a halt about one side only seemed to give it additional impetus. When it reached George Price's, the door opened suddenly, and a little form appeared in a radiance of yellow lamp-light.

"Sonny, Sonny!"

"Oh, granpa! granpa! Here's granpa! Aunt Hannah, Aunt Hannah, here's granpa!"

"Was you—a-lookin'—out fur—granpa, Sonny?"

"I was lookin' out to see if Tommy was comin'. He's gone down to the store to buy a rat-trap. Say, ain't that him down the road?"

"Glad to see granpa, ain't you, Sonny?"

Sonny flung his little arms tight around the old man's neck. "Don't you go off ag'in, granpa."

"No, I ain't never goin' to. I wouldn't ha' gone this time, if it hadn't been on your account, Sonny."

Then the two went into the house, Sonny running ahead, and crying, "Granpa's come! Aunt Hannah, look here, quick! Granpa's come!"

George Price and his wife appeared with white faces and awed eyes. They could not appreciate the simplicity of the marvellous, as could Sonny on his overlooking heights of childhood. Then, too, they had beliefs and theories, whose overthrow shocked them; and Sonny had nothing but his infantile acceptance of the situation.

"Where have you been, grandpa?" stammered Hannah, at length.

"You act mighty queer, seems to me, you an' George," said Daniel. "I've jest been over to Barnstable, to Cyrus's, to stay a few weeks."

"Over to Barnstable, to Cyrus's!"

"Yes: I hadn't seen him for twenty year, an' I thought 'twas 'bout time. He didn't know me, as 'twas, at fust. 'Tain't right fur brothers to be livin' so."

"Why on earth didn't you say anything about it?"

"Why, I didn't see no need of makin' a great lot of talk 'bout it. I thought I could jest slip off kinder quiet, an' come back when I got ready."

"I should think you was crazy! Why, we've been 'most scared to death about you. Didn't Cyrus get that letter I wrote him?"

"What letter?"

"I wrote to him, and asked him if he'd seen anything of you."

"Lord! Cyrus never goes to the post-office. I don't believe he's had a letter for forty year."

"Everybody's been hunting for you."

"Huntin' for me! Well, I dun know what ye were thinkin' 'bout. I should ha' s'posed ye'd thought I was 'bout old enough to take care of myself."

As soon as he could escape from the wonder and reproaches, dimly tintured with joy over his return, he retreated to his own little home with Sonny. After he had got a fire started, he sat down in his old chair, and took the child up on his knee.

"Look a-here, Sonny, I'm a-goin' to ask you somethin', an' you mustn't never say nothin' 'bout it to your aunt Hannah. You'll rec'lect, won't you?"

"Now, Sonny, I jest want to know how your aunt Hannah treated you arter I was gone. Was she real pleasant with you?"

Sonny reflected. Then his innocent eyes kindled. "She wouldn't let me go a-slidin' on the river, 'cause she thought the ice was too thin: it wa'n't."

"She didn't thresh you, nor nothin', 'bout it, did she?"

"No: she give me some cake if I'd stay to home. The ice wa'n't too thin, granpa."

"Didn't she thresh you once whilst I was gone?"

"No: I guess she didn't, granpa."

"You'd rec'lect ef she did, wouldn't you?"

"I guess so."

"Was she real smilin' an' good to you?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"She didn't never give Tommy nor John pie an' not give you any, did she, now?"

"Oh, granpa! she give me some once when they didn't have any, 'cause, she said, I was the littlest."

"She did, hey? Did you have enough to kiver you up warm, nights?"

"I guess so."

"Well, there's another thing: did you have flapjacks fur breakfast every mornin', Sonny?"

"Yes, I did. Say, granpa, Aunt Hannah's flapjacks is better than yourn."

"Well, Sonny, you must allers be a good boy, an' mind your aunt Hannah. I guess she'll take real good care of you when granpa ain't round."

Daniel asked no more questions. Presently the child fell asleep in his arms; and he sat there for a long time, holding him, and looking straight ahead, with an expression as if he saw a bright future.

*Mary E. Wilkins.*

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### THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

THERE is a little colony of philanthropic young women doing earnest work for the elevation of the masses in New York City, but so quietly have they established themselves and so modestly have they worked that few Gothamites north of the Bowery have even heard of their presence at 95 Rivington Street, where for a year or more they have been conducting a veritable "Palace of Delight" for the mothers and children of the east side.

The College Settlement, the name adopted by the colony, is composed of graduates from Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr Colleges, who have organized themselves into an association for practical friendly work among the poor, on a basis which has never before been tried in this country, but which has a precedent in Toynbee Hall, London, the methods of which were thoroughly studied by two of the originators of the American movement, while pursuing a course at Oxford and Cambridge Universities. The house at 95 Rivington Street is a large, old-fashioned mansion, the interior workmanship of which proclaims it to have been at one time the residence of some of Murray Hill's ancestors. The rooms are large and high-pitched, with the lofty impressiveness which so delighted the dames of several generations back.

The location and size of this house having been found desirable, it was rented and put in thorough repair before the girls took possession. Although the exterior of the building is dingy and unattractive, the interior is all "sweetness and light." The visitor upon entering the parlor is impressed with the air of refinement which pervades the apartment as his eye makes note of the really fine engravings on the delicately-tinted walls, the well-bound books on the cabinet shelves,

and the objects of *virtu* scattered about with the careless grace that suggests the presence of cultivated women. The household, numbering from seven to nine members, consists of a housekeeper, who also performs the duties of *chef*, Miss J. G. Fine, who is known as the superintendent or Head Worker of the Settlement, and her co-workers the college girls, who come in relays, some remaining only two, some as long as ten months at a time, to help in the good work. Miss Fine, whose duties are arduous, is paid a salary for her services, she having resigned a much more lucrative position in an up-town seminary for the sake of becoming one of the Settlement.

All of the other "residents" give their labor, and also pay a regular board of six dollars a week to the house. Each graduate is her own maid, and not only makes her bed and keeps her room in order, but contributes her share to the general household work, thus practically demonstrating the theories taught by her. The object of the Settlement residents is to meet the people among whom they work, to some extent, on their own plane. It is with this in view that these young women, brave of heart and true of purpose, forsake their comfortable and in many cases luxurious homes, and devote a portion of the year to teaching and helping their less fortunate fellow-creatures in the tenement-house section of New York City.

One of the most active and enthusiastic of the Rivington Street colony says, "Those who know the work best do not look for results other than this friendly relation in any near future. The work, if it is anything, is a process of education. Character is not formed in a year. In all the work the object constantly sought is helpful personal contact. All methods are simply a means to this end. If the higher is ever to give an uplift to the lower, must it not be through this method of friendship? Such a relation implies giving and taking on both sides, and the workers at the Settlement find one of the strongest points gained by residence to be that their neighbors have a chance to do something for them, a chance which is often improved. The Settlement is one of the influences which go to form the lives of the people in Rivington Street. If it shall create any higher ideals, or quicken any aspirations, if it shall awaken one soul to any sense of its own nature, the object of the College Settlement will surely be attained." Although organized less than two years ago, this little colony of volunteers has already made its impress upon the inhabitants of the east side and the Bowery. The "residents," as the young philanthropists designate themselves, began their good work by making friends with the children of the neighborhood. With the inducements of games and picture-books this was an easy matter, and it was not long before juveniles of all nationalities flocked to No. 95 and asked to be admitted. The parents, of course, soon became interested, and when the college girls called to see the mothers of their little *protégés* they were well received.

As the number of children increased, the members of the Settlement found it desirable to organize them into clubs, for greater convenience in managing them. Boys were not at first admitted, as the idea of the society was to work only among the girls and women.



The boys, however, plead so earnestly that it was not long before they too were made welcome, and divided into various clubs which meet in the evening at the Settlement for instruction and entertainment.

Who can estimate the good done by keeping these idle, susceptible youths, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age, off of the Bowery at night? Many a weary and erstwhile anxious-hearted mother has been made happy by the knowledge that her boys are at the College Settlement, where gentle women are teaching the "Knights of the Round Table" to be chivalrous and noble, while the members of the "Hero Club" are listening to the lives of great men who have made the world better. Who can guess the results which may spring up from the good seed sown by the way as these earnest young women impress upon their hearers that it is possible for them to be good and true and become perhaps heroes in the battle of life?

The Settlement is gregarious, and hence readily co-operated with the Neighborhood Guild in the management of two girls' clubs which were already in existence when the Rivington Street house was opened. Since then several other clubs for little girls have been organized by the college girls.

In these the children are taught sewing and cooking, how to sweep and dust, to make beds neatly, the proper way to set the table, and in fact to be helpful to their mothers and fitted to earn their own living when they are older.

The larger girls are instructed in dress-making and in all the domestic arts. Lessons in hygiene, history, and science are also given them.

Gymnastic exercises are taught to all. In connection with these the boys have also military drills. Music and singing, games and reading, make every evening attractive at 95 Rivington Street, where many little ones are learning the new lesson of happiness.

There are six rope swings in the yard in the rear. The ground is covered knee-deep with sea-side sand, and here from three to four hundred children hold high carnival every Saturday during the spring and summer. Of course only a limited number is allowed in the yard at one time, and, as one of the girls generally remains within sight, good humor and order are preserved.

A noteworthy fact in connection with the clubs of the Settlement is that each member pays a small fee and each club is self-governing, thus instilling in the children a feeling of independence and self-respect. A pleasant outgrowth of these little societies is an occasional entertainment given by the members, to which they invite their parents and friends. One of the favorite rooms in the house is the front basement, which has been converted into a most delightful library, reading-rooms, and music-room combined. Book-shelves encircle the walls, crowded with one thousand volumes of substantial, moral literature. A long low reading-table is in the centre of the room, heaped with copies of the leading periodicals and pictorial papers. All the juvenile weeklies and monthlies are there, and are eagerly devoured by the boys and girls who have the *entrée* to this charming nook. A wicker lounge, easy-chairs, and an upright piano add to the comfort

and pleasure of the library. There are seven hundred persons who enjoy the privilege of taking out books, for which no charge is made, as the "residents" are anxious to encourage the growing taste for reading in the neighborhood. Over six thousand volumes have been distributed during the past year.

Realizing that books have been the formative influences in the lives of most persons, the members of the Settlement give a strict supervision to the reading of each one taking books. The boys are eager for history, biography, and comprehensive science, while of course tales of adventure are greatly in demand. The girls show a decided preference for fiction. The library is largely made up of contributions from those interested in the work in Rivington Street; and surely here is an opportunity for many to help a good cause by sending the books and magazines no longer useful to themselves.

Next in importance to the library, if not surpassing it, are the baths for the use of the neighborhood. The eagerness with which these have been patronized by the women and children of the east side is ample proof of the need for public baths in all large cities where the limited accommodations of the tenement-houses make privacy impossible. Although ten cents is charged for the bath, it is no unusual thing for forty to be taken in a single day during the summer,—women frequently walking several miles and spending their car-fare for the rare privilege.

It was found that the baths, like other proffered pleasures, were more appreciated and popular when the recipients were allowed to pay for value received. Hence the nominal fee. Dr. E. W. Higbee, of Northampton, last year donated a heater for the public bath-rooms, thus making it possible to continue their usefulness during the winter months.

Among the many good lessons taught at the College Settlement, that of economy is not the least important, for, although in a poor section of the city, many of the people make good wages, which they spend without thought for the morrow. The Penny Provident Bank, under the direction of the Charity Organization Society, is proving very helpful in teaching how to save.

The "Good Seed Society," which meets every Sunday afternoon, has a large membership of Jewish children. This is a sort of kindergarten class, in which the little ones are instructed about their spiritual and natural growth by means of plants and flowers which they can see and handle, and the development of which they can notice from week to week. The love of flowers among the city poor is strongly demonstrated in this neighborhood, where mothers and children alike cherish every flower or bit of green given them by the girls of the Settlement, as long as there is a vestige of life or color left in it. The baskets of bright blooms sent for distribution last summer were greatly appreciated by the people of Rivington Street.

During the warm weather the college girls give weekly excursions for the sick and worn-out women among whom they work. A day spent at Manhattan Beach, Staten Island, or Coney Island has proved a great blessing to many of these overworked creatures.

Last summer Mr. Atwater, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, offered to the Settlement for the season the use of a large house beautifully situated on the New Jersey coast. The residents gladly availed themselves of his generosity, and the money donated for summer expenses was at once appropriated to furnishing the house for occupancy. Miss M. P. Waterman, of Wellesley College, was delegated to take charge of the country home, which was filled to its greatest capacity during the two months it was open. The children belonging to the clubs were allowed to go for two weeks each. The entire expense of the trip was one dollar apiece for the little ones, two dollars each for the large ones, and five dollars for those earning full wages.

About seventy-five young persons were by this means given two weeks in the country, where they gained in vigor with astonishing rapidity. It is expected that a permanent summer home will soon help to broaden this feature of the work of the College Settlement. Dr. C. F. Hamilton was the resident physician at the College Settlement last year. By giving her services free she opened up a large field of work among the sick poor. Miss Helen C. Rand, chairman of the executive committee, says this is the work the Settlement cares most to do,—helping the sick, befriending those in trouble, finding work for those whom illness has deprived of the means of support.

It is often through the physician that cases are discovered where it is possible to make connection between one who needs help and a person or an organization ready to give it.

Be it said to the glory of the College Settlement that it works without the intervention of a circumlocution office. Where help is needed it gives it promptly. Many a poor woman has starved for bread while some one of the numerous charitable societies has been "looking into her case."

Another unique characteristic of the ways and means at the Rivington Street house is that the girls have no air of my Lady Bountiful, or of the patroness. Their *protégés* are their *friends*, and are always treated as such. Every week or two they give afternoon teas to their neighbors who have so little time for recreation. They are received with all cordiality, and in the enjoyment of a social chat over a fragrant cup of tea or coffee harassing care is forgotten for a while.

Here German Jew, Russian, and Pole meet together in friendly concourse, and find life better for the kindly words and sweet music which always make memorable the reception-days at the Settlement.

An effort is being made by the residents of the Settlement to better the condition of the public schools on the east side, by exposing the abuses and evils now existing among them. Here the accommodations are so meagre that, although the law of compulsory education is enforced, children are expelled from the primary and grammar schools for a *single day's absence*. The task of elevating the masses will ever remain hopeless if the lever of education is withdrawn from them, which is fast becoming the case when the children are turned off without just cause. More school-buildings should be erected to meet the requirements of the overflowing population in the tenement-house districts.

There is little enough ambition for education among the youth of the east side under the most attractive conditions, as is proven by the fact that but two girls (both Russians) have availed themselves of the opportunity of going to college, extended them by the members of the Settlement, who contributed liberally to their expenses. Since the love of knowledge is not natural to great numbers of our population, the sooner it is instilled into them the quicker will come the time of their uplifting.

Men have dreamed dreams, have written books, and preached the "new religion of socialism," for centuries, and still the condition of the masses has not been materially changed. We hear much about the "brotherhood of man," but it has remained for women to establish a sisterhood which means more than words, words, words. We find that Christian socialism is a possible thing among women.

The women of the College Settlement make no profession. They are living their creed. Each day finds them lighting the lamp of hope in some long-darkened home, each evening finds them happier in the knowledge that by their own sacrifices they have made easier the burdens of others, and have led a step higher some weak sister who without them might have fallen by the way.

Ask these girls at the College Settlement if life has any charms left for them, and they will tell you that never has it been so full, and never has existence been so sweet, as since they opened their doors at 95 Rivington Street and welcomed into their hearts and home their east-side neighbors.

*Hester Dorsey Richardson.*

### BEFORE THE HOUR.

UNTIMELY blossom! Poor impatient thing,  
That, starting rashly from the sheltering mould,  
Bravest the peevish wind and sullen cold,  
Mistaking thine own ardors for the spring,

Thou to my heart a memory dost bring  
Of hopes once fair like thee, like thee too bold  
To breathe their fragrance and their flowers unfold,  
That drooped, of wintry rigors languishing.

Nor birds, nor bees, nor waters murmuring low,  
Nor breezes blown from balmy Arcady,  
Found they, earth's welcome waiting to bestow.

Yet sweet, they felt, sweeter than dreams, would be  
The summer they had sought too soon to know,—  
The summer that they should not live to see!

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## TWO RECENT NOVELS.

## "ATMAN."

IN *Atman*, Mr. Francis Howard Williams enters upon a weird domain, in which the life of the soul is treated as a distinct entity separate, and yet, to a certain extent, involved in that of the Karma and the Skandhas, for the author follows the nomenclature as well as the thought of the East. Not only does he, in imagination, fit the old Indian theory of the transmigration of souls into our modern life, but he constructs a learned and exceedingly unpleasant physician, who personally presides over the transit of souls from one body to another. Dr. Perdicaris, through his studies in Eastern theology and his chemical investigations, has discovered a medium in which souls may be caught and held in solution, and from whence they may be introduced into Skandhas deficient in that part of their equipment. It must be admitted that this is ingenious, and that even if Mr. Williams's story deals in subtle essences it is by no means uninteresting. Indeed, in laying it down, we confess to such a pleasant sense of relaxation as the mind experiences when it has been permitted to journey into a strange country where all the standards of life and ethics are different from our own. Perdicaris is a villain according to nineteenth-century standards, but none can deny that his villainy is of an interesting and unique order, while Mlle. Montilhéry is sufficiently beautiful and fascinating to dispense with a soul, especially in a social atmosphere in which souls and consciences are rather inconvenient appendages. The scene in the brilliantly-lighted room of the hospital, viewed by George Wolff from his studio opposite, where Dr. Perdicaris takes from his pocket a small vial filled with an indescribably beautiful fluid, in which he receives the soul of a dying patient and corks it up for future use, is novel and striking enough to arrest our attention at the start. The interest of the story, or rather the series of narratives that make up the romance, centres in the transmission of the noble soul of Margaret Haviland, at her death, into the beautiful but incomplete being of Félice, this interest culminating when Félice, endowed with a soul by her lover, opens her eyes upon a new world of sensibility and emotion, with no love-light in their depths for the man who has completed her spiritual equipment. Alas! all her new-born tenderness turns toward George Wolff, the artist, who cares not for her. Toward the close of the book there comes a fine scene, when Sister Mary Agatha, once Félice Montilhéry, suddenly roused from her twilight slumbers, finds that the great building opposite the Mother House is in flames. High up in the burning building, in his studio, is the man whom she loves. The heroic rescue of Wolff by Félice is well described, and the last line leaves us in the sort of uncertainty that naturally results from the perusal of such a tale as this: "Wolff stood there, holding in his arms the imperial body of Félice, while the pure spirit of Margaret Haviland, released from the fetters of mortality, passed out to rest and silence." To whom will this soul belong in the ages to come?—both Margaret Haviland and Sister Mary Agatha had used it for noble purposes.

A. H. W.

## "ROMANCE OF A SPANISH NUN."

This title is hardly fair to the pages that follow. It sets one thinking of those doleful books whereof we have had somewhat too many, in motive polemic or prurient or both at once,—Confessions and Adventures and Disclosures of ladies who took the veil and then took it off, or gave their friends reason to conclude that they had better not have put it on. The story is a clean-handed, pure-minded, unsensational, pathetic little tale, with no very definite moral and as little as may be of controversial theology. It is very simple. A neglected girl, living with an aunt who is Cervantes-mad and a furious hater of the Church, attracts a poet whose books are yet to be written. They are children, ideally innocent and incapable of serious folly; having little else to do, they develop their idyl. His play is damned, and he takes a government post in the Philippines, meaning to save money and come back to marry Magdalena. There are to be no letters (which seems hard measure), so he confides his secret to two of his friends. Of these the sculptor soon goes to Rome, shutting off the lover's communications; while the priest instructs the maiden that her regard for Emilio is "frightful." Turning to religion in her loneliness, she concludes that union with one who cannot be reconciled to the Church would be ruinous to both their souls. The single letter announcing her intention miscarries, and the exile returns after three years to find his fidelity wasted and his bride effectually out of reach.

The point of the story is that the heroine does not grow cool toward her lover or tired of him; her desertion springs from no lightness or worldliness,—very much the contrary. The influence of her new friends—of external pressure there is none—goes for less than the ripening and deepening of her own character. Nor does she simply prefer a heavenly to an earthly love; she manages ideally to reconcile the two, and (apparently) to be happy in her abnegation of happiness. She leaves Emilio because she loves him, and would save his precious soul.

Naturally Emilio does not see the logic of this. He and his fellow-sceptics would be tempted to exclaim,—

"What part hath God in such a bond, whereby  
 Or hearts or vows are broken?"

But this is an *ex-parte* view, and broken hearts can be mended like other crockery,—and more readily in real life than in novels.

Exalted moods are no less practically dangerous than spiritually beautiful, and many a harsh injustice has been perpetrated from the noblest motives known to our poor humanity. Should not our lady novelists remember that the fine fellows who are victimized by the rarefied feminine conscience are not thereby attracted toward the pious transcendentalism from which they suffer, and may even be driven into an anarchic crusade against Poetry, Morals, and Religion?

Dealing with a sentimental theme, the little book is notable for its avoidance of "gush," for its self-restraint and freedom from crudity, for its calm, even, almost business-like tone. The deviser of these young Sevillians is deeply interested in her creations, in their meeting and parting, their love and its fruitlessness, but she is above weeping over them or preaching about them.

Frederic M. Bird.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

THE season for hammocks and novels is on, and no new novel will be read in a hammock with more relish this year than "Quita."\* There is a freshness in it akin to that of the breeze which comes into your open casement with the dawn of day. There is a sense of easy writing in it highly agreeable to the reader and highly meritorious to the author. Setting out with an adroitly-conducted conversation between a worldly-minded widow and her three astute daughters, the reader's attention is instantly arrested by the animated and knowing tone of the talk; the critic's attention, by the rare skill of the report. These four women discuss the approaching arrival from the Argentine of Quita, the heroine, orphaned niece of the widow. They coolly arrange to snub her with an icy reception. Says Nina, one of the daughters, "'Quita must be vulgar, brought up as she has been among such fearful people.'" "'They are so dull, too, those outsiders,'" complains her sister Nesta. . . . "'She is sure to get very excited over frozen meat: they all do.' 'And to be full of impossible anecdotes of the Royal Family,' caps Nina; 'and of immoderate reverence for a title. Colonials or Americans, they are all the same about that.'" Of course Quita proves to be nothing of the sort.

This picturesque girl, accustomed from birth to the society and adoration of men, has looked forward with supreme interest to her new life in London. She will meet women there. "You are very nice, all of you, and I like you very much," she naïvely tells her devoted audience of men aboard ship; "but a little feminine society will be a refreshing change." The disappointment, then, of her reception is cruel. But Quita has been bred to independence on her father's *estancia*, and, in default of the sympathy and companionship of her aunt and cousins, she turns all too readily to the man, her father's old friend, who seems to understand and care for her. The study of this man's character—rather the subtle suggestion of it—constitutes the special power, as in the portrait of Quita herself lies the special charm, of the story. It is rarely, delicately done.

As one reads on into the romance of "Diana Fontaine,"† the truth of the following description of the heroine is felt with increasing force. A fanciful German had once said of her, "When Miss Fontaine dances, walks, speaks, she is a goddess; at other times, she returns to earth an ordinary mortal. I love to see her listen to a rhapsody of Liszt or a polonaise of Chopin; but when she eats turtle-soup she's no better than other girls. She has all the inequalities of a piece of mazurka music." Like the heroine of the preceding novel, Diana is an orphan; but, unlike Quita, she comes not out of the wilderness into the promised land. After a year at Newport this brilliant girl goes to spend a year

\* QUITA. By the author of "The County." J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

† DIANA FONTAINE. By Algernon Ridgeway. American Novel Series. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

with her Southern relations in the bosom of an illiterate Hessian community among the pine barrens of the Shenandoah Valley. The transition is really more distressing to the sensibilities of the reader than it appears to have been to the heroine herself. She shows as a young woman possessing remarkable readiness of resource and enviable ease in adapting herself to new conditions of life. "A tall and awkward young man," Dr. Loughborough, first amuses her; and then she listens with a thrill to the soft voice of Captain McElroy, the lazy, handsome, and "poetic-looking pedagogue."

It is just after the war, and the gallant captain appeals to Diana as one of the pathetic and romantic relics of the Confederacy. He is an ideal troubadour, with his musical voice, his inexhaustible stock of ballads, his Greek nose, his Byron collar, and his ragged regimentals. The gradual revelation of his nature is the most admirable thing in the book. "The luxury of his life was to woo a woman whom his destiny made it impossible to win; the fault being his, not hers. He was forever talking about his evil star: you would have thought he farmed out an entire constellation." Yet, albeit Diana has had fair warning of this, it takes her a long time to make sure of her man. In the mean time, she mixes easily with the curious people of the county. Some of them are very quaint; but at best the life led by all of them is unutterably empty. It is depicted here in cold gray colors: the consuming passion of Miss Spangler; the repulsive figure of Grat Fontaine, "drawing his breath passionately through his well-cut nostrils, his dark russet beard and bronzed cheek showing the red lights of a wrathful temperament;" the domestic perfections of Sarah Jane Jackson; the thin and colorless romance in the squalid existence of Lou-i-sy Fawnystawk. Tested by the depth of the impression it makes, the story is one of unusual power. There are scenes in it that cling to the memory,—the bath in the run, the dance of the "coquette." It would occur to no one, moreover, to doubt the coloring of the picture, so obviously sincere and truthful is the art of the author.

Mr. Pierce's story\* takes us to the West. It is a lawyer's story, but not of the detective sort which lawyers commonly write. It begins with the silent gliding of a canal-boat over the tranquil waters of the Miami Canal, and what may be termed the legal mystery of it keeps cunningly to the end. Yet the particular merit of the book is not here; rather is it in the painstaking study of the two leading characters, Captain Jacob Schnyder and his wife. These two move West and make their home on the bank of the Zumbro in Minnesota. Suddenly and painfully Mrs. Schnyder realizes that when she became the wife of the captain she was a stranger to him and he to her. Though free from what are usually called vicious habits, he was at heart a miser; he loaned money at outrageous rates of interest; he sacrificed his family's comfort for the sake of multiplying his ill-gotten dollars. When their child is born he sullenly tells his wife that the doctor's bill and the nurse's wages "make as much as a whole year's interest on three hundred dollars." "Now," he says, "what is there to show for it? Nothing at all; nothing." "Nothing?" exclaims his surprised wife. "I forgot," he says, peevishly: "there is that girl-baby to take care of and bring up."

Estrangement, of course, is inevitable; but it comes in a more cruel way than is hinted above. A mad jealousy seizes the captain; he brutally wrongs

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\* Dr. By Squier L. Pierce. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.25.

his wife, and then, when the law has righted her, awakes to find himself a humiliated, deserted, but reformed man. This is by no means a skeleton of the story; it is but an outline of the central episode in it.

Not a few of the more discerning admirers of the Duchess find her briefer efforts in fiction her best. These, but not only these, will read with great relish the six charming tales contained in her latest volume.\* The initial and titular story, however, can hardly be called a short one. In the compass of exactly one hundred pages the romance of "A Little Irish Girl" is rounded out to completeness. The heroine is not one girl in a thousand; she is fairly representative of her sex, though, unhappily, her good fortune is not that of one girl in a thousand. Dulcie is a very human creature, however: it must be said in praise of the Duchess that she never makes her men and women of wood. And flesh and blood, indeed, are the two actors in the little domestic drama ("When We Two Parted") which follows. There is another similar sketch in the volume, entitled "Two to a Quarrel;" but it is not so delightful. Every married man and woman should read it. The other tales, "Sans-Culotte," "A Wrong Turning," and "Dan Cupid," are all three written in the author's best style,—a style which stoops to no tricks, but is concerned only with the free and facile telling of the story in hand.

The army, too, yields us a novel this month.† Captain King's captivating stories of military life are always sure of a cordial welcome; nothing in current American fiction is comparable to them in popularity. This time he takes us first to the Black Hills of Dakota, and thence to a fort beyond Cheyenne, and there he holds us. The hero is such a figure of a man as cannot depart the memory; and the mystery of his romance with Mrs. Granger at once stimulates and baffles the imagination to the end. One lives the full round of garrison life, from dress-parade to private theatricals, and there are admirable life-like portraiture and the most skilful composition in the story. Nothing, it seems to us, that Captain King has done surpasses the picture drawn of the Grangers. The novel abounds in dramatic episodes, and is brilliantly representative to the verge of realism of the little world of a frontier fort. The author makes lavish and felicitous use of his rare powers of description, but never at the expense of the story, which moves steadily forward to the finish. "Captain Blake," it is not unlikely, may be esteemed the best of Captain King's creations.

Not only at home but also abroad the excellence and distinctively American character of these creations have come to be recognized,—so substantially, indeed, as to warrant a special English edition of the present story.

The comprehensive title of Professor Frazer's useful work ‡ is sufficiently explanatory of its contents. This new edition marks many important advances

\* A LITTLE IRISH GIRL. By "The Duchess." J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

† CAPTAIN BLAKE. By Capt. Charles King, U.S.A. With Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.25.

‡ TABLES FOR THE DETERMINATION OF MINERALS BY THOSE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES ASCERTAINABLE BY THE AID OF SUCH SIMPLE INSTRUMENTS AS EVERY STUDENT IN THE FIELD SHOULD HAVE WITH HIM. Based on the Tables of Weisbach, etc. By Persifor Fraser, Jr., A.M. J. B. Lippincott Company. Roan, \$2.00.

in the knowledge of minerals; and its author notes, with proper pride, that the principle for which he contended in the first edition (1874), of the unity of the mineral molecule, in opposition to the theory of Prof. J. D. Dana, "has been tacitly conceded by all modern writers, including Prof. Dana himself." Prof. Frazer has omitted altogether the supplementary tables to assist in the determination of those minerals of non-metallic lustre and colorless streak which cannot be determined by the aid of simple instruments and a close observation of their physical characters, and placed the most important pyrognostic characteristics and physical and chemical tests of each mineral in the column of "Remarks." The reason for this change is that when a mineral fragment cannot be identified by such physical tests as are considered in this little book it is better to have recourse to a treatise on blowpipe or general qualitative analysis.

The distinctions which were made in the last edition between common, rare, and very rare minerals by printing the dagger or double dagger after the name of a species have been in the main retained, but less attention to these marks has been given in the new species which have been added. "In fact," says the author, "nothing connected with minerals is so likely to change as their relative abundance. The discovery of a locality in which certain hitherto rare minerals are found in quantity will in a very short time flood the mineral market with them, so that it is hardly worth while to attempt a rating of their frequency of occurrence except in a periodical where constant revision is possible.

The synonymes of minerals have been more largely given than in the previous work, and in some cases, such as garnet, sub-varieties have been added after the synonymes without much notice of the distinction between the two. It is a work which no mineralogist can afford to ignore.

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Professor Cole has written a useful companion\* to any ordinary text-book of geology,—a volume sure to be of special service to those students who have made excursions into the field and who wish to determine their specimens for themselves. A large section of the work is devoted to rocks and to the ordinary minerals of the earth's crust,—a commendable provision, since these will always present themselves to the observer during any expedition or in any country. A section on blowpipe-work has been inserted as an aid to travellers; and a description of the hard parts of fossil invertebrates will assist those readers who find it impossible to distinguish genera by means of mere names and figures.

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Students of engineering and architecture will be grateful to Mr. Auglin for his text-book on Structures.† It requires on the part of the reader a knowledge of elementary mathematics only. The author's aim throughout has been to treat the different branches of the subject from a practical as well as from a theoretical stand-point; and with this object in view he has introduced, and carefully worked out, a large number of practical examples such as occur in the every-day experience of an engineer. The book is as invaluable as it is unique.

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\* AID IN PRACTICAL GEOLOGY. By Grenville A. J. Cole, F.G.S. J. B. Lippincott Company. 12mo. Cloth, \$3.00.

† THE DESIGN OF STRUCTURES: A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE BUILDING OF BRIDGES, ROOFS, ETC. By S. Auglin, C.E. J. B. Lippincott Company. 12mo. Cloth, \$4.50.

CURRENT NOTES.

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## Never Questioned.

The superior purity, strength and wholesomeness of Royal Baking Powder is never questioned.

While other baking powder makers are exposing the impurities and shortcomings of the powders of their competitors, and the official tests by the Government are revealing the improper ingredients, the low strength, and lack of keeping qualities of other brands of baking powder, no question is raised, no doubt is entertained of the great qualities, the absolute purity and efficiency of the Royal Baking Powder. It stands alone, above suspicion.

Exhaustive Government tests, the tests by juries of competitive and industrial exhibitions, the minute and prejudiced searches by rivals for something wrong, have had but one result, to more fully establish the fact that the Royal Baking Powder is faultless, the greatest in strength, absolutely pure and wholesome.

Do not permit the grocer or peddler to substitute any other brand in place of the Royal.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF HOWELLS.—American realism is best represented in the works of Howells. His novels are too well known in this country to require detailed criticism. In his hands Americans seem to have lost the virility of the race. Flabby characters, painted in carefully-subdued tints, actors in whom the author himself does not pretend to be interested, drift aimlessly, without faiths, hopes, passions, or aspirations, through stories which are never concluded, each turned out with the neatness, grace, and precision of an accomplished modiste.

Howells writes on the assumption that all literature is written, that strong emotions are "played out," that the trivialities of life are worth preserving in the clear amber of a finished literary style, that the *niaiseries* of tea-table yawns deserve to be chronicled with the same minute fidelity as a daring deed of heroism. He has no story to tell. He does not deal in sentiment; he avoids catastrophes; he distrusts imagination; he dreads melodrama; he eschews theatrical effects; he shrinks from exaggeration. The result is a sum of negatives. He either possesses no romantic force or has curbed it till the spirit is crushed. He reverses the legitimate basis of novels or romance. Other writers have endeavored to show the romance which underlies every-day realities. Howells tries to prove that, though tragic events actually do occur, the world is a commonplace world after all. Every trace of personal sympathy is eliminated. The characters are diligently studied, but the examination of states of mind is overdone. His observation transcends the limits of analysis, for it discovers everything, and, if the ingredients are trivial, everything is too much. His observation is clinical rather than pictorial, and his figures, though life-like, scarcely seem to be alive.

It may be questioned whether persons who are always intent upon the observation of peculiarities, the collection of foibles, the classification of varieties, do not lose the power of depicting characters. The universal motive forces of men and women are neglected. The realistic stand-point from which Howells writes is deadening; even the deft workmanship of the artist fails to galvanize it into vitality. His intellectual fastidiousness is so highly cultivated that he recoils from strong passions or large topics. His process of refining produces thinness even more than refinement.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

THE CRY OF PLAGIARISM.—We have infinitely more sympathy for the man in the pillory than for the rabble that pelt him: the one may have provoked our dislike, but the other provokes our loathing. The actual wrong that the plagiarist has committed is nothing compared to the injustice and inequality of his punishment. He has borrowed, and failed to acknowledge the debt; he cannot really be said to have stolen, except in the extreme case of his altering and marring the ideas that he borrowed, and that case is of rare occurrence. If he borrows and improves, we have Milton as an authority for saying that he has not plagiarized at all. Hardly a single case occurs to us of complaint from the original owner of the ideas. There was the story of John Dennis, who found that the management of his theatre had substituted "Macbeth" for his own play, but had retained the use of the stage thunder which he had been at such pains to invent. "See how the rascals use me!" he cried; "they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder." But that could not fairly be called a case of plagiarism, for there can be but little doubt that the thunder was improved by being associated with the play of "Macbeth" instead of that of "Appius and Virginus."—*The Spectator*.



THE FIRST FRUITS of summer are cherries. Cool, sweet, and juicy,—few children are able to resist the temptation of plucking them, if anywhere within reach. The peculiar flavor of this delicious little fruit is found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, no doubt, is one cause of the popularity of this well-known medicine. As a cure for the sudden throat and lung troubles, from which no child is ever secure—croup, whooping-cough, lung fever, etc.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is unsurpassed, and well deserves to be called "a household blessing."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is, to me, a household blessing, and for fully twenty years I have never been without it in my family. Travelling, as I do, hundreds of miles per week, among my different offices, from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, experiencing sudden changes of climate every few hours, I have found, when so exposed, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a great relief. I would not be without it, if it cost five dollars per bottle, and only wish others were as well aware of its benefits as I am myself."—C. LEWIS DUNLAP, 113 West Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

"In raising a family, I have frequently had occasion to use remedies for colds, coughs, croup, etc., and am familiar with most of the preparations recommended for the cure of that class of complaints. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral easily takes the lead of them all. I use no other."—GEORGE W. MORIARTY, Opelousas, La.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists.

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They act healthfully upon the liver and stomach, stimulate the gastric juice, expel effete matter from the bowels, and impart tone and vigor to the whole alimentary canal. Ayer's Pills, being a mild but effective cathartic, are the best family medicine and unequalled for the relief and cure of costiveness, distress after eating, dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, flatulency, and sick headache.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the merits of this medicine."—M. J. PEREIRA, Oporto, Portugal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.



**HIGH HEELS—CHOPINES.**—Early shoes and boots would appear to have had very slight heels, if any at all, but when once the heels began to be made high and stilted the fashion became firmly fixed, and has lasted to the present day. It would be difficult to say exactly when high heels first appeared, but they were worn in England at least as long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century. They reached this country from Venice, and the Venetians imported them from Turkey. The Turkish original was a kind of patten, worn, doubtless, to raise the wearer above the dirt. In the plates to George Sandys's "Travels," a well-known seventeenth-century book, the Turkish women are represented wearing these chopines, or "chioppines," as English writers called them. In Venice they were in very common use. They were made of wood, covered with leather of different colors, and were often curiously painted and sometimes gilt. They were worn absurdly high, some being raised eighteen inches from the ground, the degree of nobility possessed by the lady wearer being indicated by the height of the chopine. On stilts of this kind, unassisted walking naturally became no easy task, and hence was seen the ridiculous spectacle of a lady supported on each side by attendants, when she went abroad, so that she might not fall.

The word "chopine" was supposed by our older writers to be of Italian origin, and was often spelled *cioppino*, and in the plural *cioppini*, as if a genuine Italian word. But, strangely enough, notwithstanding the fashion that undoubtedly prevailed at Venice, the word does not appear in Italian dictionaries. It is probably of Spanish origin. The modern Spanish *chapin* means a clog with a cork sole. Hamlet alludes to these exalted pattens in his welcome to the players, when he says, "By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine." This shows that the Venetian fashionable footwear was familiar to Elizabethan Englishmen; but its influence in the shape of high-heeled shoes had long before been felt in this country.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**NATIONAL HATREDS.**—King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replies by cynically advising his brother not to believe any of the nonsense talked by courtiers as regards popular likes or dislikes for particular individuals. They are mere evanescent expressions of feeling, upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear that there is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never obliterated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a particular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.—*The Saturday Review*.

**THE "FALL."**—I have seen it stated over and over again that "fall"—autumn—is an Americanism. I am not sure that I have ever seen it contradicted. I myself learned long ago that to a Dorset rustic "fall" was the word of native speech, "a'tumn" a mere high-polite exotic. (Is it so still, I wonder, in this day of board-schools?) However, here is a passage from a book of the seventeenth century, in which "spring" and "fall" are spoken of as a Dorset man might speak:

"And this I doe, not so verie expreslie, by occasion of my contingent health, though still, if I secure not that from some decaies this spring, I may chance do it lesse happilie in the fall."—*Notes and Queries*.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



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## THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE

for all BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS to which Men, Women, and Children are Subject, is the most marvellous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for *Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation,*

**Sick Headache, Disordered Liver, etc.,**

And is found efficacious and remedial by all FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, BEECHAM'S PILLS have an unprecedented demand and the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. Price, 25 cents per box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. Allen Co., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on receipt of price,—*but inquire first.* Please mention this publication in ordering.

The Great English Remedy. Known and Sold all over the World. Worth a Guinea a Box. Will relieve Sick Headache in Twenty Minutes.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

KNOWN AND SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

WILL RELIEVE SICK HEADACHE IN 20 MINUTES.

**THE CAT AND THE CROWS.**—There is some fun in a crow, even if it be a love of mischief. In Calcutta I had a large garden surrounded by shady trees, in whose branches many crows used to roost at night. As soon as daylight appeared, they all flew off to their favorite resorts, where they lived upon the garbage of the city; and it must be admitted in their favor that they are most useful scavengers. But when sunset came they used to return to their roosting-place, and sometimes they gave me an unwelcome evening serenade.

Coming home late and tired from office, I used to sit out on my lawn, and a very large white Persian cat would come out to keep me company. Then the cat and the crows used to have a little game of their own. The cat would stretch itself out and flick its long, furry tail about. Some twenty or thirty crows promptly accepted the challenge, and quickly alighted round the cat, with the intention of pulling his tail. Some of them hopped up in front, as near as they could with safety from the cat's fore-paws, others stood at the side, and several of the best players took their position behind the cat. They evidently acted in concert. The crows in front crept up as close as they dared, to secure the cat's attention, and then one of the crows behind the cat made a dash at the tail, which the cat skilfully guarded by flitting it from one side to the other. It was very seldom that a crow succeeded in getting a mouthful of the cat's fur. The cat, meanwhile, had really an eye to business, and if one of the birds in front of him came within practicable distance he made a spring that sometimes had a fatal result, and the game terminated among the terrified cawing and clamor of the survivors, who saw their unlucky comrade torn to pieces before their eyes. But in the course of twenty-four hours they seemed to have forgotten the mishap of their brother, and they came again to renew their diversion with the cat, who was always ready to play the game, in which it might be said that his motto was, "Heads I win, tails you lose."—*Longman's Magazine*.

**A DESPERATE ARTIFICE.**—Volkhovsky, the Russian exile, while lecturing at Hampstead, England, related a desperate artifice to which he had resorted. A police official once searched his house for compromising papers. At the time there was in his possession a certain document, the discovery of which meant serious danger not only to himself, but also to his friends. Volkhovsky was desperate, for it was quite certain that the document would be found. But a daring trick saved him. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it and handed it back. Thus, after the most minute search, the official, his nose blackened with soot and his hair decorated with feathers—for he had even examined the stove-pipes and the bedding—had to depart empty-handed.—*Boston Transcript*.

**Lines by SYDNEY SMITH.**—The occasion of these verses was the marriage of a learned professor to a young lady in 1824:

"Mid rocks and ringlets, specimens and sighs,  
On wings of rapture every moment flies.  
He views Matilda, lovely in her prime,  
Then finds sulphuric acid mixed with lime;  
Guards from her lovely face the solar ray,  
And fills his pockets with alluvial clay.  
Science and love distract his tortured heart,  
Now flints, now fondness, takes the larger part,  
And now he breaks a stone, now feels a dart."

—*Harcourt Papers*.

said Madame Mohl, "if your friend is a man, bring him without thinking twice about it; but if she is a woman, think well before you bring her, for of all the creatures God ever created none does spoil society like an English lady."  
—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

## THE MONOGRAM U. S.

There is a little monogram  
We see where'er we go;  
It offers us protection  
Against a foreign foe;  
It stands for light and progress  
In every foreign clime,  
And its glory and its greatness  
Are the themes of many a rhyme.

But few have ever really known,  
And few would ever guess,  
What our country means by marking  
All her chattels with U. S.;  
It may stand for United States,  
Or yet for Uncle Sam;  
But there's still another meaning  
To this simple monogram.

We see it on our bonds and bills  
And on our postal cards;  
It decorates our Capitol,  
Shadowed by Stripes and Stars;  
In all our barracks, posts, and forts  
It plays a leading part,  
And the jolly sailor loves it  
And enshrines it in his heart.

Now, have you guessed the message  
Which these mystic letters bear,  
Or recognized the untold good  
They're spreading everywhere?  
Echo the joyful tidings,  
And let the people know  
That the U. S. of our nation means  
We—Use Sapolio.

PARSON WILDER CALLS ON MRS. PUFFY.—"It did my soul good," said Mrs. Puffy, "to see old Parson Wilder come in, the dear old soul; he looked as smiling as a basket of chips, and it was a nice morning, the sun shining right into our sitting-room; and, as luck would have it, I'd just got all cleaned up and had put on a clean calico and white apron, and, if I do say it, I looked as slick as a whistle; and our garden—well, you'd oughter to seen it—a mass of posies and blossom everywhere; and, as it had rained in the night, everything was as fresh as a cucumber. 'Well, well!' says the parson, 'this is a picture one could never forget,' and he looked at my floor and kitchen-table; they were both white as snow, and my milk-pans,—well, you could just see your face in 'em, and everything was as neat as pink.

"I cut him a pie and got him a pitcher of milk, 'cause I could see he was powerful hungry, and when he got filled up he commenced: 'Cleanliness is next to godliness; now,' says he, 'what makes this home look so bright and pure as the lily?' Says I, 'It's Sapolio!'

"How?" says he, putting his hand to his ear. 'No,' says he, 'no; it's virtue, moral virtue, that's er shining through it all;' and he kept that up till supper-time, and stayed and eat a big supper (I'm afraid they ain't er feeding the old man as well up to his house as they oughter); and after he had gone hum, I couldn't help thinking, as I looked at my floor, table, pans, and etcetera, that it may be moral virtue shining through 'em, but it takes Sapolio to fetch it out!"—*Neil Burgess*.

STANLEY ON TOBACCO.—Henry M. Stanley, the illustrious explorer, said on one occasion, "I have always found tobacco a solace and an aid to concentration. I remember on one journey down the Congo we were just about to enter a most dangerous country. I knew that a fight was inevitable, and I told my men to make ready. I took an observation, lighted my pipe, and smoked

**WATCHES AND THEIR TREATMENT.**—In order to keep the "going" of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment; that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day, and during the time that it is not worn it should be either laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either during lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case, that over the watch-glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that if such a watch is left open even for one night the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works, even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or, more correctly, its keeping correct time, is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in large numbers. The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air, all greatly affect the going of a watch; and it is only the lever watch of the most perfect finish which neutralizes those adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ship, must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watches are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years, if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be spoiled in this way, and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch forever.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA.**—The first part has reached us of an important work that has been looked forward to with great interest by anglers,—*"The Fishes of North America that are caught on Hook and Line,"* by Wm. C. Harris, editor of the *American Angler* (Harris Publishing Co., 10 Warren St., New York). The work is to be issued in forty parts, each containing two colored fish-portraits. The design is to furnish a popular text-book and a kindergarten study for the angler. The text will consist of full biological notes on all the fishes that are the objects of pursuit by the angler in American waters. The first part contains an introduction by the author, and part of an introduction to the "Study of Ichthyology," which will form the text of several of the first numbers. The two large colored illustrations that accompany the first part are beautifully executed. The work promises to be such a one as no American angler can afford to be without.



# RÉCAMIER CREAM.



LILLIAN RUSSELL AS "HARRIET" IN  
"POOR JONATHAN."

New York.  
My dear Mrs Ayer:  
I have used  
your Récamier Cream  
with the most  
delightful results.  
I find it deliciously  
refreshing, and  
shall never consider  
my toilet complete  
without it.  
Very cordially Yours  
Lillian Russell

Récamier Cream will cure a bad complexion and preserve a good one.

It is the only preparation of its kind endorsed by physicians, and declared by them beneficial and harmless.

It is not a cosmetic, but a remedy, to be applied at night and washed off in the morning.

Price, \$1.50 per Jar. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, and by

**HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,**

305 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Send for pamphlet of Récamier Toilet Preparations,—the choicest, purest, and daintiest in the world. Prompt attention given to mail orders.

**FOREST LAWS.**—In early times, when houses were built of wood and all the ships were made of wood, and when wood formed the fuel for cooking and warmth, the cultivation of timber and the prevention of its waste were the subjects of very severe laws. From the time of Edward IV. there were enacted many statutes for the planting, securing, cutting, and ordering of woods, copses, and underwoods. By an act of Queen Elizabeth, timber of twenty-two years' growth was exempted for a longer period from the payment of tithe, "to render it complete and more effectual to their improvement."

In the seventeenth century no farmer was permitted in the duchy of Luxembourg to fell a timber-tree without his being able to show that he had planted another, and a custom existed at that time around Frankfort, spoken of as inviolable, under which the young farmer, before he had leave to marry, was obliged to produce a certificate of his having set a number of walnut-trees.

Under the law of Edward IV., wood in parks formed the subject of special legislation. Cattle and colts were not allowed to graze the woods till four years after a fall; and, to prevent the destructive razing and converting of woods into pasture, no wood of two acres, and above two furlongs from the mansion-house, could be interfered with. In parts of Germany, where a single tree was observed to be extraordinarily fertile—"a constant and plentiful mast-bearer"—there were laws to prohibit its being felled without special leave; and in England owners of woods within chases were forbidden, to use the phraseology of the time, to cut down timber "without view of officers."

The iron industry, dependant then as it is now upon the neighborhood of fuel for its manufacture, flourished in the Weald of Sussex on account of the extent and amount of oak timber. In order to protect the timber from the exorbitance and increase of devouring iron-mills, there was a statute made by Queen Elizabeth which prohibited the converting of timber-trees into fuel for the use of iron-mills if the trees were of one foot square and growing within fourteen miles of the sea or the great rivers. The King of Spain took similar precautions in the royal woods near Bilbao. It is mentioned that he had sixteen times as many acres of coppice-wood as were fit to be cut for fuel for the iron-works in one year, and that when any particular portion of coppice-wood was going to be felled an officer would first mark for ship-timber certain trees to be spared. In Biscay, again, every proprietor, under a law which was severely enforced, planted three trees for every one which was cut down.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE question of purity in food is a matter of the greatest importance, and deserves most careful and constant consideration; and yet so ingenious are the methods nowadays adopted to adulterate, and the processes employed to cheapen manufacture, that it is often very difficult to determine the merits of any particular article of food. With W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, however, no such difficulty arises, for it is produced from the finest cocoa-seeds only, exclusively by mechanical processes, and, as no chemicals whatever are used in its preparation, all possibility of impurity is avoided. The result is that W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is not excelled in solubility and is not approached in purity by any similar product in the market, and it still remains, as for over one hundred years past, the standard of purity and excellence, and the most healthful and nutritive cocoa in the world.

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
NERVES.

Prepared according to Prof. Percy's formula. Is the original and only preparation of the Hypophosphites from animal and vegetable tissue, the most powerful restorer of the Vital forces.

Especially recommended for Brain Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Impaired Vitality, and all forms of Nervous Disease. It directly feeds the Brain and Nerves, Restores Lost Vigor, Sustains Mental and Physical Powers, Prevents Nervous Prostration and Premature Age.

It is invaluable in convalescence from fevers or prostrating diseases, in Bronchitis, and as a Preventive of Consumption. Pamphlet, with testimonials from leading Physicians, eminent Clergy and Educators, sent free. For sale by druggists. Sent by mail (\$1) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

There are numerous imitations and substitutes.

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THE law of Pennsylvania as it affects the life insurance companies of that State—no matter where they transact business—confirms the reverend gentleman's opinion. Legal sanction is given to what he declares is morally right. Any money invested in life insurance for the protection of the family is beyond the reach of creditors, should the investor subsequently become insolvent.

It is not so in other States. In New York, for an instance, \$500 per year is the limit of payment which one may make for the benefit of the family, and there are similar laws in several other States.

The moral is obvious.

There are just two legitimate, reserve-maintaining life companies chartered by the State of Pennsylvania actively engaged in business.

The one which affords you the foregoing information, and pays for the privilege of so doing, asks for serious consideration of its claims before effecting your insurance elsewhere.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,  
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Send for publications.

**AN INUNDATION OF POOR ART.**—Nearly every steamer from Italy now brings its contingent; for although the paintings are chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools—which happen to be in vogue—it is from Italy that there come just now most of these coveted but intrinsically valueless “masterpieces.” They are sometimes copies by pupils of the masters whose names they bear; sometimes they are originals by these pupils; more generally they are merely “of the schools of” the respective masters; most frequently they are unblushing modern forgeries. The best of them are to be bought at auction-sales for two hundred to three hundred dollars apiece. It is for this article—to use the commercial phrase, which is so appropriate—that our American connoisseurs are paying their thousands and tens of thousands of dollars.

As a rule, the pictures have no pedigree whatever, and the dealer resorts to the old device of mystery to enhance the value of his goods. The surprising thing is that it usually succeeds. Shrewd business-men, who would at once suspect something wrong, and very naturally, too, if told that they could buy a certain bale of dry-goods or an invoice of wine on desirable terms, but that they must not ask whose warehouse it came from, swallow complacently the picture-dealer's assurance that this masterpiece or that has come straight from a great nobleman's collection, but “the family part with it only on condition that their ownership in the matter remain an absolute secret.” Of course there might be such a case; but it is so rare that it amounts to no more than the exception which popularly is supposed to make a rule. In that case the buyer could generally solve the mystery for himself. Smith's Catalogue Raisonné and other books known to collectors, with few omissions, record the particulars concerning every even respectable picture by certain masters. Some old accepted attributions have been changed, it is true, of late years, to the enhanced reputation of hitherto comparatively obscure painters, but, broadly speaking, the pictures themselves have been known.—*The Art Amateur*.

**CHAMPAGNE.**—There are two peculiarities about champagne-drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which the wine exhilarates, notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking, for it is the property of this gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated. It is estimated that one glass of champagne is equal in effect to two glasses of still wine of the same strength, and is more rapid in action. The other peculiarity is the sort of lethargy or deadness which follows after excessive champagne-drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic acid gas; but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The undigested sugar turns into acid, and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia.

Herein we find both the blessing and the bane of this popular liquor.

Sweetness is often confused with richness in wines; but, as a matter of fact, sweetness is often produced by the addition of sugar, especially in champagnes. It has been compared to charity, in that it covers a multitude of sins. The richness proceeding from natural saccharine is produced by a natural arrest of the process of fermentation, leaving an excess of saccharine in the liquor. It occurs mostly in the hot climates, but in port-making a richness is produced by the artificial arrest of fermentation. As a medicine, however, champagne is best “dry,” and its tendency then is to thin the blood.—*All the Year Round*.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.



THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH-POWDER.—Keeps teeth perfect and gums healthy. Orris and Wintergreen. Pink and white colors. Always used when once tried. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

A NEW WEAPON FOR THE SWISS ARMY.—The Swiss military authorities have decided to furnish the defenders of the country with a new weapon. Each soldier of the infantry is henceforth to carry a pocket-knife with four blades, which at the same time is to serve its ordinary purposes, besides doing occasional duty as ramrod to the new rifle, and as opener of "tinned provisions."

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Sure, prompt, and effective. Large box 34, small 14 Pills. For sale at all druggists', and 224 William Street, New York.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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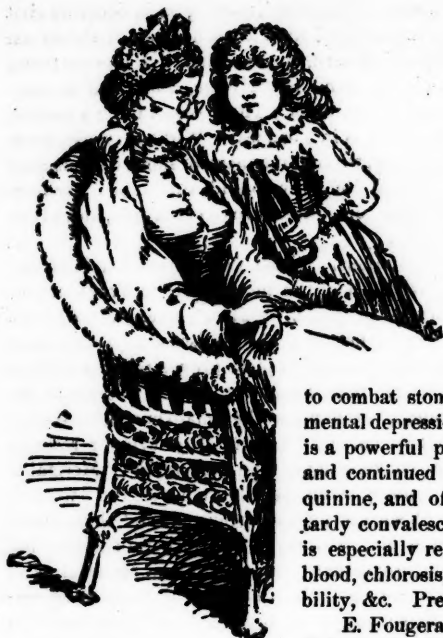


**GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO.**—Great interest, says a Nice correspondent, has been displayed in the accounts published in England of the gambling at Monte Carlo, and the Casino people and their friends have not failed to use these descriptions of the phenomenal good luck of some of the players for the purpose of making known the momentary advantage gained over the bank. The desired results are following this manœuvre: the rooms are kept filled, and the interest and hopes of players are sustained. The Casino Company draws the greater proportion of its enormous profits from the crowds of smaller players; they rush to imitate in their little way the richer men who stake the maximum, and, as their capital is limited, the result is inevitable. It occurred to me that it would be both interesting and useful to others to record the actual experiences of the heavy gamblers whose extraordinary play has been the cause of so much excitement. The result of my conversation with them is that, although they have succeeded in breaking the bank a dozen times in a week, they are by no means great winners upon the whole. In counting up the sums taken from the tables it is necessary to reckon the amount of previous losses. All these heroes of the hour at trente-et-quarante state, with one exception, that at the end of it all they are losers. The lucky one is a Greek, who, after having obtained an advantage over the bank of four thousand pounds, had the good sense to leave Monte Carlo for his native country with the money in his pocket.

But take the experiences of the Englishman already referred to: they prove conclusively the utter impossibility of getting the better of these tables, even with extraordinary good luck, no lack of courage, and plenty of capital. For twelve years he has been a regular player at Monte Carlo, he is an experienced gambler with a thorough knowledge of the game, and yet he has never left less than ten thousand pounds per annum in the coffers of the bank. Sometimes his losses have reached fifteen thousand pounds, sometimes twenty thousand pounds. Ten days ago he was the latter amount out of pocket upon this season's play, but the series of maximum stakes won last week have enabled him to recover it and about one thousand pounds in addition. Altogether, however, his losses at Monte Carlo during the past ten years amount to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. He can therefore claim, as he remarked to me, to have given the game a fair trial. He intends to leave on Saturday, and never to return. The others agree that even with good luck it is impossible to make money at Monte Carlo, except it be by appropriating the stakes of other people,—a practice which is common enough, especially at the roulette-tables. The odds against the players are too great; they are in reality much more than the one or two per cent. generally supposed, and the advice which these players give to visitors is, "If you are not prepared to lose, do not play."—*Pall Mall Budget*.

**THE INHABITANTS OF A CHEESE: THE LATEST CENSUS.**—Dr. Adametz, a Swiss scholar, has been taking a census of the inhabitants of a cheese. The microscopic examination of one "gramme" of a fresh Emmenthaler cheese, such as is sold in England under the name of Gruyère, contained no fewer than ninety thousand so-called microbes. This prodigious encampment, after seventy days, proved to have increased to a tribe of eight hundred thousand. Another sort of cheese contained within a single "gramme" box and lodging for about two million microbes, while in a "gramme" cut from the rind of the same cheese Dr. Adametz found about five million of these inhabitants! A piece of cheese upon our tables, of a few pounds' weight, may consequently contain more microbe inhabitants than there are human inhabitants in the whole world.





**QUINA-LAROCHE.**—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.

E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

## Test it Yourself.

*Test it  
for  
Purity.*

*Cleveland's Baking Powder is perfectly pure.* The same claim is made for powders adulterated with ammonia and alum, but you can settle the question yourself. "Boil a teaspoonful of the baking powder in a teaspoonful of water; if adulterated the smell of ammonia can be detected in the steam."

*Test it  
for  
Strength.*

*Cleveland's Baking Powder is the strongest.* It is the most effective and economical. Try it. A teaspoonful of Cleveland's will do more and better work than a heaping teaspoonful of other powders.

*Test it  
by  
Results.*

*Food made with Cleveland's keeps moist and fresh for days, but if made with others soon dries out and becomes "husky."* Cleveland's leavens evenly, making fine grained, delicately fibred breads and cakes, results produced by no other leavening agent.

**Cleveland's Baking Powder  
Stands all Tests.**

**THE DEARTH OF GOOD TALKERS.**—Talleyrand, looking back, declared that he who had not lived before the French Revolution knew nothing of the charm of living. Now, however, in England at least, conversation, like letter-writing and a hundred other social joys of a quiet and leisurely age, is fled, and in their place we have telegrams, slang, and slovenliness. There seems to be a general agreement that, in our time, conversation is in a bad way. Without repose, without a certain strain of old-world courtesy, without manners, in short, conversation is impossible. Many will agree with M. Renan, who finds this to be a pushing, selfish, democratic age, of which "first come first served" is the rule, and which has ceased to pay any heed to civility.

Nor is this a question only of manners. When the philosopher Schopenhauer used to dine in tail-coat and white tie at the table-d'hôte in Frankfort, he used daily to place a gold piece beside his plate. "That," he explained, when asked, "is to go to the poor whenever I hear the officers discuss anything more serious than women, dogs, and horses." The gold piece always reappeared, and I fear it would do so in places nearer than Frankfort. Forty years ago, Sir Arthur Helps, in "Friends in Council," pronounced the "main current of society dreary and dull." It has not improved since. A *Fortnightly* reviewer recently referred to the decay of the art of conversation. The men of the "Mermaid" or the friends of Falkland or of Johnson would be disgusted with the "wealthy curled darlings of our nation." A society journal speaks of the "thin, smart, bald talk of the present day;" and Mr. Mallock, in that rather impudent but clever book, "The New Republic," says that "men are just as immoral as in the time of Charles II., and much more stupid. Instead of decking their immorality with the jewels of wit, they clumsily try to cover it with the tarpaulin of respectability. The fop of Charles's time aimed at being a wit and a scholar. The fop of ours aims at being a fool and a dunce."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

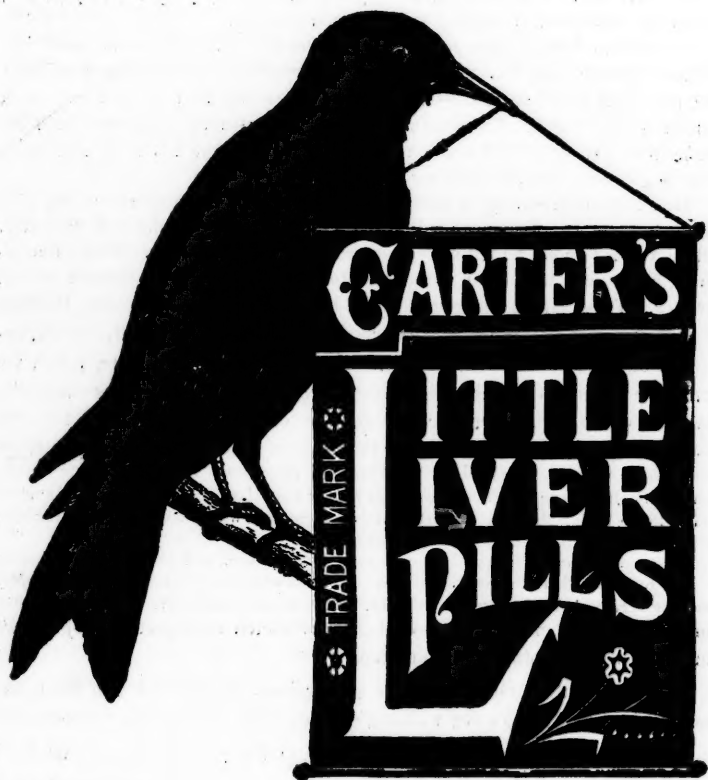
**"SAVE MONEY ON BICYCLES."**—One of the oldest and to-day one of the most successful bicycle houses in the country is that of A. W. Gump & Co., of Dayton, Ohio. Established in 1874, they commenced handling bicycles in 1880, and by persistent and skilful advertising, supplemented and backed up by fair and honest dealing, they have gained for themselves an enviable reputation second to none in their line of trade. They are centrally located, and have every facility for shipping to any part of the country, and, being large shippers, can always secure the best rates for their customers, so that distance is but a trifle to them, their trade now extending to every corner of the United States, as well as Bermuda, Mexico, and South America.

**AN INSCRIPTION BY THACKERAY.**—An ancient copy of "The Virginians" was recently sold in London, which contains the following inscription by the author:

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions  
All people have a right to their opinions,  
And many don't much relish "The Virginians."  
Peruse my book, dear R.; and if you find it  
A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it.

Peter Rackham, Esqre., with best regards of the Author.

"Dear R.," however, refrained from binding his author's presentation copy, much to the joy of the modern collector.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

CARTER MEDICINE Co., New York City.

**MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS.**—Bacchus was the inventor of the jag. We all know what a hard time inventors usually have in convincing the world of the practicability of their ideas, and Bacchus was no exception to the rule. Previous to his discovery, all the world belonged to the Prohibition party, a fact hard to be believed by us who know the political weight of the Prohibitionists in our own time. But Bacchus was persistent, as many people with jags are, and finally succeeded in making his invention popular.

If any one doubted the genuineness of the invention, Bacchus would immediately present the doubter with a jag, especially made to fit that particular case, and next morning the doubter was apt to regret that he had not taken Bacchus's word for it. But the invention was a perfect one in its way, and the person who had once had one was very likely to forget his next morning's remorse and seek to secure another.

One time Bacchus spent the day on the island of Dia experimenting with a little private jag of his own. It was very hard work to make it fit properly, and in the afternoon he fell asleep, overcome by his exertions. While unconscious, he was captured by a party of sailors, commanded by a skipper named Alcestes. These sailors thought it would be an excellent idea to carry Bacchus off to Egypt and sell him into slavery. They did not go very far, though, before Bacchus presented each of them with a nice hand-painted jag, which induced the sailors to abandon their dire purpose. While they were amusing themselves with their respective jags, they all became possessed with the idea that they were dolphins, and jumped into the sea. This is not remarkable, because there was no other place for them to jump to. Bacchus and Alcestes, being left in charge of the ship, sailed to the island of Naxos. Here Bacchus had a large plant for the manufacture of jags, and was extensively patronized by the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood.

Bacchus's patent expired a good many years ago, and the infant industry which he established now furnishes employment to a great many people. Although Kentucky is a grazing State, it is said to manufacture jags of a very superior quality; and New Jersey's jags, constructed largely of apple-jack, are said to outwear any others in the market.

Among seafaring men, jags have always been popular. When Noah, the most ancient mariner known to history, finished his famous one-hundred-and-fifty-day cruise, he immediately came ashore and secured for himself as fine a jag as was to be had in those primitive times, a precedent which has been followed by sailors ever since.

In Maine and Iowa the manufacture of jags has been prohibited by law, but the natives of those provinces have on several occasions, in mysterious ways, managed to evade these laws, and under no circumstances is the appeal to Bacchus made in vain; which leads the modern observer to believe that, although the other gods of mythology may be dead, Bacchus still lives, and is the object of constant worship.—*Life*.

**LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS AN AUTHOR.**—If the success of literary work is to be measured by its pecuniary rewards, Lord Randolph Churchill has stepped at the first bound into the ranks of the most successful of living authors. He proposes to write a book describing his forthcoming journey to Mashonaland. The book will originally appear in the form of twenty letters to the London *Daily Graphic*. For these twenty letters he has received the sum of two thousand pounds.



"OH, IF MOTHER WERE ONLY ALIVE!"

ALL through life she has known a mother's watchful care. She now is a *young mother*, and gains strength but slowly. She would "give worlds" to do everything for her precious baby, but cannot; the doctor is *so strict*, and does not sympathize with her, "as mother always did."

That baby has unfolded, in the young mother's heart, new emotions. She has a living responsibility, and requires strength to enable her to perform a loving duty. At such a time, too much care cannot be taken, and the Vegetable Compound is indispensable. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, *the Compound has no rival*.

All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF DAKOTA are rapidly becoming famous on account of the wonderful properties of the waters, and the many marvellous cures which have been effected by the thermal baths.

The towns and springs are delightfully situated in a picturesque valley in the Black Hills country, abounding in beautiful scenic effects, and at an altitude of three thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level, thus insuring a pure atmosphere and exhilarating climate, absolutely free from malaria.

Under the enterprising and progressive management of the Hot Springs Company many desirable improvements have been made; among the number the erection of a commodious bath-house fitted up with all modern conveniences for the comfort of guests. New hotels have been built and comfortably furnished throughout, conducted in first-class style and at reasonable rates. Those who prefer stopping at a private house will find many desirable boarding-places where good accommodations are furnished and at moderate prices.

The superior daily service now afforded by the Burlington Route to Hot Springs, with through sleeping-car accommodations from Omaha, Lincoln, Aurora, and Grand Island, makes the trip an easy and enjoyable one; and for the benefit of all who desire to test the efficacy of the waters, round-trip tickets at reduced rates, good for ninety days, are now on sale at all offices of the Burlington Route.

For pamphlet, descriptive of the Springs, and full information as to rates, time, etc., apply to any agent of the Company, or to

J. FRANCIS,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

**A POSSIBILITY OF TO-DAY.**—Not long since, a pleasure-trip to California could be afforded by the wealthy alone. Now, thanks to the liberal management of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, persons of moderate means can enjoy the same scenes, ride as speedily, partake of the same comforts, and arrive at the Golden Gate fifty dollars ahead of the passenger who pursues another course.

You ask, How can this be done? Well! The Great Rock Island Route, through its able and energetic General Passenger Agent, Mr. John Sebastian, has closed an arrangement whereby a *Pullman Tourist Car* will leave Chicago every Wednesday during the year, and passengers holding Second-Class tickets are carried therein the entire trip. Leaving Chicago every Wednesday at 6 P.M., the tourist is whirled speedily through the States of Illinois and Missouri to Kansas City, arriving at 10.15 the next morning; then, through ever-varying and charming scenes, to Denver, Colorado, which is reached early the following morning. After travelling at the base of the noble "Rockies," with their snow-clad summits in constant view, then passing the Garden of the Gods and skirting the base of Pike's Peak, the tourist reaches Pueblo. From here the "Rockies" are pierced, their summits reached, and the marvellous beauties of the Denver and Rio Grande Road are seen in all their grandeur, as the train rolls on to Leadville and Salt Lake City. Then by the Southern Pacific Road, passing through Truckee, Sacramento, Oakland, etc., to San Francisco, and the Golden Gate. John Sebastian, Chicago, Illinois, who is the General Passenger Agent of the Rock Island Route, will cheerfully reply to inquiries from any part of the United States or Canada, and all applications for tickets or location in the Pullman Tourist Car should be addressed to him.

**THE NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.**—A trip between Omaha and St. Paul over the Northwestern Line is one of rare pleasure and comfort, this being the only line running through-cars, with trains equipped to the highest perfection of railroad science. A night's ride in superb Pullman cars is all that lies between the two marvellous cities Omaha and St. Paul.

The Northwestern Line seems to reach almost every point in the Northwestern section, and is by far the most excellent line between Chicago and Omaha, St. Paul and Chicago, and Omaha and St. Paul. It is the only railroad reaching to the Dakota Hot Springs in the Black Hills, or to Rapid City, and its branch lines seem to penetrate everywhere. Until recently it was the only line to the Black Hills or to Deadwood. It is certainly *par excellence*.

**GIFTS TO THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.**—Among the most recent gifts to the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon are the skull used by John Kemble when playing Hamlet, presented by Mr. John Carter, and a photo-lithographed page from the motto-album in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, from which it is found that there were actually at the Danish court during Shakspeare's lifetime, if not in the period dealt with by the historian Saxo-Grammaticus, two gentlemen of the names of Rosenkranz and Guildenstern. The skull given by Mr. Carter is identical with the one represented in Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait of John Philip Kemble. Of more doubtful authenticity are the pieces of Shakspeare's crab-tree and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, as they are called, which have been presented to the Memorial by Mr. Thomas Kite, of Stratford.



